North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ("PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW.") TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 127. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETTIJIL."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lone by twilight here for you."—Old Song

"I hope I shall manage to live without all you mention coming to pass!" the girl replied, half through laughing, half in earnest, as she ran upstairs. Is it a curse he is calling down upon her?

"May I ask how you intend doing so?" pass on this terrible old name. "For heaven's sake, if I refuse to tell you any of my plans!"

"You are right in refusing. It is no business of mine. From henceforth I have no concern whatever in you or your affairs. Remember, Why day after tomorrow, I shall be perfect English, and, with all the quaintly of most foreigners, making room for him. "She was just going!"

"Well—well?" Disdainfully. "Your informant was careful not to overstep the truth. It is marvellous—exquisite, her voice, her hair beautiful, her eyes, she opens up to him, her heart beaming upon him, and, strange, sweetness as makes Lottrell smile. "These extraordinary attachments," thinks he, "are always severe."

"You make me more regretful every minute," he says, politely. "I feel as though I had lost something."

"So you have. But be consoled. She will sing again by-and-by."

Leaning back, Lottrell takes a survey of the room. It is crowded to excess, and brilliant as lights and gay apparel can make it. Fans are flashing, or are jewels so are gems of greater value still—black eyes, blue and gray. Pretty dresses are melting into other pretty dresses, and there is a great deal of beauty everywhere for those who choose to look for it.

After a while his gaze, slowly traveling, falls on Cecil Stafford. She is showing even more than usually lovely this evening, in her simple white dress, and Lottrell, who is a great *chef-d'œuvre* of Worth's, and is making himself very agreeable to a tall, hawky, eighty-year-old lady, a man who his hostess knows *chef-d'œuvre* of Worth's, and is making himself very agreeable to a tall, hawky, eighty-year-old lady, a man who his hostess knows

All the way home she pondered anxiously as to whether she shall or shall not reveal to Lottie all that has taken place. To tell her will be beyond doubt to grieve her; yet not to tell her—knowing, as she does, that Sir Penthony is her idolatrous and adoring lover—seems to her little short of treachery. The very thought of her indignation and scorn—dreaded in her as impossible—drives to open her heart and tell her everything. Lottie is quite as Lottie's. And, after all, even if she hides it from her, will not Lottie discover the truth sooner or later? Still—

She has not yet decided on her line of action when Lottie herself is reached. She is dull morning, even when Lottie, leaving her into the room, closes the door, and, having blown a little sigh of relief, exclaims:

"Well Molly, we've got through with it a different tone; yet then, the tones pale, and then, as soon as she sees Lottie's astonishment, covers her face.

Then the business of the evening proceeds, and she turns her attention to the other girls, while she is still wondering how she shall begin.

"Very Bath." Distinctly. "A mere trifle. Hardly worth it, but—"

"Oh, I'm sorry." Hastily. "Is it cold and frosty? Lottie, and to him—putting me at a high elevation, too, for he offered me Harry Lorrequer, if I would measure you and the children."

"Molly!"

"Yes. Just that. Oh, Lotty! only a month ago I thought how sweet and fair and good a thing you are, and now—and now—that old man, between your two graves, has taught me what I am."

"He offered you Egan? He offered you Lever? He did indeed, Lottie? Yet it not noble? Does it not show how highly he values your friendship? Does it not show how he knows you, and Harry Lorrequer, and Lever, and Egan, and Molly Bawn, and all the rest of the Lottie's friends, and how he knows that you will not, if you know, Lottie, that you look so pleased? Did you not, Lottie, dear, I should bring you many more and more, and of this discussion? Lottie?"

"Yes, I do." Very low, and with a partner of twinkling. "I am very, very pleased, Molly. Lord, Lord, Molly, you have outdoing of myself! Lottie, Lottie, you have outdoing of myself! Lottie, Lottie, Lottie,

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

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WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 66

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Madoc.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPT. 3, 1879.

THE following paragraph from the Toronto *Mail* will be found equally applicable to this as to any other section of the country. Shoddyism is rapidly being introduced into nearly all branches of trade, and cannot help prospering so long as farmers are fools enough to allow themselves to get "taken in," under the impression that they are getting wonderful bargains:—"Farmers are warned against the gangs of shoddy peddlers that infest the country. They sell the shoddy in pieces of forty or fifty yards to the farmer and his sons, and throw in a flashy shawl or mantle for the farmer's wife, thus securing her powerful advocacy. If the man of the house is a little short of money, they will take his note cheerfully. The goods, as a general thing, are utterly worthless, and are in rags before the note falls due, but there is no redress for the victim. There are honest shoddy peddlers, no doubt, but if a farmer wants to invest in a suit of shoddy clothes, he had better go to his dry goods man and get the real thing at a fair figure."

MANITOBA cannot be such a dreadfully bad spot after all, or at least not so bad as some newspapers and their correspondents make it out. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. T. Connolly, correspondent of the London *Times*, now in Manitoba, to a leading official in the Interior Department, shows the "Prairie Province" in a different light to that in which we so often see it:—"This is the finest land in the world, and I never could believe it until I came here, and I presume there are many more like me who are slow to credit every honest statement in reference to the fertility of the Great North West. However, I will make amends for it when I go back. I will send every one I can from Great Britain to where they can get the finest land in the world on easy terms. I have been about a great deal, and visited the homesteads of men whom I find have done more in a few years towards making themselves and families comfortable, than the farmers of Ontario could have done in a life time. This country, if settled up, will be the salvation of the Dominion—when her vast natural products can find a route to the sea, over railways and canals of the older Provinces. I regret that I did not come up here sooner, that I might be able to see more of the country; but, you may rest assured, I will make the most of my time."

A cable special from London says, "We have had thirty consecutive hours of rain. The corn fields along the upper Thames are submerged. The season has so far advanced that no hope now remains for retrieving the injuries inflicted by this unprecedented continuation of wet weather. Landlords, as well as farmers are in a state of great agitation and depression."

The North West Indians are suffering much, and some of them are bordering on starvation. The Government is purchasing supplies and sending them to points where it is absolutely necessary that immediate relief should be granted. Notwithstanding their great privation and suffering a feeling exists among the different tribes of peace, and there is no disposition to commit depredations. They have endured hardships for the past few months that would have driven white people to the commission of serious crime.

Sir Rowland Hill, author of the penny postal system, died on the 27th ult. He was born near Birmingham in 1795. In 1837 he published a pamphlet developing his postal system, which, with his assistance, was carried into effect in 1840. In 1860, in acknowledgement of his services in the Post Office, he was made a K.C.B., and upon retiring from the service four years later the Treasury awarded him for life his full salary of £2,000 a year. In the same year, (1864) he received a Parliamentary grant of £20,000, the First Albert Gold Medal from the Society of Arts and the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. He was 84 years of age.

The New York *Maritime Register* of the 13th inst. very properly directs attention to the fact that Canada is yet without a life-saving service along her coasts. She has lighthouses, buoys, and fog-signals, and every year their number and efficiency are increased. But she has no life-boats, with their appropriate equipment, along the whole extent of her lengthened coast. Both humanity and self-interest, the *Register* says, plead strongly for a vigorous and speedy effort being made to supply the want. Every year the commerce of Canada is increasing, and the record of marine casualties along her coasts is a long and saddening one. We are cordially at one with the *Register* in this matter. A beginning at least ought to be made at once. Who shall have the honour of leading off in this great and good work?—*Globe*.

The Montreal *Witness* says:—"Young Canada in all forms of athletic competitions is coming rapidly to the fore, so much as to create a feeling of jealousy on the part of some of our neighbors. In our national game, lacrosse, it is of course expected that a Canadian team should carry off the laurels against all comers, and the outside world cannot furnish a club which can compete with Canadian clubs with any degree of success. Then on water we have Hanlan, Ross and Smith, whose records speak for themselves. Chief of Police, McKinnon, of Belleville, holds the heavy weight athletic championship of America, while E. W. Johnston, of Hamilton, Ontario, has a brilliant record in all round competitions. Lately too, a number of Canadians are making unusual time in running, and one Raine, of Ottawa, bids fair to bring the championship of America to his city. In cricket, however, Canadians for some cause do not excel, but it is reassuring to notice in this connection the success of the Hamilton eleven in the contest against the Young Americans, which concluded in Philadelphia on Wednesday. In their first innings they made a score of 79 against that of 78 on the part of the home team in two innings."

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

On Tuesday last as Mr. M. Elmhurst was driving a fat cow he had sold to the drovers, into the village, the animal ran into the river below the wharf. The beast being tied head and foot it was drowned before it could be got out.—*Hastings Star*.

The Peterborough *Review* says:—"Messrs. Webber and Fife yesterday shipped from here five cars of stock, direct for the English market, containing 400 sheep and 40 cattle, all of which are said to be, by competent judges, of very superior quality."

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Mr. T. Blute, of this village, lately effected the sale of his three-year-old colt, "Jack the Barber," to Capt. Somers, of Kingston, for the sum of $200. This, we believe, is the highest price paid for a colt in this township."

On Tuesday last Mr. James Howden shipped another carload of cattle (28 head) to Montreal. This, with the two cars of sheep shipped by Mr. Morgan, added to the five car loads mentioned in yesterday's *Review*, makes eight cars this week from Peterborough to Montreal and Europe.—*Review*.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Major De Winton, the private secretary of Lord Lorne, has intimated to His Worship the Mayor, that His Excellency the Governor-General, the Princess and suite, will visit Belleville about the 20th of September. Belleville will not be behind her sister cities, and our distinguished visitors will receive a Bay of Quinte welcome."

The Montreal *Journal of Commerce* says: "Rich deposits of molydenite have just been found on two lots in Renfrew County, one in the Township of Admaston, the other in the Township of Ross. We are informed that a mining lease has already been taken by a number of parties acting in concert, who propose to begin operations as soon as practicable.

The East Hastings Agricultural Society have decided on holding their annual fair at Thresher's Corners on Wednesday, October 15. The prize list in many respects is larger and better than that of last season, and there is every reason to suppose that the forthcoming exhibition will be the best ever held in East Hastings. With the co-operation of the farmers of that riding, there is no doubt whatever but this desirable object will be attained.

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Typhoid fever is raging to a large extent in the village of Stirling, and many are laid on beds of sickness in consequence of its visitation. We are informed that forty cases are now reported in the village, and that the contagion is still finding new subjects upon which to feed. A few deaths have resulted therefrom; and there is a dread of it throughout the corporation. Every means are being employed, individually, to stamp out the disease."

On Sunday last, we are informed, Mr. Anson Rose, of Ernesttown, left home (he was living with his father, Mr. James Rose, about eight miles from Napanee), in a very mysterious manner, and his friends are very anxious as to his whereabouts, or fate if their worst fears are confirmed. He left home in the morning without dressing, wearing his every-day clothing, and is said to have had no money with him. He is said to have been seen on Roblin's Hill on Sunday evening, and since that no trace that we are aware of has been found of him.—*Beaver*.

An Ottawa report says:—"It is said that the engineer lately appointed by the Dominion Government to inspect the route of the proposed Trent Valley Canal has reported most favorably on it, considering the route much more feasible and practicable than either the Ottawa River or Toronto and Huron Ship Canal routes. The Peterboro' Town Council has awakened to the importance of the proposed canal to that place, and has appointed a committee to urge upon other interested municipalities the importance of urging the work to completion.

The Belleville *Free Press* says:—"One of the oldest residents of Belleville, Mrs. Ann Appleby, died on Wednesday morning at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Nosworthy, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-four years. Her loss will be very deeply felt among a wide circle of friends and relatives. She was eminent for her piety and the Christ-like beauty of her character, and has been regarded with veneration and looked to for counsel and consolation by the youth of two generations. The funeral took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon, and was one of the largest ever witnessed in Belleville."

A correspondent of the Napanee *Beaver* says:—"On the 20th inst., Chas. Kennedy, who was driving on the horse power of a thresher, on the farm of Wm. Sexsmith, in the 6th concession, saw that one of the stakes that hold the horse-power down was working loose, and stepped off for an axe to drive it down. In attempting to step on again he slipped and fell, and the arm caught him and dragged him under it and over the pinion, dragging his body through a space about seven inches in width. His hand got caught in some of the rollers, and was pretty badly crushed, otherwise he was not much hurt."

A Flinton correspondent to the Napanee *Standard* sums up the results of the bush fires at Kaladar, last week, as follows: "Mr. Charles Grant, 100 rods of fence burned, crops damaged, throwing fences and passing through grain; John Grant, a quantity of fence burned; Louis Beauchamp, 60 rods of fence burned; Eli Gear, about 1,500 rails and some hay burned, grain badly damaged; Moses Lessard, a long piece of fence burned, and some grain injured; Paul Brooks, 10 acres of new fallow, splendidly burned, and he is the only one benefited. Besides these there is a large area of valuable timber destroyed."

The Napanee *Beaver* says:—"On Wednesday a railway meeting was held in Newburgh to consider the gauge of the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec railroad, and the amount of bonus to be asked from the different interested municipalities. There was a fair attendance of ratepayers. E. Hooper, Esq., M. P., occupied the chair, and W. H. Miller acted as secretary. Speeches were made by prominent resident gentlemen, all favorable to the construction of the road. A resolution was adopted declaring for the standard gauge provided sufficient funds could be raised, and also one declaring the willingness of Newburgh to grant a proportionate sum with that of Napanee, taking the assessment as a basis of estimation."

The Picton *Gazette* says:—"On Wednesday last the grading party reached Bloomfield, and connected with that part of the road graded last fall; and at the present writing the rails are down east of the Bloomfield station. On Tuesday next the entire line will be "railed," and the "bull-gine" will, doubtlessly, be closely examined and admired by many of our townspeople while entering the station grounds here. We understand it is Mr. Haney's intention as soon as the track laying is completed, to press on the work at night as well as day until the work of ballasting is completed, so that many who are now waiting to use the road for freight as well as travel, may be accommodated on or about the first of October next."

NEWS SUMMARY.

The harvest reports are daily more deplorable in England, owing to the heavy rains.

The crops in Ireland are better spoken of than those in any other part of the United Kingdom.

The city of Ottawa will vote on a $200,000 bonus to the Toronto & Ottawa Railway Company on the 7th October.

Daft's cricketing team has said for Canada, with the intention of playing matches in the Dominion and in the States.

Exchange Bank bills are being sold by Brokers, in Montreal, at 97¼, Consolidated at 95, Ville Marie at 90, and Mechanics' at 30.

On the 29th inst., Henry Lingwood, aged 12 years, of Guelph, while attempting to rescue a younger brother from drowning, was drowned.

Large shipments of sheep are still being made from Western Ontario for the English markets. Yesterday Mr. White, of Etobicoke, forwarded 600.

The lumber docks at Ottawa continue to present a lively appearance. Shipping is lively and prices have improved slightly. This has been the busiest season mill men have had for some years past.

Sir Patrick McDougall, commander of the forces in British North America, is on his way to Halifax from England, the military commission to which he was summoned having concluded its labors.

The Queen has commanded Lord Chelmsford to go to Balmoral and give her a personal account of the events of the Zulu war. During the visit of Lord Chelmsford to Balmoral the Queen will personally invest him with the collar and insignia of the highest military division of the Order of the Bath.

Mr. Robt. Ormiston, in company with his brother John Ormiston, two respectable farmers, living in the township of Darlington, were driving a high spirited team of horses into Bowmanville, on Friday last, when the horses became frightened and ran away, throwing both occupants out, killing Mr. R. Ormiston, and seriously though not fatally injuring his brother.

The sugar refinery project at Halifax looks promising at present. A meeting of the promoters was held yesterday afternoon and it was shown that upwards of $300,000 in stock had been subscribed, thus assuring the commencement of the work. It is expected that the building will be erected, with machinery complete, by the autumn of next year.

Henry Elliott, a well-known winemerchant, of Chicago, lost his speech twelve years ago. Some months afterward it returned. Six years ago it again suddenly left him, the original cause being fright. It again returned and six months ago he had an accidental fall, and did not speak again until yesterday, when he felt a loosening sensation in his throat and found himself again able to articulate.

By last accounts Gen. Wolseley is likely to experience considerable difficulty in capturing Cetewayo. The Swazis have refused to join in the operations and Oham, Cetewayo's brother, refuses to return to his old district on the ground that a large Zulu army is waiting to destroy him. A cavalry reconnoisance to the neighborhood of Cetewayo's new kraal has resulted in the capture of two cannon lost at Isandula.

Two young lads, aged about 15 years, the sons of James Parker and Jas. McMicken, were drowned on Sunday afternoon last, while bathing in an old quarry pit on the mountain near St. Catharines. Their clothes were found near by, which led to a search for the bodies, which were found in about 12 feet of water. That of one of the boys was standing upright on the bottom. It is supposed that one of them got beyond his depth, and the other tried to save him, when, as neither could swim, both were drowned. The occurrence is rendered doubly sad as they were cousins and the Parker family contemplated sailing for Europe on Thursday next.

A farmer named Desjardins, residing in the township of Clarence, drove one day last week to Caledonia Springs to get a supply of mineral water. After getting it he left for home. Not turning up at the time expected, his family naturally became very anxious about him and reported the matter to the neighbors who turned out *en masse* on Saturday and went in search of the missing man. His dead body, as well as that of the horse, was found at the foot of a steep embankment. The road runs very close to the edge of the embankment, and it is supposed Desjardins fell asleep, and the horse, getting out of the course, was precipitated with the driver a distance of several hundred feet. Death must have been instantaneous, his face being badly mutilated. He leaves a wife and nine small children, who relied on him for support.

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Within this corporation, and just at its west side, flows a little creek, which in the years of its existence has hollowed out to its present bed level a little valley, between a mound or a continuation of what is known as the "Hog's Back," on one side, and the road or high ground on the other. It has often been remarked that the site would be an excellent one for fish culture. The property belongs to Mr. Francis Nicholas, who, having the suggestion made to him, has acted upon it, and last week had a dam thrown across the lower end, with the intention, we believe, of supplying it with trout spawn. Its natural advantages for pisciculture are everything, and we may expect in the course of time, if the pond can be kept free from the chub that thrive in its waters above, to see some excellent trout raised therein."

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl.	$4 50 to $5 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 00 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 45 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 50 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 50 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 20 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 09 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt.	3 00 to 4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 90 to $1 00
Barley,	0 40 to 0 50
Rye,	0 50 to 0 00
Oats,	0 30 to 0 00
Peas,	0 50 to 0 00
Butter,	0 10 to 0 15
Eggs,	0 08 to 0 10
Potatoes, per bush	0 30 to 0 00
Flour, per bbl	4 75 to 5 25
Sheepskins,	0 50 to 0 60
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLOVER! CLOVER!

THE undersigned have pleasure in announcing to the Farmers of North Hastings that they have purchased a new Clover Mill, and will be prepared after next month to do threshing on short notice.
T. A. DUNN,
T. H. TUMELTY.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127-3

TIES! TIES!!
50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

GRAIN! GRAIN!!

THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for
RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,
Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!

50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,
For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.
All parties indebted to the firm are hereby requested to call and settle their accounts immediately.
CHARLES GREAM.
R. S. HENDERSON.
The undersigned will continue the business in the Victoria Block as usual.
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, Sept 2, 1879. 127-2.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the
North Hastings Grain Warehouse,
At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.
Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

REMOVAL!

To Our Friends, Patrons and Public:—
We announce with pleasure our removal to this city, owing to the great and increasing demand for our tools throughout the United States, Canada and the Colonies, and our former limited facilities for manufacturing, we in justice to our patrons as well as to ourselves, have removed our entire business to this city, St. Louis, Mo., where we have the advantages of shipping by the great Mississippi River and its Tributaries, to almost every part of the world, at a very low rate of freight, besides having the advantages of numerous competing lines of railroads, which gives us added facilities for making low rates on our shipments to our customers, as well as giving us the advantage of low prices in the purchase of material, and allowing us to increase our manufacturing facilities, so that we may fill all orders with promptness and dispatch. Trusting we may be favored with your valued orders, we are,
Respectfully thine,
Great Western Well Auger Works.
St. Louis Mo.
St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 7, 1879.

BOY WANTED!

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted to learn the printing business. One able to read manuscript, and good scholar preferred. Inquire at
REVIEW OFFICE.
Madoc.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

This Space Will be Occupied
BY
Gray & McGregor,
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STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

N. D. PETERS
Will, in a Few Days,
R E M O V E!
TO
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

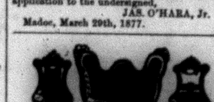
FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.



U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the
NEW STORE!
WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 1, 1879. 119

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.
Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
118-4t

BUSINESS NOTICE !

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavstrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. Irish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence. After Taking. Before Taking. of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise them.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read them.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 25 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLSBIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. ENTEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, NO. 33. Meets first Friday in each month. B. KEEVE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, NO. 387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT NO. 4.
J. F. MORRISS, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge; *No. 139, O. Y. B.*

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, October 2nd,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 15th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South.—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North.—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Township Council.

The Madoc Township Council will meet for the despatch of business in the Town Hall, on Monday next.

M. H. Warehouse.

A quantity of barley has already been stored in the above warehouse, and the proprietors have also bought a few loads of rye, from 45 to 50 cents per bushel being paid. It will undoubtedly be found a great boon to the farmers of this locality.

Free Fair.

We would again remind our readers of the free fair to be held in this village on Tuesday next, September 9th. Those having horses, cattle, sheep, &c., to dispose of should bring them in on that occasion, as buyers from a distance are expected, and besides if these fairs are to be kept up and become successful they must be well attended.

$100 Reward.

We notice that the Grand Trunk Railway Company have offered the above reward for "such information as will lead to the detection and conviction of the person or persons who maliciously placed obstructions on the track of the B. & N. H. Railway, between Crookston and Ivanhoe stations, on August 15th." We trust this will have the desired effect of bringing the guilty parties to justice.

Changed Hands.

Mr. Sydnor Sargent, of this village, has received the contract for carrying the Mail between Madoc and Belleville, to commence on the 5th of October next. Mr. Sargent informs us that he will put a first-class stage on the road, and will be prepared to carry both passengers and all kinds of parcels at greatly reduced rates. In fact "Tim" will run a small opposition line to the B. & N.H. Railway, and we have no doubt he will make it pay too.

Personal.

We had a call yesterday from Mr. W. A. Shepard, of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, who is at present on a tour through the County compiling information and canvassing for the new Directory soon to be issued from that office. The Directory, we may add, will be a work worthy of a place in every house in this County, as it will contain the name of every person of importance in the County, their occupation, residence, and P. O. address, besides much other valuable local and general information to be found in no other work. We are glad to learn that Mr. Shepard is meeting with good success in his canvass.

Grain Buying.

Now that the new storehouse is completed, and we have a railway running from Madoc, a number of grain buyers have already entered the field. Mr. A. F. Wood advertises in this issue for 150,000 bushels of grain, to be delivered at the N. H. Warehouse at this station. Mr. J. D. Breese, of Bridgewater, also advertises that he has opened an office in this village, and will buy all kinds of grain, delivered at the same place. We understand that Mr. Thos. Cross is also about to embark in the grain buying business. As these gentlemen will pay cash, and the highest price at that, farmers will find it to their advantage to bring their grain to Madoc.

Madoc Model School.

The Model School Board met on Saturday evening to discuss and arrange the duties of the Head Master with reference to the supervision of the lower departments, and of the Teacher class. The following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That during the sessions of the Model School Teachers' classes, the head master be authorized to make such arrangements of hours and classes in his own and other departments as will best subserve the interests of the school as a whole, spending such time in the different rooms as he shall deem necessary, placing his own class, during his absence from it, in charge of one of the other teachers, or of a monitor, or of any other person whom he may choose for the purpose."

The Latest.

Many are the devices which have been adopted to make people "pay up." The latest is that of a merchant in Walkerton, who contemplates making a sale of his past due book debts. Due notice of the nature of his claims, and the day of their sale will be given, and any account not paid by that day will be sold to the highest bidder. Every debtor will thus have a chance to redeem his account before it is exposed to the public.

Who is Responsible?

Is there such an official as caretaker, or who is responsible for the filthy condition of the Town Hall in this village? On Court day last week the delightfully fragrant odor of a partly decomposed dead rat was infused into the nostrils of those present for nearly half the day until some one had the courage to remove it from the corner in which it lay. The room is, in fact, in a disgracefully dirty state, and the village authorities, if it is village property, should see that once in a while at least it received a thorough cleaning out, or have a caretaker appointed who, for a small remuneration, would keep it in presentable shape.

Cheese Market.

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 26.

The market to-day, notwithstanding the drop in the cable of sixpence, had a little more life than last week. During the past two days a number of the factorymen in this neighborhood have sold their August make at six cents. To-day a very few factories registered on the board. One lot of about four hundred boxes sold at 4⅞c for July make, and 5⅝c for August. 240 boxes were sold on p.t. There were five or six buyers in the market.

BELLEVILLE, Aug. 26.—Five thousand boxes of cheese have been shipped from here during the week.

The Madoc Mines.

The Ottawa *Free Press* says:—"Mr. Fred. Ward, of the F. P. job-rooms, has just returned from a trip to his friends at Madoc, County of Hastings. He brought back with him specimens of gold-bearing quartz, and reports that last week $500 worth of gold was taken from the Flegel mine, on the margin of the Township of Marmora, at a cost of $135. In the nine previous days the return averaged $100 a day, which may be considered pretty good. The Seymour and Nelson iron mines are both being successfully worked and large quantities of ore taken out daily. In Limerick Township a lead mine is also in successful operation."

Fire.

An extensive fire took place on Tuesday night last at the Seymour Iron Mines, the whole of the buildings, tools, etc., being destroyed. A new steam drill had lately been put in operation, and both this and the boiler were considerably damaged. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, as the foreman of the works was through the buildings an hour or so before the fire broke out, when everything appeared safe. This fire is greatly to be regretted, as it causes not only a large loss to Mr. Pusey, but will prevent the working of the mines for some time. We have no doubt, however, but Mr. Pusey, with his usual energy, will soon have the works in operation again.

Our Brass Band.

Now that we have an excellent brass band in the village why could it not be induced to give a series of open air concerts, say every two or three weeks while the fine weather continues. Some time ago the members did favor us with a good programme one evening, and if they were to do so again we are sure the public would heartily appreciate it. The winter will be upon us ere long when such concerts will be impossible, and anything in this line they might consent to do must be done soon. We have heard many others besides ourselves express their regret that the band did not play more in public, now that it has become so proficient and has so many new tunes. What do you think about it, Mr. Weiss?

Our Holiday.

Madoc enjoyed her civic holiday on Wednesday, or at least it is to be hoped her residents did. Picnicing was the principal amusement, the M. E. Church Sabbath School holding their annual picnic at the lake, besides other private gatherings, to which proceedings, however, the heavy rain in the afternoon put an abrupt termination. A foot race between Harry Cottrell and D. Campbell, one hundred yards, best two in three heats, for $5.00 a side, was won by the latter. A purse was subscribed for a boys' race, John Richards taking first money, Seymour Huff, second, and O. Hudgins, third. Another purse of $2 was put up, for which H. Cottrell, D. Campbell, Chas. Hazzard, and — Best competed, the latter taking first money, $1, Campbell second, 75 cents, and Cottrell third, 25 cents.

New Appointment.

Constable Sills appears to be a highly favored individual. The Village Council, as will be seen in our report of the proceedings at their last session, have considered it necessary for the better protection of the village to have a Fire Inspector, (we believe that is the most appropriate title,) and to show their appreciation of the above gentleman's public services have appointed him to the position at a salary of $20 per year. We commend the selection. Mr. Sills' new duties will consist in looking after and causing to be removed all inflammable rubbish found on any person's premises, seeing that ashes are kept in such places that will not endanger buildings, and that back yards, &c., are kept clean, and free from nuisances of any kind whatever. Any one having a grievance of the above nature are requested to notify him, and he assures us he will endeavor to earn his salary.

Township Clerks.

An exchange puts in a plea for Township Clerks. It says:—"Considering the amount of work they have to do, the importance of their office, the degree of intelligence required for the efficient performance of their duties, and the large amount of responsibility entailed upon them, municipal clerks are the worst paid class in the whole community. Constant changes and amendments in the municipal law add immensely to their work which goes on increasing from year to year. Indeed no session of the Legislature is allowed to pass without alterations of some kind being made, imposing in one way or another additional duties upon the municipal clerks, with the addition of heavy penalties for non-compliance or neglect in making returns, &c. Our legislators never seem to consider the position of the clerks. Appointed on a small salary when their duties were comparatively light, he accepts the position believing that he can attend to it without withdrawing from his other avocations. With the yearly increase of his duties, however, he finds all his time taken up, the proper discharge of the business of the office requiring his almost undivided attention. The salary remains the same or if it is increased a trifle, it is with that grudging and reluctance characteristic of municipal corporations. It is seldom raised willingly, and never to a figure that would be anything like adequate remuneration for the services rendered."

A Ludicrous Scene.

Constable Sills had his hands full on Monday evening last. The dummy Wannamaker girl, it appears, deserted her child again last week, and the constable arrested and brought her before Justices Wood and O'Flynn. She promised to take care of the child, and with it was offered a home with her sister, Mrs. A. Smith, of this village, which she accepted. Early in the evening, however, her mother and another sister, a rather notorious individual by the way, appeared on the scene, and endeavored to take her home with them. In this they were frustrated, but they succeeded most admirably in raising a fearful cry, and many were the "dry" tears wrung from their sorrowing hearts. In fact, for a while nothing was heard but weeping and wailing and lamentation, mingled with the coarser laughter of the crowd. Mr. Sills finally succeeded in starting them for home, but not before they assured him of the pleasure and satisfaction it would give them to riddle him with bullets.

A New Theory on Fast Eating.

The latest and most iconoclastic doctrine concerning eating is advanced by William Browning in the *Popular Science Monthly*. If there is one thing more than another which has been insisted upon as fundamental it is that all food should be slowly and thoroughly chewed. The dog gulps his food whole, and his digestion of it is perfect; if it be cut fine and fed him the result is not nearly so satisfactory. German Professor Ludwig, by experiments upon himself, is satisfied that it is the same with the human animal. The idea is that the meat chewed or cut fine passes through the stomach too quickly for the gastric juice to completely perform its office. The indigestion of the typical American business man, who bolts his meals that he may the quicker return to his affairs, is not due so much to haste in eating as to a nervous and overwrought mental condition. Mr. Browning's conclusion is that it is not only not necessary, but not best, to chew meat of any kind overmuch, but to swallow it in convenient morsels. This verdict, it will be observed, is unfavorable to boarding house hash. With regard to vegetable food careful mastication is better, but still hardly so necessary as has been supposed. —*Exchange.*

Village Council.

Council met on Monday evening last. Present—the Reeve, and Councillors Orr, Dale and Loomis.

The Reeve submitted the estimates for the present year, which, on motion of Councillors Loomis and Orr, were passed.

ESTIMATES.

For School Purposes, including interest and Sinking Fund		$1,097 00
County Purposes		991 00
Interest on Debentures		456 00
Salaries, &c.—		
Treasurer	$ 30 00	
Collector	40 00	
Assessors	20 00	
Clerk	60 00	
Constable	50 00	
Court of Revision	24 00	
Blind and Indigent	50 00	
Roads and Sidewalks	200 00	
Contingencies	100 00	
Printing	50 00	
Selecting Jurors	16 00	
		640 00
		$4,084 00
On hand		410 00
		$3,674 00

Council went into committee of the whole on By-laws, Dr. Loomis in the Chair. A By-law to authorize the raising of sufficient money to cover the above estimates was read, and the rate to be levied fixed at 22¼ mills on the dollar,—9½ mills for school purposes and 12½ mills for municipal purposes. Committee rose and reported. The By-law received its third reading, and on motion of Councillor Loomis, seconded by Councillor Dale, it was passed and numbered 8.

Councillor Sutton came in.

William White's account for $12 for coffin furnished to bury Lawrence Gilligan, laid over from a previous meeting, was disposed of by a motion from Councillor Orr, seconded by Councillor Loomis, that he receive $4.—Carried.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—John Cronk, for keeping the Wannamaker Child, $2; B. C. Sills, for arresting and bringing to trial the Wannamaker girl for deserting her child, $3.10; J. Caverly, assisting at above arrest, $1.00.

Moved by Couns. Sutton, seconded by Couns. Loomis, that an additional plank be laid on the sidewalk leading to the station, and that the said sidewalk be extended to the station grounds; that a new two-plank walk be laid along Church street from St. Lawrence to the Model School building; and that on the north side of St. Lawrence street, in front of Orr's blacksmith shop, be extended to Nelson street.—Carried.

Moved by Couns. Loomis, seconded by Couns. Sutton, that a new plank walk be laid on Russell Street, from St. Lawrence to Mr. Whytock's residence.—Carried.

Some necessary gravelling was ordered to be done on St. Lawrence street, between the bridge at Chard's mill and O'Flynn's corner, the Reeve to supervise the same.

The necessity of appointing an inspector to look after the storing of inflammable material in back yards, and otherwise enforcing the law for the better protection of the village against fire, was discussed at considerable length. The Council were unanimous that such an official should be appointed, and that Constable Sills would be the right person for the position, and it was agreed that negotiations be opened with Mr. Sills towards that end.

Couns. Loomis—"What about the Hog By-law?"

Couns. Dale—"Yes! Have you got it in shape yet, Doc.?"

Councillor Sutton thereupon cheerfully drew from his pocket a roll of manuscript which proved to be the celebrated Hog By-law, and with smiling countenances the Councillors proceeded to wrestle with it once more. Council went into committee of the whole, with Councillor Sutton in the chair. The By-law was read and adopted clause by clause, but not before a good hour and a half had been spent by the members in having its full force thoroughly understood, Couns. Orr seeming to be the only one to whom at first sight it appeared as clear as midnight. The By-law contained ten clauses all of which were agreed to and the Committee rose and reported. In Council Couns. Sutton moved, seconded by Couns. Loomis, that the By-law be read a third time, passed, and numbered 9.—Carried.

Moved by Councillor Sutton, seconded by Councillor Orr, that the By-law come into effect on the 15th day of September.—Carried.

The clerk was instructed to have notices circulated to that effect.

Council adjourned.

There is considerable alarm in and about Mill Point, with respect to the recent death of a man in that village from small-pox. One or two parties have removed their families from the village on that account. From all that we can learn there is no cause for so much alarm, as the village authorities are awake to the importance of the matter and have taken the necessary precautions to prevent the spread of the disease. —*Intelligencer.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

WHEREAS, some evil disposed person or persons, the children of that old man, known as the father of lies, and whose work they, his children, will do, have taken pains to circulate scandalous stories about me and my family—such stories as have had a tendency to injure our business and social relations—I wish to my through your paper that these stories are maliciously and malignantly false. Any responsible person who may think they can verify any of these calumnies can be accommodated with the opportunity of doing so before any court of competent jurisdiction under an indictment for libel or slander any time they wish.

GEORGE CHOWN.

Madoc, Sept. 2nd, 1879.

The Phrenological Journal

For September is an excellent number of this practical and useful magazine. One of the prominent features is a portrait and biographical sketch of its editor, Mr. H. S. Drayton. Advantage having been taken of his absence in Europe on a tour of recreation and observation, his portrait has been presented, which we know will please the many readers of the above journal. This number also contains a portrait and sketch of Andrew D. White, President of the Cornell University and United States Minister to Germany; The late Rev. Alexander Clark, D.D.; also Phrenology and Metaphysics; Phrenology Applied; an installment in the series of articles on brain and mind, discusses Phrenology and the Physiologist and the observations and confirmation of Phrenology. There is a very strong and interesting article, by Dr. Wines, on International Prison Reform. We have animal magnetism as a fact and as a curative agent. Injury to the Brain; Blonde and Brunette Soldiers; Intelligent Labor; Cultivating Cheerfulness; A Leaf on European Travel; The Department of notes on Science and Agriculture; Editorial; Answer to Correspondents, and What they Saw;—are well filled, making up a number worth much more than the price—only 20c., or $2 per year. Address S. R. Wells, & Co. Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

IT WILL be remembered that some time ago I gave notice through the REVIEW, that all debts of what kind soever due and to become due to Thomas Cross, Esq., had been placed in my hands for collection, and asked for immediate payment. Through my intercession to wait until the harvest was in, collections were not then forced. No longer stay can now be given, and all debts due and unpaid of the nature above, on the 1st day of Sept. next, will positively be placed in Court. I have no alternative, and this is the last call.

E. D. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Aug. 1st, 1879. 123-4t

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,

104 York River P. O.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 15th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,

Or to Grant & Henderson, Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 16, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

27-3m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure; holder of Third Class Certificate or Permit. A liberal salary will be given. Apply at once.

SAMUEL MITCHELL,
JOHN HEWITT, } Trustees,
WM. DWIRE,

Maynooth P. O.,

Or to F. S. Inspector, Madoc.

McClure, Aug. 9th, 1879. 124-4t

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES are hereby forbid buying or negotiating a Note drawn by me in favor of John Conley, or bearer, as I have not received any value for the same.

JAMES FOX.

Madoc, Aug. 17, 1879. 125-4t

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caissonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

105-13w Renfrew, Ont.

ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do wel. by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,

21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future EGGS will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stock. These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of our business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children to wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various towns in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY

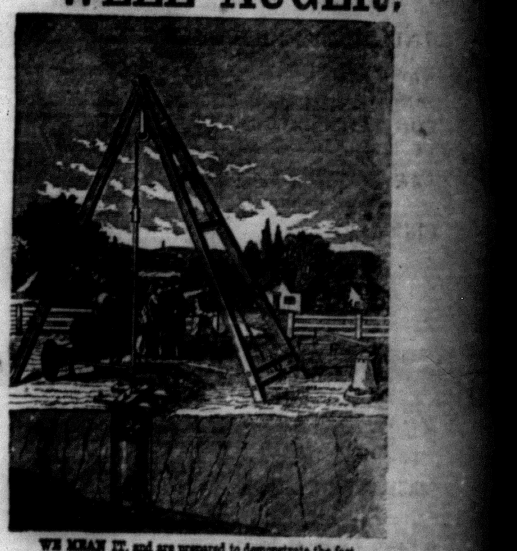
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *from fide*

ADDRESS GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Points of a Good Horse.

When we are called upon to give our opinion regarding the points of a horse, our first inquiry is, for what purpose is he intended? If for a carriage we look for one of size, say 15½ or 16 hands high, withers and rump on a parallel line, head moderately small, ears [illegible], full and clean, but not too large, nostrils large and dilated, muscles moderately developed, limbs clean and well set under, [illegible] arched and not too small, barrel [illegible] and well ribbed up. These points, with a graceful movement, constitute all that is desirable in a good carriage horse, which, if [illegible] observed in the purchase of a horse, will seldom fail to give satisfaction. A good buggy horse: For this purpose select one of the more slender built, and as speed is [illegible] desirable, the build of the animal [illegible] thoroughly ascertained. His [illegible] should be moderately long, withers [illegible], loins large with but moderate muscle [illegible] square, neck nicely arched, head [illegible], broad chest, nostrils large and well dilated, eyes full and clear, feet well [illegible], limbs clean and moderate in length, with good action. Avoid [illegible] a contracted hoof, as lameness will follow such a condition sooner or later. A good cart horse: For this purpose we want one stout, heavy and muscular, and, as his work is slow, the points laid down in the above need not be considered, as they are of little importance to the cart-horse; in fact, most of them should not exist in a good cart-horse.

Disease in Poultry.

A curious disease is prevalent among poultry. It seems to be akin to the prevalent disease among swine. On examination of several dead fowls belonging to neighbors and [illegible] of my own, I find the same appearance [illegible]—the bowels black and gangrenous; the [illegible], disintegrated, and filled with black [illegible], which, under the microscope show [illegible] of broken-up cells, with dark blood-[illegible]. It is a true enteric or intestinal [illegible] originating from gastric or bilious derangement, as in typhoid fever in horses, [illegible] and swine. Generally the dead fowls [illegible] exceedingly fat about the intestines, [illegible] not plump as to the general structure. The symptoms are a yellowness of [illegible] wattles and skin about the eyes; dullness and disinclination to move; difficulty [illegible]; great heat about the throat, [illegible]; followed or varied by profuse, frothy, or black fetid discharges. The disease is a true blood disorder, and in [illegible] results from over feeding and [illegible] by the production of eggs; just as the [illegible] fever of swine is caused by corn; and [illegible] by excess of succulent pasture [illegible] dry herbage. A remedy has [illegible] in bran mash in half-grain doses, [illegible] or four times, followed by plenty [illegible] in food. In some cases relief has [illegible] and the disease stopped by giving [illegible] of soda freely, one dram for [illegible] fowls, either dissolved in the [illegible] or soft food, such as meal mush. [illegible] treatment, with a liberal reduction [illegible], has stopped the disease in my [illegible].

[illegible]

No rational feeder would expect to affect [illegible] of milk in a few days, except by [illegible] increasing its quantity of water. [illegible] good condition would continue to [illegible] quality of milk for two weeks [illegible] out starve. Nothing is better [illegible] feeders than that a good [illegible] her own resources of [illegible] to make up her secretions of [illegible] is inadequately fed. Nature [illegible] the change; yet, placed [illegible], she will gradually [illegible]. A plant whose habitat [illegible] will change the proportion of [illegible], or even substitute one constituent for another, when grown inland, or [illegible] composition. Cadet [illegible] plant of common salt-wort, [illegible] being removed inland, [illegible] of this plant being afterwards [illegible] of plants will contain [illegible] and scarcely a trace of [illegible] is substituted for soda. [illegible], being fed on slops from the [illegible], will, for some time, give [illegible]; but this food being [illegible] will gradually change its [illegible] quality until it is wholly un-[illegible]. This is a strong case of [illegible] food, which has been [illegible]; but it is easy to say that if [illegible] her production to this very [illegible], she will thus gradually con-[illegible] to any ration having an ex-[illegible] of any important element [illegible]. The practical feeder has so [illegible] of food upon his cows, he [illegible] so-called science which denies [illegible] of these facts that have so often [illegible] observation. And since the [illegible] have been carried out [illegible] and tested upon a larger [illegible], the conclusions do not differ [illegible] the general convictions of the [illegible].

Cultivation of Oats.

A [illegible] county farmer speaks as follows regarding the cultivation of oats:—[illegible] put on that grain by the [illegible] the farmers of this county sowed [illegible] of it. In some instances [illegible] were put in with this [illegible] from the threshing machine [illegible] encouraging result, fifty bushels [illegible] an average; seventy-five [illegible] obtained, and in one instance [illegible] per acre was realized. The [illegible] of wheat in this county this [illegible] twenty-five bushels per acre, and [illegible] the cost of growing a bushel of wheat [illegible] with that of the same quantity [illegible] it will be found that the oat crop will [illegible] nearly double. There is an-[illegible] in favor of the growing [illegible]. When properly saved it [illegible] hay, and some of the farmers [illegible] largely into stock raising [illegible] found an important article of [illegible]. The oat crop is a pleasant one to [illegible]. It is easy to bind and store, and is [illegible] two cents a bushel, while wheat [illegible].

The Value of Red Clover.

J. L. R. writes as follows to the *Prairie Farmer*: An observation, extending over a [illegible] of thirteen years to one, or rather [illegible] the teaching of my boyhood, that [illegible] is one of the most valuable, if not the [illegible] forage plant that we have for [illegible]. But for clover, this year, our [illegible] would have been almost a total fail-[illegible] as it is we have clover meadows that [illegible] two tons of hay to the acre of good [illegible]. In those meadows that are a mixture [illegible] with the grasses proper, the only [illegible] stood the drought and made any-[illegible], was red top and orchard [illegible]. These grasses hold a long time and [illegible] the second growth of clover [illegible] sufficiently to make good hay. [illegible] in the woods, on old pastures, in the [illegible] in fact everywhere where I find a [illegible] or a spot where the grass is thin. My [illegible] who has been raising the mammoth for [illegible], prefers it to the small or common. [illegible] has been to mix. The [illegible] all dies when the seed is [illegible] to mature on strong land. It (the [illegible]) is equal to a crop of buckwheat [illegible] up the land, and better for rot-[illegible] the stumps out of new grounds. I have [illegible] in this county between four and [illegible] bushels of seed of this variety per [illegible] this and worn land.

Sheep better than Cattle.

There are two sides to all disputed questions, and both must be examined if we [illegible] the truth. As to which are [illegible]—sheep or cattle—location, [illegible] other considerations must be taken [illegible] in determining. A. Hyde [illegible] of the advantages the [illegible] has over the herdsman, as follows: [illegible], the first place, a stock of sheep [illegible] less than one of cattle. A farm which [illegible] cows will carry about eight [illegible] sheep, and to stock a farm [illegible] cows and corresponding fixtures [illegible] an outlay of a thousand dol-[illegible] equivalent number of sheep (say [illegible] and fifty) can be purchased for [illegible] this sum. Again, a flock [illegible] much less care than a [illegible] cows. The latter must be milked [illegible] and the work of the dairy-maid in [illegible] butter and cheese is constant and [illegible], demanding also skill of a high [illegible] to make it eminently successful. Then [illegible] will thrive where cows would starve, as [illegible] poor returns. These nimble [illegible] will climb over rocks and ledges [illegible] would not venture, and almost [illegible] herb that grows, even down to Canada [illegible] them for food. Pastures [illegible] benefited by being cropped by [illegible]. They not only keep down the weeds, [illegible] fertilizing materials in their [illegible] do cows. In the milk of the [illegible] phosphate of lime and other sal-[illegible] as an indispensable matter, is removed, [illegible] only what is on their backs. [illegible] sheep also multiply much more [illegible] a herd of cows, and this is true [illegible] sheep breeds, which often produce [illegible] to be sure, by the [illegible] of the flock.

master over the herdsman, I will only add that sheep fatten much more easily than cattle, and when slaughtered they furnish not only meat but wool, the latter an article that not only keeps indefinitely, but pays for long transportation.—*Interior.*

Keeping Bees.

Bee-keeping is a distinct business, demanding the use of suitable hives and appliances. These, none but the specialist is prepared to make, and properly arrange. As well may the farmer undertake to make his plows and other implements, needed in his work. We advise all who are not experts to secure their hives and boxes from some factory, and if there be not an expert at hand to help him, to purchase hives, bees and all, in good condition in the spring. The hives to be used should be all alike, and every part alike. This is of the first importance. All should be obtained from the same party if possible. This industry is of that character, that it cannot be enlarged very extensively at any one place, as sugar manufacture, but the hives must be scattered all over the land, so as to secure proximity to flowers. The distribution of farm houses exactly suits the industry. But many farmers are either "afraid of the bees," or have not time to attend to them. For these reasons the proper development of this business throughout the country, demands a new industry in each community.

Succeeding to Success.

There is an old adage which says, "hunt for your money where you have lost it." The lesson is plain. Every effect has an adequate cause. The point we would now argue is this:—In various sections there are subordinate granges which seem to have lost their vitality, and are drifting along, apparently without a motive. Others are successful in only one thing—it may be in building strong ties of friendship and personal appreciation; others in stimulating a wide range of reading, thought and discussion; and others still in promoting material interests by experiment, by co-operative sale of produce, or by wholesale purchase of commodities. Not only these half developed societies, but the best working grange may be made still better. The inference is, ascertain the cause of the present condition, and at once proceed to remove it. Fix your standard, make out your programme, and work up to it. It may take time. There will be many discouragements; many will be slack to take hold. Unite with a requisite number to build up a worthy grange. Devise ways that are interesting, still keeping in view that the order is to build up as well as amuse. Infuse your own zeal and activity into the others. Give each something to do to promote the amusement, instruction and good of all the rest. Don't let the work drag. Meet on time, begin on time; be pleasant and helpful all the time and there will be no such word as fail.—*Grange Bulletin.*

FAMILY MATTERS.

Rest for Headaches.

Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

Hints on Carving.

Never rise from your seat while carving. Never cut across the grain of the meat, that is, not across the ribs of beef, as people often do. Never place a fork through the back of a fowl in order to cut the leg and wings, but draw the knife gently through each side of the breast, detaching the leg and wing the same cut. Never cut up the body of a fowl or any poultry at table, that should always be left; but game should always be cut up, as many epicures prefer the back bone. For a sirloin of beef the under part of the loin should be cut while hot, and the upper part cut through from the back bone towards the outside of the ribs; by this plan you will not spoil the appearance of the joint. For a shoulder of veal or ham, begin from the knuckle, cut thin and slanting.

Sleep for Children.

There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "he who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to lie long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep till he wakes himself, and then give him such variety and amount of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bed-time returns.

Neatness Indoors and Out.

Neatness is a commendable virtue. Who does not admire this quality? It should be seen in and about every home in the land. Sometimes it happens that the housekeeper may be a neat body, and the husband who manages outside may be a sloven, and *vice versa*. The home of a slatternly woman is one to be avoided always. This habit of neatness may be carried too far, but we think it is better to err on that side than in the opposite direction. A good housekeeper will never permit things to become untidy. The habits of neatness are partly natural and partly acquired.

Keep Busy.

In no place in our columns can we give this advice better than here. Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing or something only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

Amusement for the Children.

On rainy days the active child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. I know of nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch and an old tooth brush, if you have one, let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the centre of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones, or short pieces of prose or poetry. I have seen very pretty ornaments for the juvenile scrap-books cut out of the illustrated books for children, which had become badly tattered with use so that the pictures were all that were worth preserving. When two pages are full the book should be left open until dry before going on. This amusement need not make much litter about a house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattered scraps after themselves, and wash the starch-cup and brush after using it, so that it will be ready for the next rainy day.

The Benefit of Buttermilk.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says nothing furnishes a more wholesome beverage than buttermilk. I do not pretend to specify its action on the stomach, or the action of the stomach upon it, in assimilating its properties into the system; but I am satisfied that most persons would be greatly benefited by its constant use. Of course there are some systems that are adverse to it, just as there are to everything else. I have used buttermilk constantly for three or four years, and have been entirely free from everything like sick headache, vertigo, foul stomach, etc. Besides it keeps the appetite in its normal condition.

Hints and Recipes.

PASTE FOR TARTS.—Four ounces of flour, three ounces and a half of fresh butter, and one tablespoonful of sifted lump sugar; put in a basin; mix with a spoon; roll it to the size of your dish and and bake it; when done, remove it with a knife.

TOMATO PIE.—Stew green tomatoes with very little water until tender, and for each pie allow one tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar and a little nutmeg. Bake between two crusts. The quantity of butter and sugar given is for a medium-sized pie.

LEMON MINCE MEAT (best of any).—The juice of eight lemons till they are quite tender, changing the water to take out the bitter; pound then in a stone mortar till quite smooth; add a pound and a half of beef suet, chopped, with two pounds of raisins, stoned, then add two pounds of moist sugar, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of candied orange.

TOMATO STEW.—Scald and skin the desired number, and place in a a stew-pan without water; let them simmer for half an hour. Add pepper, salt, a good sized piece of butter and a spoonful or two of white sugar. Grate a few pieces of stale bread over all; boil up once, and serve very hot.

TO PERFUME LINEN.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; cloves, carraway seeds, and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar, or grind in a mill. Mix all those together, and put the compound into little bags.

MOTH POWDER.—Get two or three pounds of borax; if necessary untack the carpets around the edges; sprinkle plenty of borax all around the outer edges of the carpet, and with a feather or brush try to push as much as possible under the edges, and let the borax remain. It will not injure the carpet.

TYLER AND VANDERBILT.

A Sharp Letter from the Grand Trunk President.

Sir Henry W. Tyler, President of the Grand Trunk, under date of July 10, replied to Mr. Vanderbilt's letter. He maintained the truth of the charges of detrimental interference by the New York Central with the traffic of the Grand Trunk. The letter is very long, pungent and aggressive. Sir Henry W. Tyler says:

Though the Grand Trunk has now been for some time dependent for through traffic almost entirely upon lines controlled by yourself, yet the rates for that traffic have never been so low as during the last two months. Seven and a-half cents (less than half the cost of carriage) has recently been the ruling rate for 100 pounds from Chicago to New York, in consequence, not in any way of Grand Trunk action, but of disagreement between the New York Central and Pennsylvania interests. If the influence of the Grand Trunk Company has been so injuriously felt in the past as might be inferred from your letter, a contrary effect might have been reasonably expected, now that your action has so effectually deprived that company of any independent influence over through traffic and through rates. With regard to the "International Line," established by agreement, dated Dec. 15, 1872, for the purpose of exchanging business with the New York Central, you are clearly mistaken in your statements as to "its having been broken up long before I (you) came into possession of the Michigan Central." This line was, in fact, broken up on May 30, 1877, by notice given on the part of the New York Central company, and before the end of the following month of June the new board of the Michigan Central was elected, giving you the control of that undertaking, while about the same time you purchased a controlling interest (to which you did not refer in your letter) in the Chicago & North-eastern Railroad a mere link in the Chicago & Lake Huron Railway, and our only then remaining means of independent connection with Chicago, and you thus virtually broke up our Great Eastern fast-freight line organization and destroyed our through traffic by that route. Between May and June, 1878, a series of obstructive orders were issued by the executive officers of the New York Central Company. Grand Trunk cars were ordered to be returned empty to Black Rock; local rates were to be charged on Grand Trunk traffic; former divisions were to be canceled; no interchange of through traffic was to take place on the former and usual basis; and, in fact, it was stated (as indeed was apparent on the face of these orders) that the intention was to put an end to all interchange of traffic with the Grand Trunk Company. In my speech on April 28, to which you refer in your letter, I stated that in the half year ended December 31, 1878, the Grand Trunk had lost 106,900 tons and $457,000 in receipts, from traffic mainly received at Port Huron and Detroit; *i. e.*, from the Chicago & Lake Huron and Michigan Central Companies, and the reduction in our total ton-mileage was 40,800,000. Whatever your good intentions, this was, in fact, the result to us of your action, and the proceedings of your officers. And I might have added, on the other hand, that the Michigan Central for the year ended December 31 last, as per published accounts, shows an increase in the through trade carried eastward, *i. e.*, to Detroit, of 62,000,000 ton-miles, or nearly one-third (thirty-two per cent.) over their eastbound traffic of the preceding year.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

(From the Golos.)

For several years past Europe has suffered an economical crisis, and England and Germany especially are suffering from the depression of agriculture. The grain trade of those two countries is destroyed by the competition of Russia, and more immediately by that of the United States. In Germany to assist the interest of agriculture a high tariff is resorted to; but Bismarck, though a shrewd diplomatist, is a poor economist. It is plain that in order to protect German grain raisers from competition it would be necessary to raise the tariff so high that Germany would be threatened with great suffering and serious disturbances. England, on the contrary, apprehends the real cause as well as the remedies of the agricultural depression Lord Beaconsfield in Parliament openly denounced protectionism, Government interference, and all artificial measures; and Lord Derby one of the largest land owners in England, alleged that success of agriculture depends upon the prosperity of the farmers, that the rent question must be examined, and that, in view of the foreign competition, the landlords must seek to increase the productiveness of the land by putting their money into it. But while Europe is trying to find out how to secure the improvement of its economical situation, the United States is becoming the real master of the European market. American farmers have immensely increased the area of fertile soil by cultivating former wildernesses; American manufacturers continue to supply the farmers with improved farming machines and implements; the Americans possess cheap and rapid ways of transportation. Besides grain, they supply the market not only with cattle, but also with fresh preserved meat, for which there is already a fair demand. Russian agriculturists must look closely after their interests in the grain market lest the Yankee supplant us there. We hope that the committee appointed by the Czar's Government will succeed in discovering the conditions under which we can compete with the United States in the European grain market.

A BRIDE'S MISFORTUNE.

Sensation on a Canada Southern Sleeper.

A newly-married wife, returning from her wedding tour with her husband to Fort Wayne, Ind., met with a painful accident on the Canada Southern railroad a few nights since. They had disrobed and were cosily lying in the lower berth of a sleeper, when the occupants of the car were horror-stricken by hearing the young wife give vent to a series of piercing shrieks. There was a general commotion, and the conductor pushed aside the curtain to see what was the matter. "Oh! my heel! my heel!" she cried, with shrieks of pain; "something has run into my heel." The husband was beside himself with anxiety and grief, but like the rest of the passengers could not imagine how his wife was hurt. Finally, assisted by several ladies, who hustled on their clothes, an examination was made. It appears that the lady had hung up her hat in the bath, and a large ornamental pin, about three inches long, had become detached by the motion of the car and fell at her feet. In extending her limb suddenly the pin had run into her heel about two inches, causing exquisite pain. To add to her troubles, her husband tried to pull it out, and it broke off. The conductor telegraphed to St. Thomas, and on the arrival of the train a surgeon was in waiting, who, after an hour and a-half's work, cut open the heel and extracted the pin. That couple will get more laughter than sympathy when they get home.

—All too soon the days will be here when such lines as the following will be appropriate:

> But the summer days are brief—
> Love must sicken when they're o'er;
> Autumn comes with whispered grief—
> Ah! behold the falling leaf
>
> Lo, the flower, the vine, the sheaf;
> Lo, the garlands idly wrought;
> Hark! the whisper, "Life how brief!"
> See, alas! the falling leaf!

—The *Saturday Review*, or some other journal, says, that "the interesting young man" must be pale and thin, have long hair, but no side whiskers, eat little in public, never smoke a pipe, be short-sighted, have a big pain, be sour, talk about himself, be impudent, be extreme in opinion, especially on theology and mediævalism, be popular with women, not be able to shoot or ride, hate wet feet, be disliked by men, and, in toto, be a "double-distilled fool."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

The Philadelphia *Progress* has discovered three members of the English House of Commons, who are either American blood or breeding. Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell is claimed to be of high Liberal principles; his wife and daughter spent last summer at Newport, and *ergo* they are American. Mr. Parnell is a member for Meath, Ireland. But *Progress* will have it that Mr. J. Henry Puleston, the member for Devonport, is more of an American still, because he was once a partner of Jay Cooke & Co. We cannot see how that is, for we rather think it was our old friend Capt. Puleston, who is spoken of. He spent some years here and at Brantford. He is said to be the right hand man of Lord Beaconsfield, and a Tory of the first water. To complete the trio we have Mr. Lewis, who is the nephew of a conspicuous citizen of Philadelphia.

The New York *Herald*; in reviewing a recently published sensational novel, says in speaking of the vile characters in it, "It is only in novels that such wretches meet with their just due."

Dr. Russell failed to distinguish himself in his account of the great battle of Ulundi, in which Lord Chelmsford was successful. He was beaten by his successor in the *Times*. Dr. Russell is an able correspondent, but there are just as good writers as he is. He certainly did himself credit by his letters from the Crimea, but his reports of the American war were not very entertaining, particularly the Battle of Bull Run.

The great actor Fechter, who died recently near Philadelphia, was a man of rare ability in his line. His irritable temper rendered him unsociable, but no man ever had a higher appreciation of his calling. He was probably unequalled in *Ruy Blas*, and his *role* of Shakespearian characters placed him in advance of all competitors. Strange to say he died comparatively a poor man, although his earnings were sometimes immense.

The lives of distinguished Irishmen have been given in various forms, but now a compendium of Irish biography is offered, which comprises sketches of the most eminent men Ireland has produced. The work is one of great interest, and is certain to meet with much favor.

The world of fiction is by no means barren of results just now, for a new batch is announced every week. A list of nine recently appeared in the *Athenæum*, namely, "Fallen Leaves; Nature's Nobility; The Last of the Kerdrees; Marcia; Doreas; Nemesis; Her Friend Laurence; A Parisian Sultana, and Le Docteur Claude." The first is by Wilkie Collins, but is not considered equal to some of his other productions, at least with regard to plot. "Marcia" is from the pen of Miss Craig, who has already won great fame.

Mr. Gladstone's masterly production in the last issue of the *British Quarterly* gives a succint though brief narrative of the Evangelical movement in England. The origin and progress of the movement are clearly traced from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present. The writer informs us that the present century had dawned before any attempt was made to write the history of English religion, or of the Church of England, such as their had been during the eighteenth century. He contends that until the close of the reign of George the Third the Evangelical clergy were a small and a numerically inconsiderable minority of the whole clerical body. But they increased after that, and the rise of the Tractarians rendered the Evangelicals more active, as it became a matter of strife between the two sections. Mr. Gladstone is fair and reasonable in his deductions, and the paper may be read with interest by all.

A "History of the English People," by John Richardson Green, M. A., touches also on the religious question. He dilates at length upon Puritan England, or England from the accession of James to the throne in 1603; and the Revolution or the period from 1660 to 1688. After the Restoration it began to be plain that the work of Puritanism had not been undone. Mr. Green says:

"The revels of Whitehall, the scepticism and debauchery of courtiers, the corruption of statesmen, left the mass of Englishmen what Puritanism had made them; serious, earnest, sober in life and conduct, firm in their love of Protestantism and of freedom. In the Revolution of 1688 Puritanism did the work of civil liberty which it had failed to do in that of 1642. It wrought out through Wesley and the revival of the eighteenth century the work of religious reform which its earlier efforts had only deferred for a hundred years. Slowly but steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, English politics. The history of English progress since the Restoration, on its moral and spiritual sides, has been the history of Puritanism."

Following this history, we have "Lectures on the history of England," by Mr. M. J. Guest. They give a vivid picture of the times Speaking of Cromwell Mr. Guest says:

"Those who think Charles the I. a saint naturally think Cromwell a wicked murderer, and his memory is still hated and reviled by some. But nobody can help seeing that he was an extraordinary man—a strong man with an iron will, a true genius for command, and a sincere feeling of religion. As to his acts, it would be vain to attempt to justify them all, but that he saved England at this time from slavery and ruin can hardly be denied."

Mr. Louis Wiesener, has undertaken, in a work of considerable ability, to describe the youth of Queen Elizabeth, because he thinks the virgin queen has been overrated by English writers. He will have it that she was a traitor at heart to her sister Mary. M. Wiesener condemns Elizabeth on account of her Protestantism, and, thorough Frenchman as he is, he does her downright injustice in many instances. He says she was proud of being Queen of England, and used to declare "I am the most English woman of the Kingdom." It is to be regretted that well-informed foreigners will insist upon misrepresenting English rulers.

That wonderful history of the Reformation by D'Aubigne, which has charmed so many, is said to be excelled by a recent history by Dr. Hagenback. It is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. His portraitures of the chief actors in the Reformation are admirably portrayed, and the pages of the book glisten with vivid and picturesque descriptions.

Among the noblest of German writers who have passed away there were none who excelled Ernst Moritz Arndt, a writer of great repute, and singularly given to a defence of Christianity in all he wrote or said. He lived in the Napoleonic age, and labored to excite the sympathies of the Prussian people in defence of their rights, though a born Swede. He wrote both poetry and prose. Dying at the age of ninety he must have had an eventful life.

Some men are wondrously clever until they are found out. M. Zola, author of that astonishing book "L'Assomoir," which has had such a run in France, England and the United States, is now charged with plagiarism; in other words he has written a book called "La Mort d'Olivier Bécaille," which has a striking resemblance to a "Histoire de ma Mort," by M. Mulet. It is charged that "L'Assomoir" is partly borrowed, and by and by it will probably appear that Zola wrote no part of it. These French are a curious people, especially the authors.

The wonderful ability displayed by Dr. Kenealy, as counsel for the "Claimant," otherwise Sir Roger Tichborne, rendered him famous in forensic annals. As much, however, cannot be said respecting his political career, for he has played anything but a creditable part as a Parliamentary representative. Extreme in his views and violent in temper, he has made several exhibitions of himself in the British House of Commons. Despite all this, Dr. Kenealy is among the ablest of writers and the most accomplished of classical scholars. Added to these qualifications he is a poet of no common order, as is proved by the recent publication of his collected poems in three handsome volumes. His versatility is remarkable, for he has produced translations in Greek, Latin and other languages, and has translated into English Homer's "Hymn of Hermes," poems from the Swedish, German, Spanish, Danish, Italian, French, Irish, Portuguese, Breton, Arabic, Bengali and Persian. He has also put original compositions into Latin, German, Hindostanee and Persian.

DOES IT PAY TO HIRE CHEAP SCHOOL TEACHERS.

A man tries to be a farmer and fails; tries to be a mechanic and fails; tries to be a lawyer and fails; tries to be a minister and is not even good enough for that; but one thing he can do—he can be a schoolmaster. And so you will find throughout the country schoolmasters are selected because they are cheap. You can get him for $10 a month found. Shame on the parsimony that would take a cent from the pay of the men or women employed as teachers. If there is any profession which should be [illegible] independent of all care as to the [illegible] of living it is that. I do not [illegible] my own profession, but I think that the school-master stands nearer to God than a minister can. For myself, I hated the school, I hated it in my mind, I hated it in my body, I hated it in my affections. I had no [illegible] nature, as I could not bide it to that. I hated school, and yet there came a summer in old Litchfield when in spite of tears and protestations I was sent out of the house and to school, and I found a school ma'am comely, though with very pale face, and young—not over eighteen—who met me at the door and patted me on the head and played with my curly hair and she sat me down at her feet and made me happy. She was taken sick and died, but while she taught was the only pleasant time I ever had in school. There is no economy so penurious, no wrong so intolerable as that which cuts down the pay of the teacher, and simply because they with whom they have to do are only children? Only children! Whose children? Your children, my children, God's children, the sweetest blossoms in the garden of the world, for whom angels may be proud to do service. If they are neglected you are to blame, for if you cared enough about it, it never would happen.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

—Lotta will next act in McVicker's theatre Chicago.

—Mapleson agrees to pay Cary 15,000 for five months.

—Helen Blye has accepted an engagement of three years with Augustin Daly.

—Tom Karl is building a cottage by the sea. Rather late in the season.

—Wilhelmj has bought a summer residence at Saratoga and paid $12,000 for it, too.

— East Lynne is being played at three London theatres—the Olympic, Park and Standard.

—It is the quality of the music that makes it necessary to chain the monkey to the hand-organ.

—Edwin Booth will inaugurate Charles Pope's new theatre in St. Louis, on September 29th.

—Miss Emma Thursby will leave Europe for New York in October, for a visit of three months.

—Clara Louise Kellogg says that if she could live backwards she would take England by storm.

—Steinway's pianos are said by a London musical paper to be the favorites with the Russian aristocracy.

—Fanny Devonport—that is to say Mrs. Edwin Price—has just paid $45,000 for a summer home in Canton, Pa.

—Anna Dickinson makes her second theatrical venture next month, appearing in San Francisco in a play of her own writing.

—John McCulloch, who boasted last spring that he had "never been ill a day in his life," is at Saratoga in poor health. Sorry to hear it.

—The Mendelssohn Quintet Club has secured for its new leader Mr. Edward Heimendahl, a violinist of extensive European reputation.

—Mary Anderson celebrated her 20th birthday at Long Branch last week. She is to open the Academy of Music, Montreal, September 15.

—Camilla Urso's latest plan is a two years' tour in Australia. Herr Scherek, of her former company, goes with her as accompanist and director.

—Kate Claxton's company comprises Charles A. Stevenson, H. B. Phillips, Mrs. C. E. Furbish, Miss Carrie Wyatt and J. T. Burke.

—Mme. Modjeska has left Poland for Paris, and will go to London about the 15th of this month. She does not expect to return to America before next year.

—John E. Owens lately met with an accident which, though not very serious, confines him to his home, at Towsontown, near Baltimore.

—"Buttons," "Cadets," and "The Electric Light" are among the new American operas to be produced next season. N. B.—They are all better than "Pinafore."

—Clara Morris is reported to be enjoying good health just at present, but it will be well to be prepared for rumors of surgical operations, the fall season being close at hand.

—Music halls, the special feature of which shall be the substitution of non-intoxicating for intoxicating drinks, are to be established in London by a company which includes among a number of celebrities Dean Stanley and Carl Rosa.

—The London *World* says: "We have been requested to notice the recital of a young American, who is thought to be a nice singer and a nice pianiste; only she is thought to be a nice pianiste by those who hear her sing, and a nice singer by those who hear her play."

—Mr. Henry Irving told a London audience on the 25th of July in the Lyceum Theatre, of which he is the manager, that since the 30th of Dec. his receipts had been $180,000. "To stay among you," he added, "I have forgone all engagements out of London, and I intend to begin again here on Saturday, the 20th of September."

—Said a grizzly old pioneer to Remeny after a late concert in Virginia City: "I ain't much on the fiddle myself, mister, but you bet yer life I know good playin' when I strike it. I was to hear you last night, and I never run afoul of anything like it. You are a fiddler from Bitter Creek, that's what you are, and I kin lick the man as say you ain't."

—The bucolic press is at present engaged in industriously circulating a gratuitous advertisement of Blanche Davenport, who, you may be sure, is to sing in America next season. Max Strakosch has been hearing her sing, and with eyes bedewed with tears cries out in his anguish: "I cannot describe her! I saw her draw tears from streng men! I cried myself!"

—The critic of the *Portland Press* evidently knows a good dirge when he hears it, and thus describes one that recently came under his notice. "It was a robust and well assorted dirge. It opened with resolutions of respect to the deceased, followed by a wake; then the procession went with decorum to the cemetery, and finally came home at a round trot. The thumps, representing the carrying home of the chairs borrowed for the funeral followed, and all was over."

—Adelina Patti had a rather unpleasant experience at the opera in London the other evening. The withdrawal of her name from a concert programme on the previous night sorely offended some Italians, who expressed their disapprobation by hisses and hootings when the smiling face of the prima donna appeared on the stage. Counter demonstrations were instantly made by the rest of the audience, but Patti began very heartily to cry and retired behind the scenes, while the curtain dropped. When she again appeared, the cheers were enthusiastic.

—A London dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "A hot dispute has arisen between Gilbert, Sullivan and the directors of the Opera Comique Company concerning the property in the copyright of the opera bouffe 'Pinafore.' The directors to-day forcibly entered the theatre during the performance and seized the properties, including the big gun used in the piece. The proceedings of the directors created quite a panic among the audience, many of whom stampeded, causing a consternation which at one time threatened the lives of many persons. The dispute ended in the institution of proceedings in both the Chancery and Police Courts."

AN INFANT BITTEN BY A RAT.

(From the Troy Times.)

A sad misfortune occurred yesterday afternoon to a little five-weeks-old boy of Mrs. Louis Shepherd, residing at No. 46 Canvass street, Cohoes. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the child, which at birth weighed two pounds, and has only increased in weight eight ounces since, was placed in its cradle, in a rear bedroom, for a nap. Shortly after, Mr. Shepherd, in crossing the kitchen, was startled by a large sewer rat running directly under his feet and into the room where the babe was sleeping. A few minutes elapsed when a cry of pain and distress issued from the child, and the mother, rushing to its aid, saw the rat leap from the bed and disappear under the flooring. The child presented a pitiable sight. With the voracity of a wild beast the rat had attacked its defenceless victim and bitten it in numerous places. Over the eyes a piece of flesh was bitten out, the left ear was lacerated, and pieces of the left cheek actually torn out. To defend itself the child must have raised its right hand, which was seized and its index finger bitten through so badly that amputation will be necessary.

—Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the Temperance Fete at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of "the ruling passion strong," he related the following: "'Ah,' said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, 'I am going to heaven.' 'You'll look very pretty,' said she, 'stuck up in heaven.' 'Bring me the broom,' he shouted, 'and let me give you another walloping before I die.'" A correspondent of the *Echo* insists that it was scarcely necessary for a Doctor of Divinity to come from the other side of the Atlantic to speak in this manner, as there are preachers in the East End and subdrivers all over London, who can do as well, if not better.

GEN. FORREST'S GAME OF POKER.

A Thrilling Story—Did his Wife Pray While he was Playing?

[From the Nashville Banner.]

Several years ago Gen. Forrest visited the city and stopped at the old City Hotel. That night several gentlemen called to see him, among them gentlemen now connected with the *Banner*. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed on him. Now, however, he was sitting off to himself, and appeared tired and worn out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him, and entered into conversation with him:

"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker-player in your time."

"Yes" says the General, "I have played some." and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of the old times, and he at once seemed interested in the subject, for be it known that no one was fonder than he of recounting his wonderful exploits.

"How much General, was the largest stake you ever played?"

"I once called $48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, General?"

"It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the war closed my wife and I went to Memphis, and we stopped at the Worsham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied her'n, and between us we had seven dollars and thirty cents. After huntin' over everything, we found that every man who owed me was either dead or broke. I hadn't one single paper on which I could raise a cent. After we got through the pile I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now, what's to be done, Mary?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her right straight a long time, and at last says I: 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's to be a big dinner at——this evening, and I'm invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me playing, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise tonight.'

"Says she, Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't."

"'But, Mary,' says I, 'I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but $7.30, and that wouldn't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that, I'll come home, and if I win, then we'll have something to start on.' Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:

"'Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet, whether I'm willin' or not; so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I jist knowed how 'twould be."

"Well, I went some time before dinner, and, sure enough, they were at it. They had three tables—one had a quarter ante, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted my seven dollars to last as long as I could make it, and so I set down to the quarter table. We bet on until dinner, and by that time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose until nigh about midnight, and then I had better luck. I know'd Mary was sitting up and praying; I felt like it, and it made me cool. I set my hat down by my side on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. We played on, and I didn't know how much I'd won. I didn't keep any count, but I know'd I was winning. I thought may be I'd won a hundred dollars, or may be two hundred, but I didn't know. I sat there until day broke, and then we went home. I took my hat up in both hands and mashed it on my head, and went home so without taking it off. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown, and the bed wasn't mashed. She'd sat up all night waiting for me. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and pulling off my hat with both hands I emptied it all right in the lap of her gown. And then we sat down and counted it."

"How much was there, Gen'l?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars even."

"And that," added the General as he walked off, "gin me a start."

PERIHELION AND PESTILENCE.

What May Occur During the Next Seven Years—A Period of Suffering and Death.

(From the Science of Health.)

If there is anything in "astrological criology," we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods of earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era, the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune—have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and, in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that ever afflicted the human race to the perihelia of these planets, there will soon be "lively times for the doctors." The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest to the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged drouths, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops, and pestilences among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion data have always been marked by unusual mortality, and that sickness and death have invariably corresponded with the planets in perihelion at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter round the sun is accomplished in a little less than twelve years, of Saturn in a little less than thirty, of Uranus in about eighty-four years, and of Neptune in about one hundred and sixty-four years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelia of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life, pestilential periods should occur once in a dozen years, and aggravated and still more widespread epidemics at longer intervals. In tracing the history of epidemics for more than two thousand years, Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus in the sixth and again in the sixteenth centuries, three of the planets were coincident in perihelion, and those were the most pestilential times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first time in two thousand years, all four of these planets against us. They will be at their nearest approach to the sun in or soon after 1880, so that for a few years, say from 1880 to 1885, the vitality of every living thing will be put to a severe and trying ordeal. Some persons think they see, in the signs of the times, evidences of great disasters in the immediate future. The excessive heat, the unexampled cold, the prevalence of flood and disaster at sea, the general failure of the potato crop, the widespread chill fever among human beings, and the equal prevalence of the epizootic among animals, are mentioned as among the premonitions of the rapidly approaching perihelion.

Well, "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." Accidents excepted, we know very well that the persons of more vigorous constitutions and more hygienic habits will have the better chance to survive whatever adverse influence the extraordinary perihelia will occasion. It is well known to physicians that, in all pestilences, plague, typhus, small-pox, cholera, murrain, etc., the intemperate, the dissipated, and those whose sanitary conditions were bad, furnished the victims.

We do not want to alarm anyone, nor to make a sensation. We state the facts which all history attests. Readers can judge for themselves what importance to attach to the subject. That the conjoint perihelion of all the large planets of the solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is a thousand times as large as the earth, must disturb our atmosphere and temperature very considerably, is probable; that this disturbance must be injurious to health and life, is certain; and that these periods have heretofore been pestilential, is a matter of record. How much we shall suffer during the next dozen or fifteen years depends very much upon how nearly we live a life in accordance with the laws of life.

—Two-thirds of Cyprus are at present "a parched, thistle-covered wilderness," but Sir Samuel Baker says that there is a supply of water, believed to be inexhaustible, within a few feet of the surface, and in days gone by when irrigation was practised, the sterile plain was a granary.

ROUND THE WORLD.

—Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it speaks.

—Flooded partridge nests will make the English shooting poor this year. Shooting won't be general until Michaelmas (Sep. 29), instead of Sep. 1.

—The taste for claret introduced into Scotland three centuries ago still survives. In small whiskey shops it may frequently be obtained on draught.

—An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

—The Chinese government is steadily building up a formidable fleet of steam gunboats. They are made in England, and each carried a 36-ton gun.

—The Siamese Embassy from London dined last month with the Emperor and Empress of Germany at Coblentz. The conversation was in English.

—Thunder Head, the highest mountain of the Catskills, 4,325 feet high, has a beautiful spring of cold water under the highest ledge, about ten feet below the top.

—When a woman finds she cannot afford a new dress she economizes by spending as much as it would have cost in buying ribbon to cover the old one up with bows.

—A subterranean telegraph wire has just been laid down between Hamburg, Bremen, Oldenburg and Emden, with branch lines to Bremerhaven and Wilhelmshaven.

—The difference between a self-made man and a self-made woman is ten old papers, four hair-switches, ninety-eight hair-pins and a pretty little box, labelled face-powder.

—"Don't be afraid to praise your servants when they deserve it," remarks an exchange, but the minute the husband tries that on the hired girl she has to hunt for another situation.

—Somebody was uncharitable enough to say that the ministers throughout the country were taking August for their vacation this year because there are five Sundays in the month.

—A farmer in Ohio had a mania for stealing hoes, and when arrested no less than 349 new and old hoes were found secreted in his barn. Some of them had been stolen twenty miles away.

—The Parisian papers are giving this bit of good advice to bachelors: "Either marry a woman who is beautiful enough to live without a fortune, or one who is rich enough to do without beauty."

—The London newspapers tell of a belle who paid $25 to have the initials of her lover's name tattooed on her arm, and later, having quarrelled with him, was offering $500 for a means of obliteration.

—The French definition of love has peculiar piquancy and force since the new divorce law has been passed. "Love? Well, it is what a woman has for her husband, I suppose, during the first few months."

—A teacher defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong." "I had it once," spoke up a young tow-head of six summers, "but they had to send for the doctor."

—The Boston newspaper man who wrote that "The practice of wearing court-plaster on the face, to add to its beauty, just suits the style of some women, and the more court-plaster they use the better," has gone on his holidays.

—The application of this anecdote is not quite universal. He said, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; indeed, I think her extremely singular." And then he added, "She was never known to speak ill of an absent friend."

—Ether was thrown into the cell of a refractory prisoner at Vevay, Switzerland, until he became harmless. He had defied the gendarmes to take him before the judges, and the court could not wait until he was starved into submission.

—A Western paper tells the story of a man "who went regularly to bed one night and dreamed he was sitting on a rock fishing, and when he woke up there he was actually sitting on the rock, and had caught two fish." Sounds very like a "whale."

—A printer got shot the other day for kissing a woman. Thus, remarks the Toledo *Blade*, demoralization slowly works its way towards the head of society. A while ago it was only lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, etc., who got caught in such scrapes.

—Jakutsk, east Siberia, is supposed to be the coldest of towns. From November to February the thermometer ranges from 42° to 69° below zero, and the neighboring river is solid ice for nine months of the year. Yet it is a place of considerable business.

—Between 4 and 5 in the afternoon the Pope takes his walk. At this time no one unconnected with the court is admitted to Vatican. Leo walks with long strides, his imposing figure becomingly draped in the simple, majestic Pontifical robes.

—Dr. Moesta, the geologist, has discovered the remains of an oak forest at a depth of seven or eight feet near Rotenburg. The number of well-preserved trunks is enormous; one of them is 18 metres long and 1½ metres in diameter. This bog oak will be used for carving.

—Bob McCorkle, lately hanged at Taylorville, N. C., was one of the few murderers who did not feel sure of going from the scaffold direct to heaven. "Kind friends," were his last words, "remember me in your prayers to-night, for I don't know where I'll be."

—A gentleman who has lived several years in the Northwest says that the word "Skedaddle" is purely Scandinavian, that it was spelled by the Swedes and Danes of the Northwest "Skydedeil," and that it signified precisely the same as the English word "scud."

—The six marble statues of his ancestors, which, under the late Duke of Brunswick's will, were to be mounted on red granite pedestals around his tomb, have been erected, and the splendid mausoleum in the Place des Alpes, Geneva, is to be completed next month.

—Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy murderer, continues to bother the Charlestown prison officials. In the arm of a chair in his cell a large knife was lately found. He had dug out a hiding place for the weapon, and filled the aperture up with soap, stained so as to match the color of the wood.

—A man wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

—A crowded meeting of Roman Catholics was held in Paris last month (the Duke of Rochefoucauld presiding) to protest against the substitution of lay for ecclesiastical teachers in the municipal elementary schools of Paris. The municipality of Paris, strange to say, contains only 2 or 3 per cent. of Roman Catholics.

—A pamphlet has been published in Amsterdam pointing out that Holland really has no claim to continue to exist as an independent State. It urges that the "manifest destiny" of the nation is to be annexed by Germany, and that the time is favorable for considering that arrangement.

—Professor Richardson considers absinthe drinking worse than opium eating. In the worst examples, the absinthe drinker becomes a confirmed epileptic. One or two wineglassfuls of it a day will produce permanent dyspepsia. "A more consummate devil of destruction could not be conceived."

—Here is a bit of good advice and always seasonable: Make a determination to say at least one pleasant and good-natured thing a day; endeavor to make somebody smile; let children especially try to aid and please their parents, and next extend that endeavor to class-mates and companions. If you cannot give a rose, do not bring a thorn.

—The English royal family occasionally go shopping, but on such occasions deprecate any especial attentions. A customer in a Regent street shop complained once that she had been passed over in favor of a quiet old lady in mourning, but was mollified on learning that she was the Queen's mother.

—The following epitaph, dated August, 1817, may still be seen in a village cemetery in Western Massachusetts:

> She loved not wisely but too well
> The melon green and juicy;
> Now free from cramps she sleeps poor Nell,
> Neath the soil of Massachusey.

—The house in which Freeman sacrificed his daughter at Pocasset was recently visited by a wagon load of persons from a Sunday school picnic. The contents had been left as they were found immediately after the tragedy, even to the blood stains; but these visitors, gaining admission by breaking a door, disturbed every thing, and carried away many articles for relics.

—Among the many things to make a fellow feel bad in this world is to have a flat-nosed, freckled little man come in and take your seat by the side of a nice girl in a horse car while you are making change and getting her fare in the box. Of course you can take him by the collar and roll him in the sawdust, but the comfortable feeling has got away from you and will not return during the trip.

—Perhaps the heartiest laugh during the Tichborne trial was produced by the Attorney-General, the present Lord Coleridge, who, reading a letter from the Claimant to his "dear mamma," said "It finishes with this edifying piece of piety, 'God bless you, and may our Holy Mother protect you,' and although he possibly did not mean it, it reads, 'protect you from your affectionate son R. C. Tichborne.'"

—It is a common failing to like best those who think as we do, and it is often the case that men are offended when an opinion asked for does not agree with their own. Mark Lemon puts this peculiarity into verse:

> Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
> To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
> Should he differ from us on any pretence
> We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
> But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
> Why, really, we think him a sensible man.

—An English wife and mother living in Chelsea went to sleep on a box in the kitchen a fortnight ago with a baby in her arms. When she was aroused about midnight she found that the child had fallen from her lap into a pail half full of dirty water and been drowned. Medical evidence showed that the child was well nourished, but its inside was full of soapsuds. The baby evidently fell head first into the dirty water, and was thus suffocated.

—Dr. Landerer, a Hungarian naturalist, writes from Athens that a dead African eagle, Gypaetes barbatus, was lately found at Maina, on the Southern Greek coast. On examining the bird an iron-headed arrow over a foot long was found transfixed under one of the wings. Evidently the eagle had been fired at and struck in Africa by some native, and had borne the arrow in its body in its flight over the Mediterranean until it fell dead from exhaustion on touching land at Maina.

—A widow 70 years old, not far from Austin Texas, has a cattle ranch with 800 head of stock on it, which she takes care of herself. She is out in all weathers and rides a mustang on the full run. What woman 70 years old can beat that? Another woman in the same locality, a Mrs. Pierce, herded 500 sheep one winter, following them everywhere, and looking after them entirely. She had an invalid husband who took care of the children at home.

—Maryland mosquitoes have killed little Timmy Stewart near Hilly's Neck. The boy had been sent out to keep up a fire in the field, to drive away the mosquitoes from cattle. The insects surrounded the boy like a cloud and literaly bit him to death. They then assaulted the cattle with such ferocity that they drove them into the river, where many of them were drowned. The inhabitants are to hold a mass-meeting and call upon the Government for troops and an artillery squad.

—The pay of Bismarck from all sources, both as Prussian Minister and Chancellor of the empire, is only $13,500. The highest salary of a Prussian Cabinet Minister is $9,000. Pensions are on the same moderate scale, the pensions amounting to as many eightieths of the salary which was being received at the time of retirement as there have been years spent in the service of the State. Ten years are added to the record of services in all cases where misconduct has not called for censure. But where the salary exceeds $3,000, only the half of such excess is taken into account.

—A small boy comes to the rescue of the local editors of Cincinnati, who are oppressed with the dullness of the times. He puts into his mouth the head of a living rattlesnake having twenty-one rattles and a button. He closes his lips around the snake's neck and holds him for fully ten seconds. He keeps three promising young rattlesnakes in a box with large air-holes, and travels on an Ohio River steamer; and when anybody sits down on the box this same small boy remarks "See here, stranger, there's rattlesnakes under your coat-tails." He does many other amusing things.

—A heartless scamp in Virginia City, Nev., has been making two fond lovers ridiculous. The pair were in a railway car; the lady was young and modest; the swain wore large cuffs and one arm was thrown carelessly along the back of the seat. The scamp sat behind them and surreptitiously and with malice aforethought rubbed some phosphorus matches upon the cuff. There were tunnels on the road at short intervals and the movements of that cuff, illumined in the darkness, were witnessed by all the occupants of the car. Yet in every instance, when the train emerged from darkness into light the bride looked demure and unconscious and the bridegroom indifferent and somnolent.

—The streets of London, England, have been recently placarded with an advertisement stating that "the art of begging is exhaustively taught in six lessons by Prof. Lazarus Rooney, who begs to inform the Public that he has founded a college for the theoretical and practical instruction in mendicancy." Among other practical appliances for the profession the Professor announces that he keeps on hand artificial wounds and sores, assorted braces of twins, trained dogs for blind men, crutches for cripples, and surgical bandages for wounded imposters. Information is afforded respecting the most lucrative streets and neighborhoods.

—Exeter Hall, in London, the famous place in which so many religious meetings have been held and so many anti-slavery speeches made by well-remembered orators, is to be sold by the proprietors, and probably converted to other uses. It has paid a dividend of 2 to 2½ per cent. (about £1,000 per annum). Most of this was derived from musical entertainments, but a recent act of Parliament prevented its being used for such purposes without expensive alterations as a protection against fire. About £25,000 have been offered for the property, which might be converted into a hotel or into shops and chambers.

—The London newspapers say that few of the gambling rooms at French, German, and Belgian watering places are any longer run honestly. Formerly the bankers could not be caught at cheating, and probably did not often resort to such means of swelling their profits; but the following describes the present methods:—"There is almost invariably a gang of well-dressed and well-mannered swindlers who pretend not to know each other but who are associated together to win; in most instances, too, the waiters who look after the cards, and the commissary of police, who is the representative of official honesty, receive a percentage from the association, sometimes to aid in cheating, at other times to shut his eyes what occurs."

—A petition for a commutation of the death sentence on a man for the murder of a policeman at Derby, England, is being largely signed. At the trial six of the jury were for giving a verdict of wilful murder, and the other six were inclined to make it manslaughter. After arguing the case for three hours lots were drawn, the agreement being that the holder of the blank card should decide for the whole. The drawer of the blank card inclined to manslaughter, but out of deference to those opposed to him, he "tossed up," and the toss was was in favor of "wilful murder," which was accordingly returned. Several of the jurymen have signed the petition in favor of a commutation of the capital sentence.

—Presence of mind has lately proved valuable in several interesting cases. Henry Kuhn, at the bottom of a Dubuque well drove his pickaxe into the side, and stood under it when he saw the earth-laden bucket falling, thus saving himself from being crushed. John Carey, when lightning struck the New Haven mill of which he was foreman, knocked down three of the panic stricken operators, who were madly rushing toward the narrow exit, and so prevented a dangerous jam on a stairway. Mrs. Dunkin of Long Prairie, Minn., was threatened with an axe by her crazy son. She said, "Well, if you want to cut my head off, let's go to the chopping-block." He nodded, and they passed out to the wood-pile. It was dark, and addressing him with, "Now, I'll put my head on the block," she drew the white handkerchief from her neck and threw it down and slipped away. The lunatic struck the kerchief a heavy but harmless blow. Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been. Ten men started down the shaft of a Nevada mine in a small skip. The donkey engine broke, and the miners felt their vessel sink downward with lightning speed. Deathly fear turned every face white. In the panic most of them clutched the skip to wait for the crash. At the first intimation of disaster, Patrick McCarthy, the engineer at the top of the shaft, seized a heavy plank and thrust it the end between the pinion-shaft and the reel, from which the cable was running off. The drum was revolving with terrific speed, and the friction produced streams of fire and smoke. But the engineer's thrust was exactly at the right point, and the end of the board soon checked the descent, bringing the skip to a standstill a few feet from the bottom.

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["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

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A SONG PICTURE.

Out by the meadows rich laden with clover,
Far beyond linden trees leaning like lovers,
Down a green pathway with sky arches over
Past the blue hills where the Summer cloud hovers,
Sparkles the sea, in the sunlight the sea;
And the gleam of its glory is gladness to me.

Down the green pathway in days that were golden,
Past the blue hills where the Summer clouds hover,
Cross the white sands by the silvery tide molden,
Wandered away to the westward my lover.
Over the sea, o'er the waves of the sea,
O'er the waves that shall bring him some Summer to me.

Oft when the Summer sun hides 'neath the billows;
Oft when the shadows of twilight fall 'round me;
Softly comes music here under the willows,
'Till, like a chain, with its spell it hath bound me.
Over the sea, from away o'er the sea,
And the music a song from my lover to me.

Sparkle, O sea, in thy beauty and glory;
Far beyond hills where the Summer cloud hovers;
Some other day will be heard a sweet story
Under the willows o'er hanging the lovers;
Lovers, O sea, that were parted by thee,
And the story the songs that you whispered to me.

Glitter, O sea, beyond meadows of clover;
Far beyond linden trees leaning like lovers,
Over thy diamond waves cometh a lover—
See, a white sail on thy bosom now hovers,
Coming, O sea, with a treasure, O sea,
And the treasure the love that he bringeth to me.

—*S. D. Richardson.*

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song*

CHAPTER XXXV.

"When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee."—SHELLEY.

In her own small chamber, with all her pretty hair falling loosely around her, stands Molly before her glass, a smile upon her lips. For is not her lover to be with her in two short hours? Already, perhaps, he is on his way to her, as anxious, as eager to fold her in his arms as she will be to fly to him.

A sweet agitation possesses her. Her every thought is fraught with joy; and if at times a misgiving, a suspicion of the hopelessness of it all, comes as a shadow between her and the sun of her content (for is not her marriage with Luttrell a thing as remote now as when they parted?) she puts it from her and refuses to acknowledge a single flaw in this one day's brightness.

With a final, almost dissatisfied, glance at the mirror she goes down-stairs to await his coming, all her heart one glad song.

She tries to work to while away the time, but her usually clever fingers refuse their task, and the canvas falls unheeded to the floor.

She tries to read; but, alas! all the words grow together and form themselves into one short sentence: "He is coming—coming—coming."

Insensibly Tennyson's words come to her, and, closing her eyes, she repeats them softly to herself:

She brushes out her long hair, rolling it into its usual soft knot behind, and weaves a kiss or two and a few tender words into each rich coil. She dons her prettiest gown, and puts on all the bravery she possesses, to make herself more fair in the eyes of her beloved, lest by any means he should think her less worthy of regard than when last he saw her.

"O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after-bliss.

"That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue!"

At length the well-known step is heard upon the stairs, the well-known voice, that sends a very pang of joy through every pulse in her body, sounds eagerly through the house. His hand is on the door.

With a sudden trembling she says to herself: "I will be calm. He must not know how dearly he is loved."

And then the door opens. He is before her. A host of recollections, sweet and bitter, rise with his presence; and, forgetful of her determination to be calm, and dignified as well for his sake as her own, she lets the woman triumph, and, with a little cry, sad from the longing and despair of it, she runs forward and throws herself, with a sob, into his expectant arms.

At first they do not speak. He does not even kiss her, only holds her closely in his embrace, as one holds some precious thing, some priceless possession that, once lost, has been regained.

Then they do kiss each other, gravely, tenderly, with a gentle lingering.

"It is indeed you," she says, at last, regarding him wistfully with a certain pride of possession, he looks so tall, and strong, and handsome in her eyes. She examines him critically, and yet finds nothing wanting. He is to her perfection, as, indeed (unhappily), a man always is to the woman who loves him. Could she at this moment concentrate her thoughts, I think she would apply to him all the charms contained in the following lines:

"A mouth for mastery and manful work;
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes;
A brow the harbor of fair thought, and hair
Saxon in hue."

"You are just the same as ever," she says, presently, "only taller, I really think, and broader and bigger altogether." Then, in a little soft whisper, "my dear—my darling."

"And you," he says, taking the sweet face he has so hungered for between his hands, the better to mark each change time may have wrought, "you have grown thinner. You are paler. Darling"—a heavy shadow falling across his face—"you are well—quite well?"

"Perfectly," she answers, lightly, pleased at his uneasiness. "Town life—the city air—has whitened me; that is all."

"But these hollows." Touching gently her soft cheeks, with a dissatisfied air. "They are a little sunk. She is altogether thinner, frailer than of yore. Her very fingers as they lie in his look slenderer, more fragile.

"Perhaps a little fretting has done it," she answers, with a smile and a half-suppressed sigh.

He echoes the sigh; and it may be a few tears for all the long hours spent apart gather in their eyes, in thinking of the days that are no more.

Presently, when they are calmer, more forgetful of their separation, they seat themselves upon a sofa and fall into a happy silence. His arm is round her; her hand rests in his.

"Of what are you thinking, sweetheart?" he asks, after a while, stooping to meet her gaze.

"A happy thought," she answers. "I am realizing how good a thing it is to feel the arms of my true love round me once again."

"And yet it was of your own free will they were ever loosened."

"Of my free will!" Reproachfully. "No, no." Then, turning away from him, she says, in a low tone, "what did you think when you saw me singing last night?"

"That I had never seen you look so lovely in my life."

"I don't mean that, Teddy. What did you think when you saw me singing—so?"

"I wished that I was a millionaire, that I might on the instant rescue you from such a life," replies he, with much emotion.

"Ah! you felt like that? I too was unhappy. For the first time since I began my new life it occurred to me to be ashamed. To know that you saw me reminded me that others saw me too, and the knowledge brought a flush to my cheek. I am singing again on Tuesday; but you must not come to hear me. I could not sing before you again."

"Of course I will not, if it distresses you. May I meet you outside and accompany you home?"

"Better not. People talk so much; and—there is always such a crowd outside that door."

"The nights you sing. Have you had any lovers, Molly?" asks he, abruptly, with a visible effort.

"Several"—smiling at his perturbation—"and *bona fide* proposals. I might have been the blushing bride of a baronet had I so chosen."

"Was he—rich?"

"Fabulously so, I was told. And I am sure he was comfortably provided for, though I never heard the exact amount of his rent-roll."

"Why did you refuse him?" asks Luttrell, moodily, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I shall leave you to answer that question," replies she, with all her old archness. "I cannot. Perhaps because I didn't care for him. Not but what he was a nice old gentleman, and wonderfully preserved. I met him at one of Cecil's 'at home,' and he professed himself enamored of me. I might also have been the wife of a very young gentleman in the Foreign Office, with a most promising moustache; but I thought of you"—laughing, and giving his hand a little squeeze—"and I bestowed upon him such an emphatic 'No' as turned his love to loathing."

"To-morrow or next day you may have a marquis at your feet, or some other tremendous swell—and——"

"Or one of our own princes. I see nothing to prevent it," says Molly, still laughing. "Nonsense, Teddy; don't be an old goose. You should know by this time how it is with me."

"I am a selfish fellow, am I not?" says Luttrell, wistfully. "The very thought that any one wants to take you from me renders me perfectly miserable. And yet I know I ought to give you up—to—to encourage you to accept an offer that would place you in a position I shall never be able to give you. But I cannot. Molly, I have come all this way to ask you again to marry me, and——"

"Hush, Teddy. You know it is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? Other people have lived and been happy on five hundred pounds a year. And after a while something might turn up to enable us to help Letitia and the children."

"You are a little selfish now," she says, with gentle reproach. "I could not let Letitia be without my help for even a short time. And—would you like your wife to sing in public, for money? Look at it in that light, and answer me truly."

"No," without hesitation. "Not that your singing in public lowers you in the faintest degree in any one's estimation; but I would not let my wife support herself. I could not endure the thought. But might not I——"

"You might not"—raising her eyes—"nor would I let you. I work for those I love, and in that no one can help me."

"Are both our lives, then, to be sacrificed?"

"I will not call it a sacrifice on my part," says the girl, bravely, although tears are heavy in her voice and eyes. "I am only doing some little thing for him who did all for me. There is a joy that is almost sacred in the thought. It has taken from me the terrible sting of his death. To know I can still please him, can work for him, brings him back to me from the other world. At times I lose the sense of farness and can feel him almost near."

"You are too good for me," says the young man, humbly, taking her hands and kissing them twice.

"I am not. You must not say so," says Molly, hastily, the touch of his lips weakening her.

Two large tears that have been slowly gathering roll down her cheeks.

"Oh, Teddy!" cries she, suddenly, covering her face with her hands, "at times, when I see certain flowers, or hear some music connected with the olden days, my heart dies within me—I lose all hope; and then I miss you sorely—sorely."

Her head is on his breast by this time; his strong young arms are round her, holding her as though they would forever shield her from the pains and griefs of this world.

"I have felt just like you," he says, simply. "But after all, whatever comes, we have each other. There should be comfort in that. Had death robbed us—you of me or me of you—then we might indeed mourn. But as it is there is always hope. Can you not try to find consolation in the thought that, no matter where I may be, however far away, I am your lover forever?"

"I know it," says Molly, inexpressibly comforted.

Their trust is of the sweetest and fullest. No cruel coldness has crept in to defile their perfect love. Living as they are on a mere shadow, a faint streak of hope, that may never break into a fuller gleam, they still are almost happy. He loves her. Her heart is all his own. These are their crumbs of comfort—sweet fragments that never fail them.

Now he leads her away from the luckless subject of their engagement altogether, and presently she is laughing over some nonsensical tale he is telling her connected with the old life. She is asking him questions, and he is telling her all he knows.

Philip has been abroad—no one knows where—for months; but suddenly, and just as mysteriously as he departed, he turned up a few days ago at Herst, where the old man slowly fading. The winter has been a severe one, and they think his days are numbered.

The Darleys have at last come to an open rupture, and a friendly separation is being arranged.

"And what of my dear friend Mr. Potts?" asks Molly.

"Oh, Potts! I left him behind me in Dublin. He is uncommonly well, and has been all the winter pottering—by the bye, that is an appropriate word, isn't it?—reminds one of one of his own jokes—after a girl who rather fancies him, in spite of his crimson locks, or perhaps because of them. That particular shade, is, happily, rare. She has a little money, too—at least enough to make her an heiress in Ireland."

"Poor Ireland!" says Molly. "Some day perhaps I shall go there, and judge of its eccentricities myself."

"By the bye, Molly," says Luttrell, with an impromptu air, "did you ever see the Tower?"

"Never, I am ashamed to say."

"I share your sentiments. Never have I planted my foot upon so much as the lowest step of its interminable stairs. I feel keenly the disgrace of such an acknowledgement. Shall we let another hour pass without retrieving our false position? A thousand time no. Go and put your bonnet on, Molly, and we will make a day of it."

And they do make a day of it, and are as foolishly, thoughtlessly, unutterably happy as youth and love combined can be in the very face of life's disappointments.

The first flush of her joy on meeting Luttrell being over, Molly grows once more depressed and melancholy.

Misfortune has so far subdued her that now she looks upon her future, not with the glad and hopeful eyes of old, but through a tearful mist, while dwelling with a sad uncertainty upon its probable results.

When in the presence of her lover she rises out of herself, and for the time forgets, or appears to forget, her troubles; but when away from him she grows moody and unhappy.

Could she but see a chance of her being able to alter her present mode of life—before youth and hope are over—she would perhaps take her courage by both hands and compel it to remain. But no such chance presents itself.

To forsake Letitia is to leave her and the children to starve. For how could Luttrell support them all on a miserable pittance of five hundred pounds a year? The idea is preposterous. It is the same old story over again; the same now as it was four months ago, without alteration or improvement; and, as she tells herself, will be the same for years hence.

Whatever Luttrell himself may think upon the subject he keeps within his breast, and for the first week of his stay is apparently supremely happy.

Occasionally he speaks as though their marriage is a thing that sooner or later must be consummated, and will not see that when he does so Molly maintains either a dead silence or makes some disheartening remark.

At last she can bear it no longer; and, one day towards the close of his leave, when his sentiments appear to be particularly sanguine, she makes up her mind to compel him to accept a release from what must be an interminable waiting.

"How can we go on like this," she says, bursting into tears, "you forever entreating, I forever denying? It breaks my heart, and is unfair to you. Our engagement must end. It is for your sake I speak."

"You are too kind. Will you not let me judge what is best for my own happiness?"

"No; because you are mad on this matter."

"You wish to release me from my promise?"

"I do. For your own good."

"Then I will not be released. Because freedom would not lead to the desired result."

"It would. It must. It is useless our going on so. I can never marry. You see yourself I cannot. If you were rich, or if I were rich, why, then——"

"If you were I would not marry you, in all probability."

"And why? Should I not be the same Molly then?" With a wan little smile. "Well, if you were rich I would marry you gladly, because I know your love for me is so great you would not feel my dear ones a burden. But as it is—yes—yes we must part."

"You can speak of it with admirable coolness," says he, rather savagely. "After all, at the best of times your love for me was lukewarm."

"Was it?" she says, and turns away from him hurt and offended.

"Is my love the thing of an hour," he goes on, angry with her, and with himself in that he has displeased her, "that you should talk of the good to be derived from the sundering of our engagement? I wish to know what it is you mean. Do you want to leave yourself free to marry a richer man?"

"How you misjudge me!" she says, shrinking as if from a blow. "I shall never marry. All I want to do is to leave you free to"—with a sob—"to—choose whom you may."

"Very good; if it pleases you to think I am free, as you call it, be it so. Our engagement is at an end. I may marry my mother's cook to-morrow morning, if it so pleases me, without a dishonorable feeling. Is that what you want? Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes." But she is crying bitterly as she says it.

"And do you think, my sweet," whispers he, folding her in his arms, "that all this nonsense can take your image from my heart, or blot out the remembrance of all your gentle ways? For my part I doubt it. Come, why don't you smile? You have everything your own way now; you should, therefore, be in exuberant spirits. You may be on the lookout for an elderly merchant prince; I for the dusky heiress of a Southern planter. But I warn you, Molly, you shan't insist upon my marrying her, unless I like her better than you."

"You accept the words, but not the spirit, of my proposition," she says, sadly.

"Because it is a spiritless proposition altogether, without grace or meaning. Come, now, don't martyr yourself any more. I am free, and you are free, and we can go on loving each other all the same. It isn't half a bad arrangement; and so soothing to the conscience! I always had a remorseful feeling that I was keeping you from wedding with a duke, or a City magnate, or an archbishop. In the meantime I suppose I may be allowed to visit your highness (in anticipation) daily, as usual?"

"I suppose so." With hesitation.

"I wonder you didn't say no, you hard-hearted child. Not that it would have made the slightest difference, as I should have come whether you liked it or not. And now come out—do; the sun is shining, and will melt away this severe attack of the blues. Let us go into the Park and watch for our future prey—you for your palsied millionaire, I for my swarthy West Indian."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud."
—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

The very next morning brings Molly the news of her grandfather's death. He had died quietly in his chair the day before without a sign, and without one near him. As he had lived, so had he died—alone.

The news conveyed by Mr. Buscarlet shocks Molly greatly, and causes her, if not actual sorrow, at least keen regret. To have him die thus, without reconciliation or one word of forgiveness—to have him treat her as he treated her poor mother—to have him go from this world to the next hard of heart and unrelenting, saddens her for his soul's sake.

The funeral is to be on Thursday, and this is Tuesday. So Mr. Buscarlet writes, and adds that, by express desire of Mr. Amherst, the will is to be opened and read immediately after the funeral before all those who spent last autumn in his house. "Your presence," writes the attorney, "is particularly desired."

In the afternoon Lady Stafford drops in, laden as usual with golden grain (like the Argosy) in the shape of cakes and sweetmeats for the children, who look upon her with much reverence in the light of a modern and much improved Santa Claus.

"I see you have heard of your grandfather's death by your face," she says, gravely. "Here children"—throwing them their several packages—"take your property and run away while I have a chat with mamma and Aunty Molly."

"Teddy brought us such nice sugar cigars yesterday," says Reene, who in her black frock and white pinafore and golden locks looks perfectly angelic; "only I was sorry they weren't real; the fire at the end didn't burn one bit."

"How do you know?"

"Because"—with an enchanting smile—"I put it on Daisy's hand, to see if it would, and it wouldn't; and wasn't it a pity?"

"It was indeed. I am sure Daisy sympathizes with your grief. There, go away, you bloodthirsty child; we are very busy."

While the children, in some remote corner of the house, are growing gradually happier and stickier, their elders discuss the last new topic.

"I received a letter this morning," Cecil says, "summoning me to Herst, to hear the will read. You too, I suppose?"

"Yes; though why I don't know."

"I am sure he has left you something. You are his grandchild; it would be unkind of him and most unjust to leave you out altogether, once having acknowledged you."

"You forget our estrangement."

"Nevertheless something tells me there is a legacy in store for you. I shall go down to-morrow night, and you had better come with me."

"Very well," says Molly, indifferently.

At Herst, in spite of howling winds and drenching showers, Nature is spreading abroad in haste its countless charms. Earth, struggling disdainfully with its worn-out garb, is striving to change its brown garment for one of dazzling green. Violets, primroses, all the myriad joys of spring, are sweetening the air with a thousand perfumes.

Within the house everything is subdued and hushed, as must be when the master lies low. The servants walk on tiptoe; the common smile is checked; conversation dwindles into compressed whispers, as though they fear by ordinary noise to bring to life again the unloved departed. All is gloom and insincere melancholy.

Cecil and Molly, traveling down together, find Mrs. Darley, minus her husband, has arrived before them. She is as delicately afflicted, as properly distressed, as might be expected; indeed, so faithfully, and with such perfect belief in her own powers, does she perform the pensive *role*, that she fails not to create real admiration in the hearts of her beholders. Molly is especially struck, and knows some natural regret that it is beyond her either to feel or look the part.

Marcia, thinking it wisdom to keep herself invisible, maintains a strict seclusion. The hour of her triumph approaches; she hardly dares let others see the irrepressible exultation that her own heart knows.

Philip has been absent since the morning; so Molly and Lady Stafford dine in the latter's old sitting room alone, and, confessing as the hours grow late to an unmistakable dread of the uncanny, sleep together, with a view to self-support.

About one o'clock next day all is over. Mr. Amherst has been consigned to his last resting place—a tomb unstained by any tears. At three the will is to be read.

Coming out of her room in the early part of the afternoon, Cecil meets unexpectedly with Mr. Potts, who is meandering in a depressed and aimless fashion all over the house.

"You here, Plantagenet! Why, I thought you married to some fascinating damsel in the Emerald Isle," she cannot help saying, in a low voice, giving him her hand. She is glad to see his ugly, good-humored, comical face in the gloomy house, although it is surmounted by his offending hair.

"So I was—very near it," replies he, modestly, in the same suppressed whisper. "You never knew such a narrow escape as I had; they were determined to marry me——"

"They! You terrify me. How many of them? I had no idea they were so bad as that—even in Ireland."

"Oh, I mean the girl and her father. It was as near a thing as possible; in fact, it took me all I knew to get out of it."

"I'm not surprised at that," says Cecil, with a short but comprehensive glance at her companion's cheerful but rather indistinct features.

"I don't exactly mean it was my personal appearance was the attraction," he returns, feeling a strong inclination to explode with laughter, as is his habit on all occasions, but quickly suppressing the desire as being wicked under the circumstances. The horror of death has not yet vanished from among them. "It was my family they were after—birth, you know—and that. Fact is, she wasn't up to the mark—wasn't good enough. Not but what she was a nice-looking girl, and had a lovely brogue. She had money too—and she had a—father! Such a father! I think I could have stood the brogue, but I could not stand the father."

"But why? Was he a lunatic? Or perhaps a Home-ruler?"

"No"—simply—"he was a tailor. When first I met Miss O'Rourke she told me her paternal relative had some appointment in the Castle. So he had. In his youthful days he had been appointed tailor to his Excellency. It wasn't a bad appointment, I dare say; but I confess I didn't see it."

"It was a lucky escape. It would take a good deal of money to make me forget the broadcloth. Are you coming down-stairs now? I dare say we ought to be assembling."

"It is rather too early, I am afraid. I wish it was all done with, and I a hundred miles away from the place. The whole affair has made me downright melancholy. I hate funerals; they don't agree with me."

"Nor yet weddings, as it seems. Well, I shall be as glad as you to quit Herst, once we have installed Miss Amherst as its mistress."

"Why not Shadwell as its master?"

"If I were a horrible betting-man," says Cecil, "I should put all my money upon Marcia. I do not think Mr. Amherst cared for Philip. However, we shall see. And"—in a yet lower tone—"I hope he has not altogether forgotten Molly."

"I hope not, indeed. But he was a strange old man. To forget Miss Massereene——" Here he breathes a profound sigh.

"Don't sigh, Plantagenet; think of Miss O'Rourke," says Cecil, unkindly, leaving him.

One by one, and without so much as an ordinary "How d'ye do?" they have all slipped into the dining-room. The men have assumed a morose air; which they fondly believe to be indicative of melancholy; the women, being by nature more hypocritical, present a more natural and suitable appearance. All are seated in sombre garments and dead silence.

Marcia, in crape and silk of elaborate design, is looking calm but full of decorous grief. Philip—who has grown almost emaciated during these past months—is the only one who wears successfully an impression of the most stolid indifference. He is leaning against one of the windows, gazing out upon the rich lands and wooded fields which so soon will be either all his or nothing to him. After the first swift glance of recognition he has taken no notice of Molly, nor she of him. A shuddering aversion fills her towards him, a distaste bordering on horror. His very pallor, the ill-disguised misery of his whole appearance—which he seeks but vainly to conceal under a cold and sneering exterior—only adds to her dislike.

A sickening remembrance of their last meeting in the wood at Brooklyn makes her turn away from him with palpable meaning on his entrance, adding thereby one pang the more to the bitterness of his regret. Their meeting is to her a trial—to him an agony harder to endure than he had even imagined.

Feeling strangely out of place and nervous, and saddened by memories of happy days spent in this very room so short a time ago, Molly has taken a seat a little apart from the rest, and sits with loosely-folded hands upon her knees, her head bent slightly downwards.

Cecil, seeing the dejection of her attitude, leaves her own place, and, drawing a chair close to hers, takes one of her hands softly between her own.

Then the door opens, and Mr. Buscarlet, with a sufficiently subdued, though rather triumphant and consequential air, enters.

He bows obsequiously to Marcia, who hardly returns the salute. Detestable little man! She finds some consolation in the thought that at all events his time is nearly over; that probably—nay, surely—he is now about to administer law for the last time at Herst.

He bows in silence to the rest of the company—with marked deference to Miss Massereene—and then involuntarily each one stirs in his or her seat and settles down to hear the will read.

A will is a mighty thing, and requires nice handling. Would that I were lawyer enough to give you this particular one in full, with all its many bequests and curious directions. But, alas! ignorance forbids. The sense lingers with me, but all the technicalities, and running phrases, and idiotic repetitions have escaped me.

To most of those present Mr. Amherst has left bequests; to Lady Stafford five thousand pounds; to Plantagenet Potts two thousand pounds; to Mrs. Darley's son the same, to all the servants handsome sums of money, together with a year's wages; to Mrs. Nesbitt, the housekeeper, two hundred pounds a year for her life. And then the attorney pauses and assumes an important air, and every one knows the end is nigh.

All the rest of the property of which he died possessed—all the houses, lands, and moneys—all personal effects—"I give and bequeath to——"

Here Mr. Buscarlet, either purposely or otherwise, stops short to cough and blow a sonorous note upon his nose. All eyes are fixed upon him; some, even more curious or eager than the others, are leaning forward in their chairs. Even Philip has turned from the window and is waiting breathlessly.

"To my beloved grandchild, Eleanor Massereene!"

Not a sound follows this announcement, not a movement. Then Marcia half rises from her seat; and Mr. Buscarlet, putting up his hand, says, hurriedly, "There is a codicil," and every one prepares once more to listen.

But the codicil produces small effect. The old man at the last moment evidently relented so far in his matchless severity as to leave Marcia Amherst ten thousand pounds (and a sealed envelope, which Mr. Buscarlet hands her), on the condition that she lives out of England; and to Philip Shadwell ten thousand pounds more—and another sealed envelope—which the attorney also delivers on the spot.

As the reading ceases, another silence, even more profound than the first, falls upon the listeners. No one speaks; no one so much as glances at the other.

Marcia, ghastly, rigid, rises from her seat. "It is false," she says, in a clear, impassioned tone. "It is the will of an imbecile—a madman. It shall not be." She has lost all self-restraint, and is trembling with fear and rage, and a terrible certainty of defeat.

"Pardon me, Miss Amherst," says Mr. Buscarlet, courteously, "but I fear you will find it unwise to lay any stress on such a thought. To dispute this will would be madness indeed; all the world knows my old friend, your grandfather, died in perfect possession of his senses, and this will was signed three months ago."

"You drew up this will, sir?" she asks, in a low tone only intended for him, drawing closer to him.

"Certainly I did, madam."

"And during all these past months understood thoroughly how matters would be?"

"Certainly, madam."

"And, knowing, continued still—with a view to deceive me—to treat me as the future mistress of Herst?"

"I trust, madam, I always treated you with proper respect. You would not surely have had me as rude to you as you invariably were to me? I may not be a gentleman, Miss Amherst, in your acceptation of that term, but I make it a rule never to be—offensive!"

"It was a low—a mean revenge," says Marcia, through her teeth, her eyes aflame, her lips colorless; "one worthy of you. I understand you, sir; but do not for an instant think you have crushed me." Raising her head haughtily, she sweeps past him back to her original seat.

Molly has risen to her feet. She is very pale and faint; her eyes, large and terrified, like a fawn's are fixed, oddly enough, upon Philip. The news has been too sudden, too unexpected, to cause her even the smallest joy as yet. On the contrary, she knows only pity for him who, but a few minutes before, she was reviling in her thoughts. Perhaps the sweetness of her sympathy is the one thing that could have consoled Philip just then.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," he says, with a little sneering laugh, shrugging his shoulders. Then, rousing himself, he draws a long breath and goes straight up to Molly.

"Permit me to congratulate you," he says, with wonderful grace, considering all things. He is standing before her, with his handsome head well up, a certain pride of birth about him, strong enough to carry him successfully through this great and lasting disaster. "It is, after all, only natural that of the three you should inherit. Surprise should lie in the fact that never did such a possibility occur to us. We might have known that even our grandfather's worn and stony heart could not be proof against such grace and sweetness as yours."

He bows over her hand courteously, and turning away, walks back again to the window, standing with his face hidden from them all.

Never has he appeared to such advantage. Never has he been so thoroughly liked as at this moment. Molly moves as though she would go to him; but Cecil, laying her hand upon her arm, wisely restrains her. What can be said to comfort him, who has lost home, and love, and all?

"It is all a mistake; it cannot be true," says Molly, piteously. "It is a mistake." She looks appealingly at Cecil, who, wise woman that she is, only presses her arm again meaningly, and keeps a discreet silence. To express her joy at the turn events have taken at this time would be gross. Though not to express it goes hard with Cecil. She contents herself with glancing expressively at Sir Penthony every now and then, who is standing at the other end of the room.

"I also congratulate you," says Luttrell, coming forward and speaking for the first time. He is not nearly so composed as Shadwell, and his voice has a strange and stilted sound. He speaks so that Molly and Cecil alone can hear him, delicacy forbidding any open expression of pleasure. "With all my heart," he adds; but his tone is strange. The whole speech is evidently a lie. His eyes meet hers with an expression in them she has never seen there before—so carefully cold it is, so studiously unloving.

Molly is too agitated to speak to him, but she lifts her head, and shows him a face full of the keenest reproach. Her pleading look, however, is thrown away, as he refuses resolutely to meet her gaze. With an abrupt movement he turns away and leaves the room, and, as they afterwards discover, the house.

Meantime Marcia has torn open her envelope, and read its enclosure. A blotted sheet half covered with her own writing—the very letter begun and lost in the library last October; that, being found, has condemned her. With a half-stifled groan she lets it flutter to the ground, where it lies humbled in the dust, an emblem of all her falsely-cherished hopes.

Philip, too, having examined his packet, has brought to light that fatal letter of last summer that has so fully convicted him of unlawful dealings with Jews. Twice he reads it, slowly, thoughtfully, and then, casting one quick, withering glance at Marcia (under which she cowers), he consigns it to his pocket without a word."

The play is played out. The new mistress of Herst has been carried away by Cecil Stafford to her own room; the others have dispersed. Philip and Marcia Amherst are alone.

Marcia, waking from her revery, makes a movement as though she too would quit the apartment, but Shadwell, coming deliberately up to her, bars her exit. Laying his hand gently but firmly on her wrist, he compels her to both hear and remain.

"You betrayed me?" he says, between his teeth. "You gave this letter"—producing it—"to my grandfather? I trusted you, and you betrayed me."

"I did," she answers, with forced calmness.

"Why?"

"Because—I loved you."

"You!" with a harsh grating laugh. It is with difficulty he restrains his passion. "You to love! And is it by ruining those upon whom you bestow your priceless affection you show the depth of your devotion? Pah! Tell me the truth. Did you want all, and have you been justly punished?"

"I have told you the truth," she answers, vehemently. "I was mad enough to love you even then, when I saw against my will your wild infatuation for that designing——"

"Hush!" he interrupts her, imperiously, in a low, dangerous tone. "If you are speaking of Miss Massereene, I warn you it is unsafe to proceed. Do not mention her. Do not utter her name. I forbid you."

"So be it! Your punishment has been heavier than any I could inflict. You want to know why I showed that letter to the old man, and I will tell you. I thought, could I but gain all Herst, I might, through it, win you back to my side. I betrayed you for that alone. I debased myself in my own eyes for that sole purpose. I have failed in all things. My humiliation is complete. I do not ask your forgiveness, Philip; I crave only—your forbearance. Grant me that at least, for the old days' sake!"

But he will not. He scarcely heeds her words, so great is the fury that consumes him.

"You would have bought my love!" he says, with a bitter sneer. "Know, then, that with a dozen Hersts at your back, I loathe you too much ever to be more to you than I now am, and that is—nothing."

Quietly but forcibly he puts her from him, and leaves the room. Outside in the hall he encounters Sir Penthony, who has been lingering there with intent to waylay him. However rejoiced Stafford may be at Molly's luck, he is profoundly grieved for Philip.

"I know it is scarcely form to express sympathy on such occasions," he says, with some hesitation, laying his hand on Shadwell's shoulder. "But I must tell you how I regret, for your sake, all that has taken place."

"Thank you, Stafford. You are one of the very few whose sympathy is never oppressive. But do not be uneasy about me," with a short laugh. "I dare say I shall manage to exist. I have five hundred a year of my own, and my grandfather's thoughtfulness has made it a thousand. No doubt I shall keep body and soul together, though there is no disguising the fact that I feel keenly the difference between one thousand and twenty."

"My dear fellow, I am glad to see you take it so well. I don't believe there are a dozen men of my acquaintance who would be capable of showing such pluck as you have done."

"I have always had a fancy for exploring. I shall go abroad and see some life, the sooner the better. I thank you with all my heart, Stafford, for your kindness. I thank you—and"—with a slight break in his voice—"good-bye!"

He presses Stafford's hand warmly, and before the other can reply, is gone.

Half an hour later, Marcia, sweeping into her room in a torrent of passion impossible to quell, summons her maid by a violent attack on her bell.

"Take off this detested mourning," she says, to the astonished girl. "Remove it from my sight. And get me a colored gown and a Bradshaw."

The maid, half frightened, obeys, and that night Marcia Amherst quits her English home forever.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well!"—BYRON.

"Oh, Cecil! now I can marry Tedcastle," says Molly, at the end of a long and exhaustive conversation that has taken place in her own room. She blushes a little as she says it; but it is honestly her first thought, and she gives utterance to it. "Letitia, too, and the children—I can provide for them. I shall buy back dear old Brooklyn, and give it to them, and they shall be happy once more."

"I agree with Lord Byron," says Cecil, laughing. "Money makes the man; the want of it his fellow. You ought to feel like some princess out of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"I feel much more like an intruder. What right have I to Herst? What shall I do with so much money?"

"Spend it. There is nothing simpler. Believe me, no one was ever in reality embarrassed by her riches, notwithstanding all they say. The whole thing is marvellous. Who could have anticipated such an event? I am sorry I ever said anything disparaging of that dear, delightful, genial, kind-hearted, sociable, generous old gentleman, your grandfather."

"Don't jest," says Molly, who is almost hysterical. "I feel more like crying yet. But I am glad at least to know he forgave me before he died. Poor grandpapa! Cecil, I want so much to see Letitia."

"Of course, dear. Well"—consulting her watch—"I believe we may as well be getting ready if we mean to catch the next train. Will not it be a charming surprise for Letitia? I quite envy you the telling of it."

"I want you to tell it. I am so nervous I know I shall never get through it without frightening her out of her wits. Do come with me, Cecil, and break the news yourself."

"Nothing I should like better," says Cecil. "Put on your bonnet and let us be off."

Ringing the bell, she orders round the carriage, and presently she and Molly are wending their way down the stairs.

At the very end of the long, beautiful old hall stands Philip Shadwell, taking, it may be, a last look from the window, of the place so long regarded as his own.

As they see him, both girls pause, and Molly's lips lose something of their fresh, warm color.

"Go and speak to him now," says Cecil, and, considerately remembering a hypothetical handkerchief, retraces her steps to the room she had just quitted.

"Philip!" says Molly, timidly, going up to him.

He turns with a start, and colors a dark red on seeing her, but neither moves nor offers greeting.

"Oh, Philip! let me do something for you," says Molly, impulsively, without preparation, and with tears in her eyes. "I have robbed you, though unwittingly. Let me make amends. Out of all I have let me give you——"

"The only thing I would take from you it is out of your power to give," he interrupts her, gently.

"Do not say so," she pleads, in trembling tones. "I do not want all the money. I cannot spend it. I do not care for it. Do take some of it, Philip. Let me share——"

"Impossible, child!" with a faint smile. "You don't know what you are saying." Then, with an effort. "You are going to marry Luttrell?"

"Yes"—blushing, until she looks like a pale, sweet rose, with a drooping head.

"How rich to overflowing are some, whilst others starve!" he says, bitterly, gazing at her miserably, filling his heart, his senses, for the last time, with a view of her soft and perfect loveliness. Then, in a kinder tone, "I hope you will be happy, and"—slowly—"he, too, though that is a foregone conclusion." He pales a little here, and stops as though half choking. "Yes, he has my best wishes—for your sake," he goes on, unsteadily. "Tell him so from me, though we have not been good friends of late."

"I will surely tell him."

"Good-bye!" he says, taking her hand. Something in his expression makes her exclaim anxiously:

"For the present?"

"No; forever. Herst and England have grown hateful to me. I leave them as soon as possible. Good-bye, my beloved!" he whispers, in deep agitation. "I only ask you not to quite forget me, though I hope—I hope—I shall never look upon your sweet face again."

So he goes, leaving his heart behind him, carrying with him evermore, by land and sea, this only—the vision of her he loves as last he sees her, weeping sad and bitter tears for him.

A quarter of an hour later, as Molly and Cecil are stepping into the carriage meant to convey them to the station, one of the servants, running up hurriedly, hands Miss Massereene a letter.

"Another?" says Cecil, jestingly, as the carriage starts. "Sealed envelopes, like private bombshells, seem to be the order of the day. I do hope this one does not emanate from your grandfather, desiring you to refund everything."

"It is from Tedcastle," says Molly, surprised. Then she opens it, and reads as follows:

"Taking into consideration the enormous change that has occurred in your fortunes since this morning, I feel it only just to you and myself to write and absolve you from all ties by which you may fancy yourself still connected with me. You will remember that in our last conversation together in London you yourself voluntarily decided on severing our engagement. Let your decision now stand. Begin your new life without hampering regrets, without remorseful thoughts of me. To you I hope this money may bring happiness; to me, through you, it has brought lasting pain; and when, a few minutes ago, I said I congratulated you from my heart, I spoke falsely. I say this only to justify my last act in your eyes. I will not tell you what it costs me to write you this; you know me well enough to understand. I shall exchange with a friend of mine, and sail for India in a week or two, or at least as soon as I can; but wherever I am, or whatever further misfortunes may be in store for me, be assured your memory will always be my greatest—possibly my only—treasure."

"What can he mean?" says Molly, looking up. She does not appear grieved; she is simply indignant. An angry crimson flames on her fair cheeks.

"Quixotism!" says Cecil, when, she, too, has read the letter. "Was there ever such a silly boy?"

"Oh! it is worse than anything—so cold, so terse, so stupid. And not an affectionate word all through, or a single regret."

"My dear child, that is its only redeeming point. He is evidently sincere in his desire for martyrdom. Had he gone into heroics I should myself have gone to Ireland (where I suppose he soon must be) to chastise him. But as it is—— Poor Tedcastle! He looks upon it as a point of honor."

"It is unbearable," says Molly, angrily. "Does he think such a paltry thing as money could interfere with my affection for him?"

"Molly, beware! You are bordering on the heroics now. Money is not a paltry thing; it is about the best thing going. I can sympathize with Tedcastle if you cannot. He felt he had no right to claim the promise of such a transcendently beautiful being as you, now you have added to your other charms twenty thousand a year. He thinks of your future; he acknowledges you a bride worthy any duke in the land (men in love"—maliciously—"will dote, you know); he thinks of the world and its opinion, and how fond they are of applying the word 'fortune-hunter' when they get the chance, and it is not a pretty sobriquet."

"He should have thought of nothing but me. Had he come into a fortune," says Molly, severely, "I should have been delighted, and I should have married him instantly."

"Quite so. But who ever heard the opprobrious term 'fortune-hunter' given to a woman? It is the legitimate thing for us to sell ourselves as dearly as we can."

"But Cecil"—forlornly—"what am I to do now?"

"If you will take my advice, nothing—for two or three weeks. He cannot sail for India before then, and do his best. Preserve an offended silence. Then obtain an interview with him by fair means, or, if not, by foul."

"You unscrupulous creature!" Molly says, smiling; but after a little reflection she determines to abide by her friend's counsel. "Horrible, hateful letter," she says, tearing it up and throwing it out of the window. "I wish I had never read you. I am happier now you are gone."

"So am I. It was villainously worded and very badly written."

"I don't know that," begins Molly, warmly; and then she stops short, and they both laugh. "And you, Cecil—what of you? Am I mistaken in thinking you and Sir Penthony are—are——"

"Yes, we are," says Cecil, smiling, and coloring brilliantly. "As you so graphically express it, we actually—are. At present, like you, we are formally engaged."

"Really?" Delighted. "I always knew you loved him. And so you have given in at last?"

"Through sheer exhaustion, and merely with a view to stop further persecution. When a man comes to you day after day, asking you whether you love him yet, ten to one you say yes in the end, whether it be the truth or not. We all know what patience and perseverance can do. But I desire you, Molly, never to lose sight of the fact that I am consenting to be his only to escape his importunities."

"I quite understand. But, dear Cecil, I am so rejoiced."

"Are you, dear?"—provokingly. "And why?—I thought to have a second marriage, if only for the appearance of the thing; but it seems I cannot. So we are going to Kamptschatka, or Bath, or Timbuctoo, or Hongkong, or Halifax, for our wedding-tour, I really don't know which, and I would not presume to dictate. That is if I do not change my mind between that and this."

"And when is that?"

"The seventeenth of next month. He wanted to make it the first of April; but I said I was committing folly enough without reminding all the world about it. So he succumbed. I wish, Molly, you could be married on the same day."

"What am I to do with a lover who refuses to take me?" says Molly, with a rueful laugh. "I dare say I shall be an old maid after all."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Why shouldn't I love my love?
Why shouldn't he love me?
Why shouldn't I love my love,
Since all to love is free?"

Three full weeks that, so far as Molly is concerned, have been terribly, wearisomely long, have dragged to their close. Not that they have been spent in idleness; much business has been transacted, many plans fulfilled; but they have been barren of news of her lover.

In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love; but his thoughts seem far removed from such tender dalliance.

She knows, through Cecil, of his being in Ireland with his regiment for the first two of those interminable weeks, and of his appearance in London during the third, where he was seeking an exchange into some regiment ordered on foreign service; but whether he has or has not been successful in his search she is supremely ignorant.

Brooklyn, her dear old home, having been discovered on her grandfather's death to be still in the market, has been bought back for her by Mr. Buscarlet, and here Letitia—with her children and Molly—feels happier and more contented than she could ever have believed to be again possible.

Seated at breakfast, watched over by the faithful Sarah, without apparent cause for uneasiness, there is nevertheless an air of uncertainty and expectation about Mrs. Massereene and her sister that makes itself known even to their attendant on this particular morning in early April, of which I write.

In vain does Sarah, with a suppressed attempt at coaxing, place the various dishes under Miss Massereene's eyes; they are accepted, lingeringly, daintily, but are not eaten. The children, indeed, voracious as their kind, come nobly to the rescue, and by a kindly barter of their plate for Molly's, which leaves them an undivided profit, contrive to clear the table.

Presently, Molly having refused languidly some delicate steaming cakes of Sarah's own making, that damsel leaves the room in high dudgeon, and Molly leans back in her chair.

"Tell me again, Letty, what you wrote to him," she says, letting her eyes wander through the window, all down the avenue, up which the postman must come, "word for word."

"Just exactly what you desired me, dear," replies Letitia, seriously. "I said I should like to see him once again for the old days' sake, before he left England, which I heard he was on the point of doing. And I also told him, to please you," smiling, "what was an undeniable lie—that, but the children, I was here alone."

"Quite right," says Miss Massereene, unblushingly. Then, with considerable impatience, "will that postman never come?"

All country posts are irregular, and this one is not a pleasing exception. To-day, to create aggravation, it is at least one good half-hour later than usual. When at length, however, it does come, it brings the expected letter from Luttrell.

"Open it quickly—quickly, Letty," says her sister, and Letitia hastens and reads it with much solemnity.

It is short and rather reckless in tone. It tells them the writer, having effected the desired exchange, hopes to start for India in two weeks at farthest, and that, as he had never at any time contemplated leaving England without bidding Mrs. Massereene good-bye, he would seize the opportunity—she being now alone (heavily dashed)—to run down to Brooklyn to see her this very day.

"Oh, Letty! to-day!" exclaims Molly, paling, and flushing, and paling again. "How I wish it was to-morrow!"

"Could there be any one more inconsistent than you, my dear Molly? You have been praying for three whole weeks to see him and, now your prayer is answered you look absolutely miserable."

"It is so sudden," says poor Molly. "And—he never mentioned my name. What if he refuses to have anything to say to me even now? What shall I do then?"

"Nonsense, my dear! When once he sees you, he will forget all his ridiculous pride, and throw himself, like a sensible man, at your feet."

"I wish I could think so, Letty," tearfully, and in a distinctly wheedling tone, "wouldn't you speak to him?"

"Indeed I would not," says Letitia, indignantly. "What, after writing that lie! No, you must of course see him yourself. And, indeed, my dear child"—laughing—"you have only to meet him, wearing the lugubrious expression you at present exhibit, to melt his heart were it the stoniest one in Europe. See"—drawing her to a mirror—"was there ever such a Dolores?"

Seeing her own forlorn visage, Molly instantly laughs, thereby ruining forever the dismal look of it that might have stood her in such good stead.

"I suppose he will dine," says Letitia, thoughtfully. "I must go speak to cook."

"Perhaps he will take the very first train back to London," says Molly, still gloomy.

"Perhaps so. Still, we must be prepared for the worst"—wickedly. "Therefore cook and I must consult. Molly"—pausing at the door—"you have exactly four hours in which to make yourself beautiful, as he cannot possibly be here before two. And if in that time you cannot create a costume calculated to reduce him to slavery, I shall lose my good opinion of you. By the bye, Molly"—earnestly, and with something akin to anxiety—"do you think he likes meringues?"

"How can you be so foolish?" says Miss Massereene, reprovingly. "Of course if he dines he will be in the humor to like anything I like, and I love meringues. But if not—if not"—with a heavy sigh—"you can eat all the meringues yourself."

"Dear, dear!" says Letitia. "She is really very bad."

Almost as the clock strikes two, Molly enters the orchard, having given strict orders to Sarah to send Mr. Luttrell there when he arrives, in search of Mrs. Massereene.

She has dressed herself with great care, and very becomingly, being one of those people who know instantly, by instinct, the exact shade and style that suits them. Besides which, she has too much good taste and too much good sense to be the slave of that tyrant, Fashion.

Here and there the fruit-trees are throwing out tender buds that glance half shrinkingly upon the world, and show a desire to nestle again amidst their leaves, full of a regret that they have left so soon their wiser sisters.

There is a wonderful sweetness in the air—a freshness indescribable—a rare spring perfume. Myriad violets gleam up at her, white and purple, from the roots of apple-trees, inviting her to gather them. But she heeds them not; they might as well be stinging-nettles, for all the notice she bestows upon them. Or is it that the unutterable hope of her own heart overpowers their sweetness?

All her thoughts are centred on the impending interview. How if she shall fail after all? What then? Her heart sinks within her, her hands grow cold with fear. On the instant the blankness in her life in such a case spreads itself out before her like a map—the lonely pilgrimage—the unlovely journey, without companionship, or warmth, or pleasant sunshine.

Then she hears the click of the garden gate, and the firm, quick step of him who comes to her up the hilly path between the strawberry-beds.

Drawing a deep breath, she shrinks within the shelter of a friendly laurel until he is close to her; then, stepping from her hiding-place, she advances towards him.

As she does so, as she meets him face to face, all her nervousness, all her inward trembling, vanishes, and she declares to herself that victory shall lie with her.

He has grown decidedly thinner. Around his beautiful mouth a line of sadness has fallen, not to be concealed even by his drooping moustache. He looks five years older. His blue eyes, too, have lost their laughter, and are full of a settled melancholy. Altogether, he presents such an appearance as should make the woman who loves him rejoice, provided she knows the cause.

When he sees her he stops short and grows extremely pale.

"You here!" he says, in tones of displeased surprise. "I understood from Mrs. Massereene you were at Herst. Had I known the truth, I should not have come."

"I know that; and the lie was mine—not Letitia's. I made her write it because I was determined to see you again. How do you do, Teddy?" says Miss Massereene, coming up to him, smiling cruelly, although a little nervously. "Will you not even shake hands with me?"

He takes her hand, presses it coldly, and drops it again almost instantly.

"I am glad to see you looking so well," he says, gravely, perhaps reproachfully.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill," replies she, softly, and then begins to wonder what on earth she shall say next.

Mr. Luttrell, with his cane, takes the heads off two unoffending crocuses that, most unwisely, have started up within his reach. He is the gentlest-natured fellow alive, but he feels a vicious pleasure in the decapitation of those yellow, harmless flowers. His eyes are on the ground. He is evidently bent on silence. On such occasions what is there that can be matched in stupidity with a man!

"I got your letter," Molly says, awkwardly, when the silence had gone past bearing.

"I know."

"I did not answer it."

"I know that, too," with some faint bitterness.

"It was too foolish a letter to answer," returns she, hastily, detecting the drop of acid in his tone. "And, even if I had written then, I should only have said some harsh things that might have hurt you. I think I was wise in keeping silence."

"You were. But I cannot see how you have followed up your wisdom by having me here to-day."

There is a little pause, and then——

"I wanted so much to see you," murmurs she, in the softest, sweetest of voices.

He winces, and shifts his position uneasily, but steadily refuses to meet her beseeching eyes. He visits two more unhappy crocuses with capital punishment, and something that is almost a sigh escapes him; but he will not look up, and he will not trust himself to answer her.

"Have you grown cruel, Teddy?" goes on Molly, in a carefully modulated tone. "You are killing those poor crocuses that have done you no harm. And you are killing me, too, and what harm have I done you? Just as I began to see some chance of happiness before us, you run away (you, a soldier, to show the white feather!), and thereby ruined all the enjoyment I might have known in my good fortune. Was that kind?"

"I meant to be kind, Molly; I am kind," replies he, huskily.

"Very cruel kindness, it seems to me."

"Later on you will not think so."

"It strikes me, Teddy," says Miss Massereene, reprovingly, "you are angry because poor grandpapa chose to leave me Herst."

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

"Well, then, why don't you say you are glad?"

"Because I am not glad."

"And why? For months and months we were almost crying for money, and when, by some fortunate and unlooked for chance, it fell to my lot, you behaved as though some overpowering calamity had befallen you. Why should not you be as glad of it as I am?"

"Don't speak like that, Molly," says Luttrell, with a groan. "You know all is over between us. The last time we met in London you yourself broke our engagement, and now do you think I shall suffer you to renew it? I am not so selfish as you imagine. I am no match for you now. You must forget me (it will not be difficult, I dare say), and it would be a downright shame to keep you to—to——"

"Then you condemn me to die an old maid, the one thing I most detest; while you, if you refuse to have me, Teddy, I shall insist on your dying an old bachelor, if only to keep me in countenance."

"Think of what the world would say."

"Who cares what it says? And, besides, it knows we were engaged once."

"And also that we quarreled and parted."

"And that we were once more united in London, where you did not despise the poor concert-singer. Were you not devoted to me then, when I had but few friends? Were you ashamed of me, then?"

"Ashamed of you!"

"Once you threw me over," says Molly, with a smile that suits the mouth, being half tears, half sunshine. "Once I did the same by you. That makes us quits. Now we can begin all over again."

"Think of what all your friends will say," says he, desperately, knowing he is losing ground, but still persisting.

"Indeed I will, because all my friends are yours, and they will think as I do."

Two little tears steal from under her heavily-fringed lids, and run down her cheeks. Going nearer to him, she hesitates, glances at him shyly, hesitates still, and finally lays her head upon his shoulder.

Of course, when the girl you love lays her head upon your shoulder, there is only one thing to be done. Luttrell does that one thing. He instantly encircles her with his arms.

"See, I am asking you to marry me," says Molly, raising dewy eyes to his, and blushing one of her rare sweet blushes. "I beg you to take me. If, after that, you refuse me, I shall die of shame. Why don't you speak, Teddy? Say, 'Molly, I will marry you.'"

"Oh, Molly!" returns the young man, gazing down on her despairingly, while his strong arms hold her fast, "if you were only poor. If this cursed money——"

"Never mind the money. What do I care whether I am rich or poor? I care only for you. If you go away I shall be the poorest wretch on earth!"

"My angel! My own darling girl!"

"No!" with a little sob. "Say, 'my own darling wife!'"

"My own darling wife!" replies he, conquered.

"Then why don't you kiss me?" says Miss Massereene, softly, her face dangerously close to his; and Tedcastle, stooping, forges the last link that binds him to her forever.

"Ah!" says Molly, presently, laughing gayly, although the tears still lie wet upon her cheeks, "did you imagine for one instant you could escape me? At first I was so sorry I almost determined to let you go—as punishment; but afterwards"—mischievously—"I began to think how unhappy you would be, and I relented."

"Then I suppose I must now buy you another ring for this dear little finger," says he, smiling, and pressing it to his lips.

"No"—running her hand into her pocket, "at least, not an engagement ring. You may get me any other kind you like, because I am fond of rings; but I shall have no betrothal ring but the first you gave me. Look"—drawing out a little case, and opening it until he sees within the original diamonds—his first gift to her—lying gleaming in their rich new setting. "These are yours; I saved them from the fire that day you behaved so rudely to them, and have had them reset."

"You rescued them?" he asks, amazed.

"At the risk of burning my fingers; so you may guess how I valued them. Now they are purified, and you must never get into such naughty temper again. Promise?"

"I promise faithfully."

"Now I shall wear it again," says Molly, regarding her ring lovingly, "under the happier—oh, how much happier—circumstances. Put it on, Teddy, and say after me, 'darling Molly, pardon me for having compelled you to ask my hand in marriage!'"

"I will not"—laughing.

"You must. You are my property now, and must do as I bid you. So you may as well begin at once. Say it, sir, directly."

He says it.

"Now you know what a horrible henpecking there will be for you in the future. I shall rule you with a rod of iron."

"And I shall hug my chains."

"Think what a life I am condemning you to. Are you not frightened? And all because—I cannot do without you. Oh, Teddy," cries Molly Bawn, suddenly, and without a word of warning bursting into a passion of tears, and flinging herself into his willing arms, "are you not glad—glad—that we belong to each other again?"

"Time will show you how glad," replies he, softly. "I know now I could not have lived without you, my sweet—my darling!"

THE END.

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North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPT. 10, 1879.

THE BELLEVILLE AND NORTH HASTINGS RAILWAY.

We have been informed that this Railway with the Grand Junction have been permanently leased to the Grand Trunk Railway Company. We are much pleased to hear this. Not that there was any danger that the road would not be worked or that the proprietors would not have done justice to this community, but that there is a general impression that the Grand Trunk can operate it the more efficiently in their own and in the people's interest. Besides this we know there would be a good deal of regret felt in parting with the officials we have had this summer on the road. The station agent here and the conductor have won, and very deservedly too, many friends, and we hope they may remain long connected with this branch of the Grand Trunk service.

CLEAN YOUR GRAIN.

As grain has begun to move towards the market, we would call the attention of farmers to the important point which is "clean your grain." In wheat and barley particularly this is essentially necessary, as these grains are graded in qualities. We see by a report of the Belleville market the following is the graded weights for barley: "Bright barley, weighing 48 lbs., No. 1; Slightly colored, but weighing 46 lbs., No. 2; colored, but weighing 44 lbs., No. 3. It will be seen that having it cleaned thoroughly is essential to secure the weight and also that badly cleaned grain though of a good quality may lose a grade. In conversation with farmers we are pleased to learn that prices offered by buyers here are generally satisfactory, which is Belleville price, less four cents on barley and five cents on wheat, peas and rye; while on oats the reduction is only 2½c., the storage being paid by the buyers. Farmers can store their grain in the North Hastings Warehouse and hold it there during the grain buying season, free of charge, the storage being paid by the buyer when they sell. These are certainly great advantages to farmers, and must add greatly to the prosperity of the place. With the large stock of new goods at low prices offered to the public and the conveniencies given to grain buyers by the New Grain Warehouse, and prices close to the Belleville markets, we predict a busy season for the village.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The ignorance or stupidity of some School Trustees is astonishing. The new School Law provides that School Trustees shall send to the Council of the municipality in which their section is situated, during the month of August an estimate of the amount of taxes required for that year for school purposes. It shall then be the duty of the Council at the meeting at which the regular rate is levied for the year to levy an additional amount for each section in the Municipality. The regular meeting of the Madoc Township Council was held on Monday last, on which day it was intended to make up the estimates and levy the rate for the present year. It appears, however, that the school estimates for four sections had not been sent in to the clerk, and the Council were consequently obliged to adjourn until next Saturday.

The trustees of these sections had been notified by the Inspector, Clerk and through the press, but no attention was paid to any of the notices, and, as a consequence, the ratepayers will have to bear the expense of an additional meeting of the council. It may be as well for these trustees to remember that unless the law is complied with they render themselves liable for the whole amount required for the section, for the present year. Under the new law Trustees are elected during the first week of January, and the time is not so far away that a word to the ratepayers may not be out of place. Choose your best men for trustees. The education of your children is a matter of serious importance and if the schools are not efficient the people themselves are to blame. Said a certain Senator of the State of Maine: "Our country is rough and is not over productive, but we build schoolhouses and raise men."

DAPP'S famous English cricketers have arrived at Toronto and are soon to play matches at that city.

STILL another fearful tragedy has happened in Afghanistan. On the 3rd inst., the natives arose in their fury and massacred the entire British Embassy, at Cabul. Steps will now be taken to effectively restore order in this colony.

ONE of those tragedies, which demonstrate only too forcibly that in some of his passions man can descend far below the brute creation, has just taken place in West Winchester, Dundas Co. A young man, named Clark Brown, arose from his bed near midnight and arming himself with an axe knocked at the back door of the family residence. The father descended to see what was wanted when in the most cowardly and unnatural manner he was butchered by the son. The noise of the scuffle aroused the other inmates who immediately descended to the scene. One of the first to descend was a little girl of tender years and she met the same fate as her father. The double murderer, when suspected, confessed, though he could assign no reason for the crime, and he now lies in gaol a helpless physical wreck.

TUDOR FALL SHOW.

The annual Fall Show of the Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick and Cashel Agricultural Society, will be held at Millbridge, on Wednesday, October 8th. Following is the list of prizes offered:

Class 1—HORSES.

Sec. 1—Entire Horse, 3 yrs. old or over, first prize,	$3 00
Second prize,	2 00
Third prize,	1 00
" 2—Entire Horse, 2 yrs. old	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 3—Span of Draught Horses	3 00
Second,	2 00
Third,	1 00
" 4—Brood Mare, with foal at her side,	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 5—Colt, 3 years old,	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 6—Colt, 2 years old,	1 50
Second,	1 25
Third,	1 00
" 7—Colt, 1 year old,	1 25
Second,	1 00
Third,	0 75
" 8—Colt, of the present year,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50

Class 2—CATTLE.

Sec. 1—Bull, 3 yrs. old or over	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 2—Bull, 2 years old,	1 50
Second,	1 00
Third,	0 75
" 3—Bull, yearling,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 4—Milch Cow,	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 5—Heifer, 2 years old,	1 50
Second,	1 00
Third,	0 75
" 6—Heifer, yearling,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 7—Yoke of working Oxen in yoke,	2 00
Second,	1 50
Third,	1 00
" 8—Yoke of 4 year old Steers in yoke,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 9—Yoke of 3 year old Steers in yoke,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 10—Yoke of 2 yr. old Steers,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 11—Pair of yearling Steers,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 12—Spring Calf,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50

Class 3—SHEEP.

Sec. 1—Ram of any age,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 2—Ram lamb,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 3—Pair of Ewes of any age,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 4—Pair of Ewe Lambs,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50

Class 4—PIGS.

Sec. 1—Boar under one year old,	1 00
Second,	0 75
" 2—Sow under one year old,	1 00
Second,	0 75

Class 5—POULTRY.

Sec. 1—Pair of Fowls of any breed	0 25
Second,	0 15
" 2—Pair of Turkeys, any Color,	0 40
Second,	0 25
" 3—Pair of Geese,	0 40
Second,	0 25
" 4—Pair of Ducks,	0 25
Second,	0 15

Class 6—GRAIN and SEEDS.

Sec. 1—Fall Wheat, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 2—Spring Wheat, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 3—Barley, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 4—Rye, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 5—Oats, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 6—Peas, large field, ½ bushel	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 7—Peas, small field, ½ bushel	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 8—Corn, 1 dozen ears,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 9—Timothy Seed, 1 peck,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 10—White Beans, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25

Class 7—ROOTS.

Sec. 1—Potatoes, Early Rose, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 2—Potatoes, any other sort, ½ bushel,	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 3—Turnips, Swede, ½ dozen,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 4—Turnips, Aberdeen, ½ doz.	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 5—Turnips of any other sort	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 6—Cabbage, 2 heads,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 7—Cauliflower, 2 heads,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 8—Top seed Onions, ½ bus.	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 9—Multiplier Onion, ½ bus.	0 50
Second,	0 40
Third,	0 25
" 10—Blood Beet, ½ dozen,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 11—Carrots, white, ½ dozen,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 12—Carrots, red, ½ dozen,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 14—Squash, 2 largest,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 14—Pumpkins, 2 largest,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10
" 15—Tomatoes, 6 largest,	0 25
Second,	0 15
Third,	0 10

Class 8—Domestic Manufactures.

Sec. 1—Butter, 2 lbs. or over,	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 2—Butter, tub, 30 lbs. or over	1 00
Second,	0 75
Third,	0 50
" 3—Homemade Full Cloth, ½ dozen yards,	0 75
Second,	0 50
Third,	0 25
" 4—Homemade Flannel, ½ dozen yards,	0 75
Second,	0 50
Third,	0 25
" 5—Homemade Bed Quilt,	1 00
Second,	0 50
Third,	0 25
" 6—Homemade Floor Rug,	0 50
Second,	0 25
" 7—1 lb. of Woollen Yarn,	0 25
Second,	0 15
" 8—1 pair Woollen Mits,	0 25
Second,	0 15
" 9—1 pair Woollen Socks,	0 25
Second,	0 15
" 10—Cake of Maple Sugar,	0 25
Second,	0 15
" 11—Best specimen of Blacksmith's Work,	0 75
Second,	0 50
Third,	0 25

Special prizes to the amount of $5.00 for ladies' Fancy Work.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the Township Council took place on Monday last. All members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The petition of W. H. Tumelty, Jas. Chambers and others laid over from last meeting, asking to have the By-law rescinded opening a road across lots 23, 24, and 25, in the 7th con., was on motion of Messrs. English and Broad granted.

On motion of Messrs. Allen and Broad the Township surveyor was instructed to notify Messrs. Simpson and Fraser to carry out their agreement with this Council with reference to the work to be done on the road, on the west half of lot 10, con. 10.

On motion of Messrs Allen and Broad $10 was granted to Union School Section No. 2, Elziver, to assist them in paying their liabilities for 1879.

On motion of Messrs. Allan and Caskey $10 was granted to open up a road, across lot 22, between the 7th and 8th cons.

The Township Surveyor was instructed to examine and lay out a road on the Government Allowance, between 20 and 21, in the 9th con., from the Allan settlement to the Queensboro' Road.

The reports of the Surveyor on the road across lot 12, 10th con., was, on motion received, also a report on the road between the first and second concessions.

Mr. Burnside, Road Surveyor, was allowed $1.50 per day, for three days, for acting on Road Committee.

On motion, James Moore was allowed $15 as compensation in full from this Corporation for the road running across his place.

John Gordon was granted $6 to build a culvert on the road across lot 11, between the third and fourth concessions. On motion of Messrs English and Allan, Geo. Sample was granted $18 for making a road across lot 3, between the 2nd and 3rd cons.

The report of the committee appointed to examine the Road near Chambers' place was received and adopted.

The Reeve reported that the total lawyers cost in the suit of the B. & N. H. R., vs. the Township amounted to $144.40, for which he showed receipts.

On motion of Messrs. English and Broad the Township Surveyor was instructed to lay out a road between lots 18 and 19, con. 7, and report to next meeting of Council as to price of land, etc.

Council adjourned until Saturday next.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The Council of the Village of Trenton have instructed the Reeve to communicate with the Peterboro Committee and assure them of the hearty co-operation of the former body in the Trent Valley Canal scheme.

Our yesterday afternoon's telegrams announced the murder at his home, in Murfreshoro', North Carolina, of Mr. James Gatling, brother of the inventor of the celebrated Gatling gun, and of W. J. Gatling Esq., of Belleville. On receipt of the distressing intelligence, the latter immediately left for the scene of the murder. He has the cordial sympathy of many friends here in the distressing bereavement he has sustained. —*Intelligencer.*

Last Monday morning, while Elijah Brickman was mowing in a field near Rednersville, the horses took fright and ran away, throwing Brickman against the knives of the machine. His right leg was so terribly cut that it was found necessary to amputate it midway between the knee and ankle. The operation was performed by Drs. Tracy and Farley, of Belleville, and Dr. File of Ameliasburg. The unfortunate man was also badly mangled in other parts of the body, but he is likely to survive. —*Free Press.*

At about six o'clock, on Monday evening last, while John Kennedy, a boy of 16, son of Mr. Samuel Kennedy, of the Grand Trunk, was gathering hickory nuts from Taylor's Hill, on the east side of Bleecker avenue, he lost his hold on a limb and fell to the ground, a distance of not more than sixteen feet. His head and shoulders struck the ground with terrible force, and a companion who was with him, named Gordineer, on going to his assistance was horrified to find him dead, his neck having been broken by the fall. The parents were at once informed of the sad event, when a most distressing scene occurred, the body of the unfortunate boy being finally removed to his father's residence. Deceased some three or four years ago had the misfortune to have one of his feet crushed by the cars and it had to be amputated, hence he had been crippled for life. He was a lad of kind and studious disposition and general sympathy will be extended to the parents in their melancholy bereavement.—*Intelligencer.*

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$4 50 to $5 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 00 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 45 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 50 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 50 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 10 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	3 00 to 4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 96 to $1 00
Barley,	0 40 to 0 50
Rye,	0 50 to 0 00
Oats,	0 30 to 0 00
Peas,	0 50 to 0 00
Butter,	0 10 to 0 15
Egg,	0 08 to 0 10
Potatoes, per bush	0 30 to 0 00
Flour, per bbl	4 75 to 5 25
Sheepskins,	0 40 to 0 00
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm To Rent!
WITH GOOD HOUSE AND EIGHT or nine cows. Well cleared and watered.
For further particulars apply to
ALEX. CROSS.
Lot 6, Con. 4, Madoc.

JOHN G. DEANS,
Chemist and Druggist,
HAS REMOVED
TO O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
CENTRE STORE.

SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER
Notice to Contractors.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10th DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the works to be done, can be seen at this office and the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27th DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of $2000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of *five per cent.* on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS, OTTAWA, 29th August, 1879.

BOY WANTED!
A SMART, intelligent boy wanted to learn the printing business. One able to read manuscript, and good scholar preferred. Inquire at
REVIEW OFFICE.
Madoc.

CLOVER! CLOVER!
THE undersigned have pleasure in announcing to the Farmers of North Hastings that they have purchased a new Clover Mill, and will be prepared after next month to do threshing on short notice.
T. A. DUNN,
T. H. TUMELTY.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127-3

TIES! TIES!!
50,000 WANTED.
THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

GRAIN! GRAIN!!
THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for
RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,
Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!
50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,
For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

N. D. PETERS
Will, in a Few Days,
REMOVE!
TO
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
RS. Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
Shannonville.
95-6m

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

O'Flynn & O'Hara

Beg to advise the trade that their FALL STOCK is now complete in every Department, and invite inspection of the same. We are now in a position to show a stock which for variety, extent, and cheapness,

IS UNSURPASSED IN THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

We are showing a special line of Winceys, Black and Colored Stuff Goods, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, a special line of Linen Handkerchiefs, a large assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Corsets, etc. In the

Staple Department,

Blankets, Flannels, Prints, Ducks, Denims, Wincey and Cotton Shirtings, Cotton Yarn, Warps, Bags, and Linen Goods, all of which will be sold at very close prices. In the

Mantle Department

We have full ranges in Fancy Wool Goods, Clouds, Mantles, Shawls, Silks, Velvets, Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Frillings, and Embroideries. In the

WOOLLEN DEPARTMENT!

Full ranges of Canadian Tweeds, Etoffes, &c.; Scotch Tweeds, Coatings, Overcoatings etc. In

Gents' Furnishing Department!

All the latest novelties, too numerous to mention. In

Boots & Shoes, and Ready-Made Clothing Departments

we have a very large variety. Also a large stock of groceries, etc.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Sept. 9, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

JOHN ROBERTSON.

BUSINESS NOTICE !

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 19th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The great Eng-TRADE MARK.

lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

Before Taking. After Taking.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KERNS, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.

J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.

M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.

JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, On Thursday Evening, October 2nd, at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 15th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Sydmer Ross & Co.,

In this issue, announce the arrival of their fall and winter stock. The majority of our readers have doubtless heard from them, by circular, before this.

Removed.

J. G. Deans, druggist, has removed his business to the "O'Flynn Block," centre store. In his new premises, Mr. Deans will be able to make a display equal to anything in the County.

Name Changed.

The name of the post-office formerly known as York River, in Dungannon township, has been changed by the Inspector to Bancroft. Parties having correspondence at that place had better make a note of this.

Large Potato.

Now trot out your large potatoes. We have at present one in our office measuring 11 by 17½ inches, and weighing one pound and three-quarters, presented by Squire O'Hara, of Madoc. Our tape line is ready for the next.

Unsurpassed in the County.

Our readers cannot fail to notice the new advertisement of O'Flynn & O'Hara in this issue. This firm enjoys the reputation of keeping a first-class stock, as well as one of the neatest and most tasteful establishments in the County, and we believe they deserve it. Read their advt.

The Seymour Mine.

We are informed that Mr. Pusey, with characteristic push and energy, will soon have the above mine in complete working order again, and mining operations will be carried on more extensively than ever, as though such a thing as a fire had never occurred. This is the kind of news we like to hear.

Free Lecture.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the Rev. John Burton will deliver a lecture on Thursday evening in the basement of the Presbyterian Church. Subject "Impressions of Edinburgh." Lecture free and to commence at 8 P. M. From the well-known ability of the reverend gentleman a treat may be expected.

Madoc Free Fair.

The fair on Tuesday brought in a large number of cattle, but we are sorry to say it was not very successful as regards the number of buyers and the prices offered. Owners of animals in most cases asked a higher figure than buyers seemed disposed to give, and in consequence not many changed hands. We hope to report a different result next time.

Tea Meeting.

A tea-meeting will be held at the Bible Christian Church, near Mr. Chas. English's, Madoc, on Thursday, Sept. 25, commencing at six o'clock, P. M. The following gentlemen have engaged to be present and deliver addresses: Revs. Kinley, Welcome; Yellland, Campbellford; Miller, of Eldorado; McFarlane, of Madoc, and Messrs. A. F. Wood and E. D. O'Flynn, of Madoc. Proceeds for repairing Church. Admission 30c. each.

"The Campbells are Coming."

Mr. J. P. Dunn, the gentlemanly and obliging agent of the G. T. R., Madoc Station, has made arrangements for a grand cheap excursion to Belleville, on Saturday, 20th inst., on the occasion of the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise to that city. The fare for the round trip has been fixed at the low rate of 90c. This is undoubtedly the cheapest excursion of the season, and as the busy time with the farmers is about over we have no doubt but a very large number will avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing the Marquis and Princess and taking part in the magnificent reception which the loyal people of Belleville will, no doubt, give them. The train will leave Madoc at 8 o'clock, stopping at all stations on the road; returning leave Belleville at four o'clock. Don't forget the date.

LINES

On the death of Charles Burlangket, A much respected farmer, who, resided in the Township of Montcagle Co. Hastings. He droped dead between the bed and the door on the night of the twenty third July, Eighteen seventy nine.

The family went to rest that night
As usually they done,
But little did these inmates think
How soon he would be gone;
That father, who was dearly loved
By each and every heart,
Alas! before the morning dawned
From them he did depart.

They were all in silent slumber
When they heard a voice implore,
Oh! will some one be kind enough
To open wide the door.
His partner heard his dying tones,
In haste sprang from her bed,
Before she could obey his call
All hopes of life had fled.

Heavly on the floor he came.
And, with the last deep moan
His spirit took its upward flight
To its eternal home.
Then forth from some internal wound
The blood gushed in a stream;
His weeping friends in midnight hour
Beheld that painful scene.

His neighbors gather round his form,
With mournful countenance stand,
But this their consolation is,
He sits at God's right hand;
Enjoying heaven's blessings,
No sorrow does he know,
While his family and companions,
Lament his loss below.

Two nights and days they wake him,
As the lonely moments glide,
His much beloved companion
Weeps by his coffin side,
Thinks of the pleasant hours they spent
In happy days of yore;
Which now to her shall ne'er return;
On earth they'll meet no more.

Oh! could she just one question ask,
Some silent thought, untold
And get answer from those lips
That look so white and cold.
Then would she more contented part
With him, she dearly loved,
With hopes that yet some future day,
She would meet him up above.

On the twenty-sixth they buried him,
If I'm informed correct,
And many were they that gathered
To show him due respect.
Very slowly and gravely, they
Conveyed him to the tomb,
The sky above was dark with clouds,
On the earth was cast a gloom.

They buried him midst the pouring rain,
The thunder echoed loud,
The lightning flashed, two trees it struck
Beside a numerous crowd,
Who felt their own position, there,
They might have been destroyed
Had it not of been that Providence
The thunder bolt did guide.

With aching hearts and "drooping heads,"
The family homeward turn;
They can think of nothing but the dead,
Their hearts with anguish burn.
When to their dwelling place, they come,
With sorrow they enter in,
No father now to cheer their home,
Everything looks so dim.

There's a Father standing by them,
Who will all their trouble share,
If they only seek Him earnestly,
And faithfully in prayer.
They too shall see the riches, and
The fulness of His grace,
And meet their earthly parent
In that bright and glorious place.

MISS J. SCOTT.

Montcagle Valley, Aug. 23rd, 1879.

[We publish the above, *verbatim et literatim*, simply for the purpose of showing the class of nonsense publishers are often asked to insert by parties laboring under the impression that they possess the poetic genius of a Byron or a Milton. But of all the numerous class of rural rhymists the "Obituary Poet" is the most dreaded by publishers. We have been compelled to refuse several of this class,—in fact, had we given them any encouragement we might have had a few "original lines" of the above calibre for the REVIEW nearly every week. In what way productions like the above, which have neither rhyme, grammar, orthography, or common sense to recommend them, revere the memory of departed ones we are at a loss to comprehend. In our opinion the very opposite effect is the result, and more especially so when such "lines" are given publicity in newspapers. We trust the above will be accepted as an example by those who may contemplate sending us such effusions in future.—ED. REVIEW.]

Pisciatorial.

On Tuesday last, Geo. Reed, of this village, while enjoying a quiet fish on Moira Lake, managed to capture a couple of young "whales," of the maskinonge species. One turned the scales at twenty-five lbs., and the other weighed eighteen lbs. They were the admired of all observers, and as a natural consequence "Geo." feels very proud.

Thanks.

In many respects the "poor printer" has reason to be thankful. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a basket of beautiful crab apples from Mr. James O'Hara, Jr., of this township. They are as fine specimens of that species of fruit as we have ever seen, and we hope the generous donor may have abundant quantities of the fruit for many years to come.

Band Concert.

The Band gave an open air performance on Mrs. Wright's balcony, on Friday evening last, quite a large crowd assembling on the different streets to listen to the music, and many favorable expressions were given as to the general excellence of the programme. The playing of the band has certainly improved very much of late, and we hope the performance of Friday night will be repeated again before long.

Magistrates' Court.

Three parties occupied the lock-up at one time on Monday, viz.:—J. Kennedy, J. McGibberda, and T. Woodcock. The two former were brought before E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., for being drunk and disorderly. Let off, on payment of $4 costs. Woodcock, for exposing his person on the public street, was fined by A. F. Wood, Esq., $5 and costs.

D. Campbell was, on Tuesday, arrested by Constable Sills for being drunk and disorderly on the street. He was taken before A. F. Wood, J. P., who inflicted a fine of $2, and $4 costs. Such pastime as the above is becoming rather expensive on the boys.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Magazine.

The September issue of this favorite magazine is on our table. Its contents are as follows: The Ontario Elections, by M.; Eckermann and Goethe, Part 1, by *Fidelis*; Thoughts, a poem by G. G., Niagara; The Fresh-Water Cure, by N. W. Emery; "Messalina Speaks," by Charles Pulham Mulvany; Medical Manias, by Daniel Clark, M. D., Toronto; Past and Present, a poem by W. McDonnell, jr.; Descriptive Music, by J. W. F. Harrison, Ottawa; A Sabbath Morning, a poem by *Electra*; The Fallen Leaves, chaps. xviii-xxi, by Wilkie Collins; Across the Gulf, by *Fleurange*, Brockville; Another Word or Two, by a woman of Newfangle; Servants and Employers, by Mrs. Francis J. Moore; Under One Roof, chaps. xxviii-xxxii, by James Payn; A Few Words on Criticism, by W. D. LeSueur, Ottawa; Round the Table,—Charles Lever in Canada—Canada's Destinies; Book Reviews. The Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto: $3 a year; single numbers 25 cts. each.

Accident.

On Wednesday, 10th inst. an accident of a painful nature happened to Mr. William Jarvis, of the Cook Settlement, this Township. While backing his team out of Mrs. Wright's shed he was caught between the wagon and one of the timbers of the shed, breaking a rib and otherwise severely bruising him. Dr. Dafoe was called in and under his care the patient is doing as well as can be expected.

Extension of Mission Work to Queensboro'.

Since the Rev. H. T. Miller took charge of the Mission of St. Columba and St. Paul he has been encouraged to preach at Queensboro', a village which had not hitherto enjoyed regular preaching from a Presbyterian minister. It was found that no Sunday evening service was conducted in the village by any denomination. Mr. Miller has had good congregations since he began his labors in the village, and doubtless our readers will be glad to learn that a Sabbath evening service will be conducted every fortnight for the future in the village by Mr. Miller commencing at half past six o'clock. We heartily wish this movement great success.

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We are now in the midst of plenty—our harvest; but a great deal of it is ungathered, however the weather is fine again and this year the crops are very good, especially the wheat, which in this and adjoining townships cannot be beaten in the county, hay is exceptionally plentiful this year.

Last week a very heavy thunderstorm passed over this place, accompanied by quite a hurricane of wind and rain. It was of short duration and did little or no damage here, but further north, in Montcagle and the neighborhood of Maynooth, it came down in the shape of hailstones of enormous size, a settler who measured one says it girthed five inches. There was considerable damage done to standing grain and window panes.

Mr. Pusey, of iron ore renown, was back here exploring. He visited several beds of ore and pronounced them to be very good, especially one close to this place, which it is said he offered to purchase. There are a great many deposits of iron, etc., all through this back country, and if they are of any value the first thing needful is a railroad. The country is steadily improving and settling up, which is a surer sign of prosperity than a great mob of settlers who, in many instances, go in to "follow the leader" and in the end do not always find a "land flowing with milk and honey" without any obstacle to overcome in gaining possession of it.

I am sorry to hear that the post office of this place is henceforth to be called "Bancroft," a change which nobody can say was wanted or of any benefit. Mr. Aylsworth is repairing the bridge across the York River, and Mr. D. Cavanagh is making a good job on the new cut from the Hastings Road below L'Amable. This will be a great benefit to all.

Messrs. Zabel and Fletcher's new store is nearly completed and is a good addition to the place.

Lumbering is looking up, if the Toronto *Telegram* is to be relied on, and we trust it is. "The prospects," it says "are better than they have been for years." So we have a little to look forward to yet from that source.

FIAT LUX.

Elziver and Grimsthorpe Council.

BRIDGEWATER, 24th Aug., 1879.

Council met at ten A. M., by order of the Reeve, instead of one P. M.

Present, the Reeve, Messrs. Breeze, Burns and McIlroy.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Breeze presented a petition from Wm. Rikeley and others to lay out a road on e ½ lot 9, 1st con. Elziver, to its intersection of old Kaladar Road, and on motion the Road Commissioner was ordered to examine the same and report at next meeting.

The interest on taxes owed by Miss Stapeley, for n ½ 9, in 5th con., were, on her application ordered to be remitted.

On motion Mr. Burns was ordered to examine broken culvert on line between 9th and 10th con., at lot 16, and make arrangement for repairs, also that he examine bridge at Thomas Gentrex's and get necessary repairs done.

The Clerk presented the report of the arbitrators appointed to settle the dispute between the Collector and Treasurer, which stated the amount in dispute between them was $111.10, and they adjudged that the Treasurer should assume fifty dollars of the amount and the collector sixty one and cents. ordered to be received.

On motion, James Jackson was employed to repair the long crossway on Black Henry Creek, 10th Con. Old Kaladar Road, for ten dollars.

The $15 granted for road between lots 5 and 6, in 2nd con., was on motion ordered to be laid out instead on Old County Road from W. Nittles corner to school house, to the satisfaction of the Road Commissioner.

Council adjourned one hour for dinner. Council resumed. All the members present.

On motion ten dollars was granted to M. Tunnery for support and fifteen dollars for Mrs. Plew for the support of Alex. Angus, a helpless old man.

The Clerk read a communication from the County Clerk, stating that the County Council had levied the sum of $1,383.83 on this municipality for 1879, and another one from the same, stating that the County Council required all minor municipalities to pay up their indebtedness within the present year, and the amount due by this municipality was $2,541.65 to date, July 16, '79.

Moved by Mr. Burns seconded by Mr. Kells, That S. S. No. 2, receive a grant of $25 and S. S. No. 5 a grant of $35.

Mr. Breeze called for the yeas and nays.

Yeas—Burns, McIlroy and Kells.....3
Nays—Breeze.....1

—Carried.

A By-law to re-appoint the collector and pay him a commission of three per cent on monies collected, instead of by salary, was read three times, passed and numbered 72.

The following amounts were applied for by the various School Sections to meet their expenses for the year: S. S. No. 1, $600; S. S. No. 2, $149.25; S. S. No. 3, 244.45; S. S. No. 4, $255; S. S. No. 5, $176; S. S. No. 6, $184.88; S. S. No. 7, $150.

A By-law to levy rates for County, Municipal and general School Purposes, also for Section School expenses, with following rates on the dollar, viz:—For County and Municipal rates, two cents; for general school purposes, a quarter of a cent; for School Section No. 1- 2½c.; and 4c. to pay amount due on their debt; S. S. No 2, Elziver portion, 1½c.; Madoc portion, 1c.; S. S. No. 3, Elziver portion 1½c. Madoc portion, 1c.; S. S. No. 4, 1½c.; S. S. No. 5, 3½c.; S. S. No. 6, 1½c.; S. S. No. 7, 1c., was read three times, passed, and numbered 73.

Council adjourned half an hour.

Council resumed. All members present.

Moved by Mr. Breeze seconded by Mr. Burns, That the Collector be ordered in all cases to give a receipt for taxes, when payment is made and a book of receipts be furnished him for that purpose; also that he be provided with printed notices to leave at each place on his first calling for taxes, stating what amount is payable, etc., and that the clerk get a leathern case made for the holding of the Collector's Roll.—Carried.

The Clerk made an application for an increase of salary, stating that his duties had greatly increased and each year were becoming heavier and now he would have to make out the Collector's Roll for every school section in the municipality.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy seconded by Mr. Burns, That $20 a year be added to the Clerk salary.—Carried.

On motion Council adjourned till ten o'clock Monday, October 27th.

DIED.

EVO.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Rollins, Madoc, on the 8th inst., Mrs Jane Evo, aged 77 years.

WHITE—In this village, on the 7th inst., Ethel Maud, daughter of W. T. White, aged 4 months.

NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All parties indebted to the firm are hereby requested to call and settle their accounts immediately.

CHARLES GREAM.
R. S. HENDERSON.

The undersigned will continue the business in the Victoria Block as usual.

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, Sept 2, 1879. 127-2.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the

North Hastings Grain Warehouse.

At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

This Space Will be Occupied

BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to

A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,

or to the undersigned proprietor,

JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.

Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GERAI,

104 York River P. O.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 12th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,

Or to Gream & Henderson,

Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc,

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES are hereby forbid buying or negotiating a Note drawn by me in favor of John Conley, or bearer, as I have not received any value for the same.

JAMES FOX.

Madoc, Aug. 17, 1879. 125-4t

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Calmonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,

21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future EGGS will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stock. These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. No goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and best attention during this cheap sale. There is one more reason, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and on the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Fancy Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

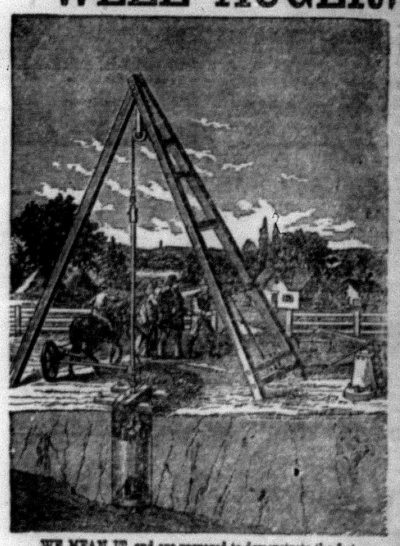
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND AND LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The Pytchley hounds have had a run. Io triumphe! The Pytchley hounds have killed their fox. Once again, Io triumphe! Not that these are unusual events with that well-ordered and efficient pack, nor that the establishment is more than commonly exhilarated by success; but that such runs as this last do not occur oftener than two or three times in the season, and deserve to be recorded accordingly.

It is a curious mania, that fondness for hunting which pervades the rural population of Great Britain, from the peer to the peasant, and which we alone of all their progeny seem to have inherited from our Scandinavian ancestors—a mania that outlives love, friendship, literature, money-making, all the devices of poor human nature to squander its most priceless possession—time; and which seems to flourish only the more vigorously when the health and bodily strength indispensable to its enjoyment have passed away for evermore. We, too, in our "hot youth," were once inoculated with the malady, and its seeds have never since been thoroughly eradicated from our constitution. There was a time when our heart used to beat thick and fast at the first whimper of a hound; when the color mounted to our cheek, and our eye glistened brighter, as we watched the gorse shaking above the busy pack; when the life blood coursed quicker through our veins as we listened for the distant "View-holloa" proclaiming him "away!" and the mad equestrian revel really about to commence. Then it was ecstasy to be borne along at speed by a gallant, generous horse, himself giving and receiving the mutual pleasure enhanced by so confiding a partnership; to thread with calm dexterity the rushing cavalcade, and reach, unbalked by restive steed or undecided rider, the spot we had marked out many a stride back for our own. Large, black and formidable, hand, seat, and eye combined to land us safely on the farther side; and then, with tightened rein, head up and hands down, to speed away after the streaming pack, good friends and true to right and left, but not a soul between ourselves and the hounds!

Alas, alas! *"post equitem sedet atra cura,"* she can cling even to the sportsman's scarlet, she can keep her seat even over a Northamptonshire ox-fence; but though the good horse carry double, he feels not the extra load, and the rider's heart must indeed be heavy if it can ache at moments such as these.

As the penitent highwayman remarked to the chaplain at the gallows foot, "Oh, I repent unfeignedly of my sins, but yet—a gallop across a common! *you dog, it was delicious!*"

So now, though the days of our pilgrimage are in the "sere and yellow leaf," though boots and breeches have given way to flannel bandages and fleecy hosiery, whilst gout and rheumatism warn us that wet days and "wet nights" are equally dangerous to our *physique;* though our quiet cob, once the property of a Low Church bishop, is getting too much for us, and is coveted inwardly by our eldest grandson, who already considers his own Shetland pony "hardly up to his weight," we have still a hankering after the golden joys of our our youth, still a smoking kindness for the tops and the scarlet, the crack of the whip, the echo in the woodland, and all the appliances and accessories of the chase.

"What a hunting day!" we remarked aloud to our walking-stick, as we climbed the hill painfully towards Holmby, and stopped to admire for the hundredth time the wide expanse of beauty and verdure stretching far away beneath our feet for many a mile to east and west, dotted here and there with noble standard trees, and shut in by the dark stately woods of Althorpe that crown the rising ground to the south. "What a hunting day!" a sky of dappled grey, a balmy breeze just wooing into existence the hundred buds and beauties of early spring—a day to have gathered the first peeping violet "long, long ago." *Eheu fugaces!* what's a violet, with no one to give it to?—day of beauty and promise, a day such as George Herbert so charmingly describes:

Sweet day, so cool and calm and bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

But nevertheless, rather too muggy a day for an elderly gentleman nearly fifteen stone weight to walk up such a hill as that; so we rested on our stick, mopped our heated brows, and leaned our back against the stem of a fine old oak tree that stands within a stone's throw of the wall surrounding all that is now left of the ancient palace of Holmby. We own to the practice of day-dreaming—"mooning," it is called by the irreverent—and we were soon lost in the long vista of the past, threading the labyrinth by help of that delusive skein which we were pleased to term history, taking up one end at the period at which we supposed this oak had been planted; and so winding it gently off from the Wars of the Roses to the jolly days of "bluff King Hal;" congratulating it on its inland position, which saved it from forming part of that fleet whose thunders helped to destroy the Invincible Armada, speculating on its size and luxuriance in the peaceful time of the crowned wiseacre whom Scottish parasites termed "gentle King Jamie;" and thinking how fervently its beauties must have been appreciated by his ill-starred son, to whose charge want of veneration could never have been laid as a fault. "Here," we thought, "beneath these venerable arms, under the stately shade, how often has the unfortunate Stuart, the martyred Mon——Halloh! what is that?—the note of a hound, as we are a living sinner and a gouty one; but gout or no gout, we haven't seen hounds for a twelvemonth; we must hobble on and have a look at them once more. But stay, there's their fox!—a beaten fox, by all the beauties of Diana!" and forthwith we gave vent to a prolonged and, we rather flatter ourselves, not unmusical yell, which we should despair of conveying to the reader by any other means than oral demonstration. We used to pique ourselves upon doing it rather well, and with one finger in the ear and a rubicund well-fed physiognomy, the effect is, to say the least of it, imposing, if not harmonious. Yes, there he was, stealing along, his back up, his fur draggled, tangled, and black with mire; his brush drooping, his tongue out, his long knavish countenance wobegone and indicative of thorough physical exhaustion, his whole instincts so intent on his pursuers that he scarcely turned aside at our salutation—there he was, dead-beat, and running short for his life, not a covert or an earth within two miles of him, and the best pack of hounds in England running frantic for his blood in the next field. See, he has nearly reached the old oak tree! one, two, three white hounds are through the fence, the rest following, like a stream set free from a dam. How they strain across the ridge and furrow, their bristles erect, their sterns lowered, their hungry eyes flaring out upon him with instinctive hate! He is creeping quite slowly now; but as Harmony and Fairplay near him he turns and shows a long, ominous, gleaming set of teeth. Over they roll, all three together. Marplot and Marygold are close upon them, hounds tumble over each other in hungry confusion, a crash is heard in the fence, and Charles Payne is off his horse in another moment and amongst them. A faint strident noise, like that of a smothered saw, grates upon the ear above the stifled "worry," "worry," of the hounds, and ere Charles, the pink of politeness, has time to touch his cap to ourselves (for he takes us for the parson, and therefore a staunch fox preserver, if not pursuer), he holds him high up in the air, and with a loud "Who-whoop," proclaims the conclusion of one of those "best runs of the season" which occur at least once a fortnight.

Who-whoop! indeed. Three more sportsmen have by this time arrived, one over and the other two through the fence, which still hides the rest of the field from our eager gaze. Soon a gate opens, and some half a dozen more, including a couple of black coats, make their appearance. There are a good many still coming, and a large proportion of the original field that will never get here at all. No wonder; the pastures of Northamptonshire are full of them; they are scattered all over the country. Those who have arrived look wild and heated, and intensely pleased with themselves as they jump off their exhausted horses, and talk and laugh and gesticulate; the while Charles Payne throws the fox to the hounds, with another encouraging "Who-whoop!" and the clamorous baying of expectancy is exchanged for the "worry, worry, worry," of fruition. "Had a good thing?" we inquire of the first whip, who is appeasing a difference as to a tid-bit between Countess and Caroline. "*Carpital* thing, sir," replies that affable functionary, whose cap and side are plastered with mud, and who looks as pleased as if some one had given him a hundred pounds. "*Carpital* thing, sir. Brought him from Salby gorse over the finest part of our country; never checked but once, down by Cottesbrooke; never touched a covert the whole blessed while! It's eleven miles if it's a yard, and I make it exactly an hour and fifteen minutes from the time I 'holloaed' him till we run into him in this here grass field just atween your reverence's legs. Whoop, my darlings! Worry, worry, worry! tear him an' eat him!" Cigars are lit congratulations are exchanged, the bay horse and the brown horse and the chestnut horse receive their due share of praise, a reflective flattery somewhat in this wise: 'How well he carried you, old fellow; and what a stiff line! *I was close to you the whole time!*' From different versions and many contradictory statements we gather a tolerably correct notion of the run; and as its glories gradually flood our still enthusiastic imagination, it is with a pang of regret that we reflect we shall never see gallops such as these again.

We were there in spirit, nevertheless; we know every yard of the country, every field and every fence—though we can practise it no longer, we *think* we know every move in the game. We can fancy ourselves astride of a good horse by the side of Jack Woodcock as he views the fox away from the low corner of the gorse. What a long, wiry, tough-looking animal it is, with a white tag to that handsome brush, which, as he steals across the neighbouring pasture, he whisks in derision, as much as to say, 'Gallop away, my fine fellows! according to your wont; hurry and bustle, and jump and splutter! The harder you ride the better for me!'

'Tally-ho!' shouts our friend Jack, erect in his stirrups. 'Twang' goes Charles Payne's horn from the middle of the gorse. Already the owner of the covert is coming best pace around the corner. Trust him not to lose his start, and to make good use of it when he has got it. In twos and threes the hounds are pouring through the boundary fence; ten or twelve couple are settling to the scent; the rest, with ears erect, are flying to the cry. Now they stoop together with collective energy, and drive along over the grass in all the mute ecstacy of *pace.*

A burst such as this is pastime for the gods!

It sobers our imaginary steed, our pen-and-ink Pegasus; he drops quietly to his bridle, and a turn in our favor enables us to pull him into a trot, and to look about us. Seven or eight men are in the same field with the hounds; half a dozen stiff fences and a couple of miles of grass have shaken off the larger portion of the field, but they are even now coming through a bridle gate not far distant in the rear, and should a check unfortunately occur at this critical moment, they will be up in plenty of time to do lots of mischief still. But no; the pack is streaming on. 'Forward,' says Charles Payne, cramming his horn into its case, and gathering his horse for an oxer.' 'Forward!' echoes Mr. Villiers, doubling' it neatly on his right. 'Forward!' adds Mr. Cust, cracking the far-rail as he swings over the obstacle in his stride. 'Line' shouts a Meltonian at an unfortunate aspirant whose horse is swerving to the thickest place in the fence. 'Serve him right!' remarks the Meltonian to himself, landing safely in the next field, while the aspirant rolls headlong to the earth. Jake Woodcock, with an amused smile, slips quietly to the front. Three or four more men, one in a black coat, enter the field at different points; that quiet gentlemen *over* not *through* the gate. A loose horse with streaming reins gallops wildly after the chase; and the hounds, with a burning scent, are pointing straight for Naseby Field.

And now every man hugs his trusty hunter by the head, and spares his energies as much as possible, ere he encounters the yielding soil of that classic ground. Many a tired horse has Naseby Field to answer for, from the thundering battle steeds of the Cavaliers, led by hot Prince Rupert, to the panting thorough-breds of Jersey and Allix, and Cooke and Knightly, and the heroes of fifty years ago, who urged the mimic war over that eventful plain. Ay, down to our own times, when although the plough has passed over its marshy surface, and draining and high-farming have given secure footholds to man and beast, many a sobbing steed and dejected rider can still bear witness to the exhaustive properties of that black adhesive soil, many a dirty coat and stationary hunter rues the noble impulse that *would* follow the fleeting pack over such a country as this after a three days' rain.

Some of them began to hope he may have entered the thick holding covert of Naseby Tuorns, and that the conclusion of so rapid a burst may save their own and their horse's credit. But a countryman on the opposite hill is hollosing as if his throat must crack. Our fox is forward still; he has not a notion of entering the covert, warmed as he is by the merry pace of the last mile or so. 'No occasion to lift them, Charles,' observes Mr. Villiers, as he lends an ear to the far-off countryman, and points to the streaming pack wheeling with every turn of the scent, like pigeons on the wing.

'Couldn't get near enough if there was. Come up, horse, !' mutters Charles in reply, as he bores through a black close-cut hedge, sinking up to the hocks on the taking-off side. There is no chance of a check now; and as the professed jester of the Hunt remarks 'If he don't stop at Tally-ho, he may go on to Texas!'

The field, that enterprising body, whose self dependence is so touchingly illustrated at every sign-post, are already somewhat hopelessly behindhand and considerably puzzled by the coincidence of two safe practicable lanes, leading equally in the direction of the line of chase. It divides accordingly into two hurrying colums, neither of which will in all probability see a hound again to-day.

So, "on we go again," leaving "Tally-ho Gorse" to the left, and up the hill for Hazelbeech, threading the fine old trees that tower upon its heights, and pointing ever onwards for the wide grassy vale of Cottesbrooke, spread out like a panorama before us, shut in by wooded hills, dotted with fine old standard trees, and smiling beauteous and peaceful in the chequered light of a February sun.

Thank Heaven! a check at last. Pegasus was beginning to want it sadly. He struck that top-rail uncommonly hard, and has dropped his hind legs in the last two consecutive ditches. There are still some half-dozen men with the hounds, but their horses look as if they had had nearly enough, and we are inclined to believe one or two of the riders are beginning to wish it was over. The country for miles back is dotted with equestrians of every rank and every hue. A child on a pony has turned, not *headed*, the fox. Charles Payne opines he cannot have entered the gorse with so "warm a jacket," as he phrases it; so he holds his hounds towards the plantations on his right. Fairplay whisks her stern about her sides, and drops a note or two to her comrades as they gather to the line.

"Yo-geote, old lady!" says Charles, in the inexplicable language of a huntsman.

"She's always right, that old bitch," remarks Mr. Villiers, who has just turned Olympian's head for an instant to the wind. "Twang" goes the horn once more, and away score the hounds through "Pursar's Hills," as if they were fresh out of the kennel, and over the wide grassy pastures below, and up the opposite rise, with untiring energy, leaving the foremost horseman toiling a field and a half behind them, till a pause and momentary hover in the Welford Road enables Pegasus and his comrades to reach them once more.

It is labor and sorrow now, yet it is a sweet and joyous pain. Still, we can hardly call that enjoyment which we wish was over; and most devoutly now do we all hope that we may soon kill this gallant fox, before he kills our gallant horses. The best blood of Newmarket is but mortal, after all; and Pegasus is by this time going most unreservedly on his own shoulders and his rider's hands.

Down the hill between Creaton and Holywell we make a tolerable fight; but though Olympian clears the brook at the bottom, the rest of us flounder through. We have no false pride now, and do not any of us turn up our noses at gates or gaps, or other friendly egress. Everything is comparative. A country doctor on his fresh hack, meeting us at this period, opines we are going quite slow, but *we know better;* so does Pegasus, so does old Fairplay, so does the fox.

He is not travelling so straight now. Up and down yonder hedgerow the pack turn like harriers, and we think we must be very near him. But see: the crows are stooping yonder over a low black object in the distance. 'Tis the hunted fox, pointing straight for the covers of Althorpe. He will never reach them, for the hounds are now close upon his track, and they ran into him in the large grass field by Holmby House under the old oak tree.

* * * * * *

Our dream is over. Hounds and horses and sportsmen are all gone home. The excitement has evaporated, and left its usual depression of spirits behind. We are left alone—all alone—under the old oak tree. What is life at best but a dream? What is happiness but a dream?—fame, honor, love, ambition? Dreams all. The bitterness is in the waking.

Let up put the clock back a couple of centuries or so, when the old oak was stately and vigorous as now, his branches as spreading, his stem as gnarled and knotted, his growth as majestic. What a lesson to us creatures of a day, in our short span of earthly existence, is instilled by the comparative duration of these vegetable giants! How they outlive us! How their "winter of discontent," unlike our own, is annually succeeded by a spring of promise! How they spread and tower upwards into heaven, whilst we grovel upon earth. *Væ mihi!* 'twere a weary world, my masters, if there were nothing beyond. A weary world! Let us put the clock back, I say, and dream again.

CHAPTER II.

A CAST OF HAWKS.

She was hatched on a snow-topped, bluff-faced cliff, towering over the iron-bound coast of Iceland. The parental eyrie, hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, was strewed with bones and feathers, and all the warlike spoils of her predatory progenitors. Her infancy was fed on blood, warm from the living victim, her youth trained in long flights over the dark seething ocean; so her spirit knew not what it was to quail, nor her wing to droop.

But a daring cliffsman, one of those whose pastime and whose profession it is to undertake risks such as quiet men shudder even to read of, made his appearance one clear frosty night at the entrance of her home, and awed her with the immediate presence of the human face divine, never seen before. Well might she be astonished, for the cliff was a sheer precipice, rising perpendicularly from many a fathom deep of ocean, and the eyrie was securely placed some hundred feet or more below its landward edge, a giddy height indeed above the restless sea, heaving and surging down yonder in the darkness. Three strands in the numbed grasp of a comrade were between the cliffsman and eternity, yet his nerve was totally unmoved, his hand steady, his face not even pale. Quietly he selected the most promising bird from the eyrie; and she, the very essence of whose existence had been freedom, wild as the winds and waves themselves, must be a captive now for evermore.

At first she pined sadly; her bright keen eye grew dim, her feathers lost their gloss, her wings their sweep and vigor. She was breaking her untamed heart, like a wild-hawk as she was, but custom and discipline at length prevailed. Her feminine spirit, half won and half subdued, yielded to the combined influence of kindness and coercion. Ere she reached England in a merchant-ship she would perch contentedly on the deck, sunning herself for hours in the pure sea air. She would take food eagerly from the hand at which she once fought and tore. She was tamed at last, that winsome wild-bird, ready, for the lure, and the bells, and the jesses; willing, under man's tuition, to become more than ever an inveterate enemy to her kind.

So they sold her for ten gold pieces to a north-country lord, and the north-country lord being *more suorum*, a judge of horse-flesh, exchanged her away to Sir Giles Allonby for a dapple grey palfrey; and now she sits jessed and hooded, under the old oak tree at Holmby, far and away the best falcon within forty miles of fair Northampton town.

So thinks the falconer standing yonder, with his perches slung from his broad shoulders, and his hooded pupils sitting contentedly thereon, who would wager his new doublet and his Christmas fee on the success of her, the pride of his mews. So thinks the lithe active lad his assistant, in whose grasp those handsome spaniels are straining at the leash, and who clings to his opinion with the glorious tenacity of sixteen. So think those two jolly-looking serving-men who are in waiting, and who seem to have no earthly thing to do save to crack broad English jokes, and to laugh at them with their broad English faces. So thinks fair Grace Allonby, whose nature it is to pet and love every mortal thing that comes within her reach. So thinks good Sir Giles himself, who only yester evening over his claret was loud in the praises of his favourite, and eager to match her against all and everything on the wing.

"Let them come," said the stout old knight, "with their purses in their hands. My Lord Vaux, my Lord Montague, my Lord Goring, Colepepper, Carnarvon, and the rest, within fifty miles of this spot—ay, within the bounds of Britain itself—Peer or Puritan, Cavalier or Roundhead—always excepting the falcons of his most blessed Majesty. Let them come with their hawks, every feather of 'em, and 'Diamond' shall have a flight at them all!"

It was a glorious morning for the sport. The sky was clear and blue, softened here and there with light dappled clouds; dewdrops sparkled in the sun from thorn and briar, while the earth exhaled new life and fragrance from her teeming bosom, moistened but not saturated with the late genial rain. How blithe and gladsome was the lark's shrill song as he mounted cheerily into the sky, such a speck against that glorious fathomless blue—how soft and mellow the sunlight on the uplands—how sweet the perfume of the free fresh air!—sight, smell, and hearing all gratified at once. What a morning for hawking, or indeed for any manly, vigorous, out-of-door-pursuit.

"The knight is late this morning," remarked the falconer, a man of few words, and whose whole energies were wrapped up in his profession; "and the wind is changing even now," he added with an anxious glance at the heavens, whilst "Diamond" stirred uneasily on her perch, jingling her bells, and moving her hooded head from side to side with characteristic impatience.

"Drinking the King's health overnight," remarked one of the serving-men, with a leer at his comrade. "Liquor and loyalty make sleepy heads in the morning; is't not so, Will? Thou wast ringing chimes in the buttery thyself, lad."

Will shook his head, as who would say, "I follow the example of my betters," but answered not a word; and indeed in those days late sittings, large flagons, and bumper healths were the daily custom of the age; and the strong ale flowed as freely in the hall as did the red wine in the banqueting-room or the dinner-parlor.

But there was a stir amongst the group under the old oak tree; the falconer's eye brightened, the serving-men sprang to an attitude of respectful attention, and the spaniels fawned and whined, and strained in the leash, for a party of three equestrians were approaching; up the hill they swung at a dashing hand-gallop, and cantering over the smooth sward with feathers waving, habits fluttering, bridles jingling, and palfreys snorting, pulled up under the oak, and returned the salutation of their inferiors with the frank courtesy that is always the stamp of good-breeding and high birth.

"What a morning for us, lads!" remarked Sir Giles to the retainers, with a kindly smile lighting up his ruddy countenance, still handsome and high-bred, though marked with many a deep and furrowed line, the inevitable consequence of a hard life spent in much excitement, much anxiety, much danger, and some excess. "We flushed a brace of herons as we came along the river-side at Brampton; and a fairer flight than one of the beauties made I never wish to see. Ah "Diamond!" don't you know the old man's voice? Come to my wrist, old lass! Soh! Soh!" and Sir Giles caressed the hooded bird, and smoothed her neck plumage with a loving hand as she fluttered sagaciously to take her well known place on the glove of the old Cavalier.

Sir Giles Allonby was a specimen of the old English gentleman such as no other country but England could produce; such as the troublous times in which his lot was cast brought out in all its excellence, and all its faults. In person he was tall, spare, and sinewy, framed for a horseman, a swordsman, or a sportsman; for success in any bodily exercise demanding strength, quickness, and agility. Field-sports and campaigning had toughened him to the consistency of pin-wire but the same causes, coupled with a considerable amount of deep-drinking, had hardened the almost feminine beauty of his countenance into a type strangely at variance with the delicate chiseling of its small features, and the mirthful glances of its bright blue eyes. It seemed a contradiction to see that oval face so rugged and war-worn, that well-trimmed moustache and carefully pointed beard so white, those soft curling locks so thin and grey. The man himself corresponded in his inward character to his outward appearance. Generous, enthusiastic, and chivalrous, he was passionate, prejudiced, and obstinate. Quick to resent insult with a blow or sword-thrust, he would forgive and embrace the bitterest enemy who should move a hair's breadth towards reconciliation; though he would lift his hat on entering a poor man's cottage, and address his dame with as much courteous deference as a duchess, no Cavalier alive was such a thoroughgoing aristocrat in his reverence for what he called "blood"—not one of his Norman ancestors could have expressed a greater contempt for the puddle that stagnated through the peasant's veins, as compared with the generous fluid that warmed his own; though he would fling his gold pieces about to all that asked for them, he would screw his tenants to the uttermost, nor stop short of what we should call acts of violence and rapine to raise men and horses for the King; and when his wife died, whom he had loved with all the unrestrained ardour with which such a nature could not but love a kindly, handsome, gentle, generous woman, although devotion to the crown, which he called loyalty, became the one guiding impulse of his life, Grace herself, his lovely daughter Grace, was second in his estimation to his sovereign, and in that sovereign's cause he would not have scrupled to sacrifice even her, his sweet, dutiful, and loving child.

She is reining in her horse with a graceful but somewhat timid air, and appears not too well pleased at the caresses and attentions of those busy spaniels, to which the steed replies with a degree of playful restlessness not quite agreeable to his rider. Grace is a sad coward, and though she spends much of her life on horseback, like other gentlewomen of her time, she has never acquired the perfect self-possession and masculine ease which sit so well upon her companion, yonder lady, whose curls are waving in the wind, whose soft blue eyes are deepening and dancing with animation, whose lip and cheek are blushing carnation in the fresh morning air, under the rays of the bright morning sun.

'Give him a gallop, Gracey,' says she, with a ringing laugh at her friend's obvious misgivings. 'Why, Sir Giles himself could hardly ride my Bayard if I let him get as fresh as you do that riotous pet of yours. Silly Grace, you spoil everything you come near. What a tyrant you *will* make of your husband, my dear, if you ever get one!' and she bent her beautiful figure to pat her horse's neck in a bewitching attitude, which was not lost, as it was not meant to be, on old Sir Giles, or the busy falconer, or the grinning serving-man, nay, not even on the lad of sixteen, who gazed on her open-mouthed, with a ludicrous expression of stupified amazement and delight.

Mary Cave dearly loved admiration wherever she could get it. Left early in life to her own devices, brought up chiefly abroad, and transferred from a foreign convent to a foreign court, she had acquired, even in the first flush of youth, a habit of self-reliance and a decision of character seldom to be observed in those of the softer sex who have not passed through the crucible of much pain and much tribulation. Clever and quick-witted, with strong passions and strong feelings, she nursed an ambition which was stronger than them all. She had the knack, partly natural, partly the result of keen observing powers, of detecting at once the mental value, and, so to speak, the moral weight of those with whom she came in contact; and this gift, so dangerous to a woman, necessarily imparted a harshness to her character, and robbed her of that trusting, clinging tendency which is woman's greatest charm. Young as she was, she busied herself in all the intrigues of the day, and her beauty, her fascinating manners, her extraordinary influence over everything that wore a beard, rendered her a most dangerous enemy, a most desirable and efficient partisan. From her kinsman's house at Boughton she corresponded with the leading men of the Cavalier party, and Lord Vaux himself, in all his wisdom of years and experience of intrigue, was indebted to beautiful Mary Cave for many a happy resource, many a deep-laid and successful scheme.

Every one in the house adored her. The respectful and austere *major-domo*, a condition of whose very existence it was to preserve on all occasions a demeanor of supernatural decorum, would follow her about with his eyes, and dodge after her with flowers and porcelain and choice old glass, and every device he could think of, to win the reward of a word and a smile; and the little page boy, the lowest of all varlets in the establishment, spent a whole night on the staircase in darkness and tears, when he heard that 'Mistress Mary was ill at ease, and troubled with a slight cold.'

So she turned and wound them all round her finger—and why not? The lower animals have their natural arms, offensive and defensive; the ox his horns, the tiger his claws, the serpent his guile, man his obstinacy, and woman her beauty; the last is the most fearful weapon of all, and right well does she know its advantages and its use.

Even now old Sir Giles, keen sportsman as he is, cannot but feel that his attention to the business of the day is much distracted by his daughter's friend; that if 'Diamond' could have a rival in his admiration and attention, it would be beautiful Mary Cave.

She ought to be very happy, speeding along in all the enjoyment of health and power, and conscious charms, and the delightful motion of Bayard's easy gallop. And yet there is a little black imp sitting behind her that no gallop on earth can shake off—a secret sorrow nestling at that proud wayward heart which no triumphs of beauty and influence can stifle or eradicate. Both girls laugh out merrily as they fly along, but timid Grace Allonby is alarmed about herself; dauntless Mary Cave is uneasy about another; the latter's frame of mind is the least enviable of the two.

And now the little party are winding slowly along the brookside in the valley down by Althorpe. Many a noble elm and stately oak nods above their heads, many a patch of sedge and rushes shakes and rustles to the quest of the busy spaniels and the long poles of the falconer and his assistants. Far and wide, to right and left, extends a prairie-like and undulating pasture, nourishing here and there a few scattered flocks feeding in the sun. Near one or two small hamlets, a few posts and rails, or an old straggling overgrown hedge, denote an attempt at cultivation and enclosure, but the general character of the district is wild, nomadic, and provocative of galloping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHUNK OF GOLD.

An American's Experience in Australia.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

One day while I was at work in the drift one of our party, who was bailing in the shaft, said:

"There's something big happened up above, Tom; I hear a great buzzing and shouting."

"Perhaps it's a fight," I suggested as I struck my pick into the soil and unearthed a nugget as large as a walnut.

"Perhaps it's a find," suggested my mate.

"There's a find here," I said, as I crawled out of the drift and exhibited the nugget I had just taken out. Then I heard the clamor also; it was like the murmur of distant waves. We shook the rope, and receiving no answer to our signal concluded that something important had happened, as our mates above had evidently left the windlass. A moment later a shadow appeared above, and Bill's voice was heard shouting:

"Come up, boys, and see the big find."

"Where is it?" I asked, on reaching the surface; but I scarcely needed to ask, for it must be where the crowd was collected, some fifty yards distant from our claim. The crowd was large, and every moment increasing, but being brawny and broad-shouldered, I pushed my way through it, and was almost overwhelmed with astonishment at the sight which greeted my vision; it wasn't a nugget, it was a boulder. No wonder that the miners were excited. The spectacle was enough to excite the most phlegmatic individual that ever breathed.

It was a solid mass of gold as large, or larger, than a leg of mutton, and not unlike one in shape. This was the mass which has since become widely known as the Welcome nugget. A fac simile of it may now be seen in the mineral department of the Boston Museum of Natural history, where the weight is given at 2,166 ounces, and the value as $41,822.79. The further information is imparted that the nugget is the largest piece of gold ever found. This is an error. A larger nugget was found at Bendigo lead on Feb. 3, 1869. It weighed 189 pounds 1 ounce Troy, or 2,269 ounces.

I had been mentally congratulating myself on the discovery of a nugget as large as a walnut; but the sight of this mass of gold took all the conceit out of me. Nevertheless I was glad that the nugget had been found, for the claim from which it was taken was right in the direction in which we were working, and our claim was daily growing richer in ore.

The Welcome nugget, as large as it was, did not enrich its finders, for there were twelve shareholders in it, and it brought them less than a thousand pounds apiece; it would have been a lucky find for a couple of mates. The man who dug it out fainted dead away before he unearthed it. When his pick first struck it he put forth his hand to pick up the lump; the light from his candle shone upon it and revealed its nature. To his surprise, it did not yield to the touch. Then he began to feel around it with his hands, and it grew in size under his exploring digits. He gave it a wrench, but it did not budge. Seizing his pick he began to dig around it, and as its proportions grew under his eye, the spectacle overcame him, and he fainted from joy.

—Two members of the Galway Blazers, an Irish hunting club of local distinction, bet $250 on the jumping quality of their horses. In the trial Mr. Power's Ruction cleared a railroad embankment, with a descent of fifteen feet, and won, although the rider of Mr. Bothia's Dundes was ready to take the jump over a wall that had a perpendicular fall of 25 feet on the other side.

—"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied a boarder.

CANADIAN NOTES.

Through a runaway accident last week Mr. John Bowes, of Newry, had his leg fractured.

John Stubbs, of Elma, had his hand and arm frightfully lacerated in a thrashing machine the other day.

The Tremont House, in Port Elgin, narrowly escaped destruction by fire the other day through a lamp explosion.

Farmers in the vicinity of Port Burwell are holding on to their wheat in anticipation of a rise. The price at present is 88 cents.

An old lady named Mrs. Leechman, living near Oshawa, attempted to commit suicide last week by cutting her throat. She will recover.

Mitchell bemoans the lack of musical talent in that town, and hopes that some effort will be made to cultivate the latent abilities of the rising generation.

During the hearing of a recent case in the Lindsay Police Court, the prisoner sprang forward and knocked the principal witness down. A lively scene followed, but the recalcitrant prisoner was finally locked up.

Charles Martin, a sixteen-year-old son of William Martin, of Kelvin, was badly burned from the thigh to the heel while moulding last week in the Scotland Foundry. The bottom came out of a kettle in which they were carrying the metal in its melted state.

Dr. Hornibrook's many friends in the vicinity of Mitchell will regret to learn that owing to continued ill-health and consequent inability to resume practice, he has decided to remove his wife and family to the West. Mrs. H. and family left on Wednesday afternoon to join the Doctor at Iowa.

An Indian funeral in Halifax attracted a good deal of attention one day last week. The coffin was slung by cords to a pole carried on the shoulders of two men, and was covered by a white pall. One or two men and about a dozen squaws followed the coffin, walking Indian file. The women all had their hair tied up with white ribbon. Deceased was a minor.

A young lad son of Richard Ruston, of Mitchell, was visiting some friends in Weston, near Toronto, and while there he was unfortunate enough to get his thigh bone broken. The nature of the injury was so apparent that it was impossible for any one to mistake it, yet these people kept the lad two weeks without calling in a doctor or making any attempt to relieve him. On Monday last he was removed to Mitchell, when a doctor was immediately called in, and with difficulty succeeded in reducing the fracture.

A peculiar case of poisoning occurred in Mitchell one day last week. Mr. J. J. Powell, of that place was handed a large poster done in green ink, to place in his window, and after reading it, noticed that some of the coloring adhered to his hands. He thoughtlessly wiped his hands on his handkerchief and then forgot the occurrence. Some time afterwards his eyes began to swell, the result being that he was compelled to place himself in the hands of a physician, who regarded the affection as a result of poisoning. After recovering his sight, Mr. Powell recollected the handling of the poster, and on examination it was found that the ink contained Paris green.

A horse belonging to Abraham Norris, of Essex County, died last week from the effects of a rattlesnake's bite. Some time ago Mr. Morris was driving to McGregor, when the horse stepped on the snake and it bit him on the foot. The horse grew weak and emaciated the foot continually suppurating until its death. There have been fifteen or sixteen of these venomous reptiles killed in that vicinity within two weeks, one of which was at least three feet long and had twelve rattles, and a process, indicating an age of fifteen years. They were the true rattlesnake (Crotalida horrida) quite different from the rattlesnake frequenting the marshes, and their bite is usually considered fatal at this season of the year, being the time of the second moult.

At the re-opening of the Separate schools of London, there were 545 pupils present. Boys, 270; girls, 275.

A warrant has been issued by Squire Anderson against Harvey Scott, of Missouri, upon a charge of violently assaulting his wife.

An Orange lodge will be organized at Oneida before the end of this month.

The Chippewas and Oneidas had an excursion from Oneida to Cartwright lately.

A young girl named Mary Sickles, of Oneida, is missing. No one knows where she is.

Mr. Fred Smith, of Aylmer, on Monday last, met with a very serious loss by the death of his imported stallion "Malbrino Marshall," for which he had recently paid six hundred dollars. The animal died from inflammation of the bowels.

A man by the name of Samuel Henderson was committed, by Coroner Thomas Norton, M. D., Owen Sound, to the county jail, on the 22nd inst; to be tried at the fall assizes for the crime of arson, committed at Shelburne on the 21st inst. The building was known as Jelley's Hall, and wholly destroyed, but was insured in about $300.

A special general meeting of the Canadian Press Association will be held in the County Council Chamber, Toronto, on Wednesday, September 10th, for the revision of the constitution and consideration of other important matters.

There was a good attendance at the half-yearly business meeting of Friends at their meeting-house, near Sparta. Reuben Wilson, from Pennsylvania, Nathan Borton, from Ohio, and others addressed a large and attentive audience at the public meeting on Sunday.

In Whitby on Thursday two prisoners, remanded on charge of breaking into the dwelling house of Mrs. Norton, at Brooklin, were again brought up and found guilty. Stevens was sentenced to five months, and Williams to six months in the Central Prison.

A favorable answer has been received to the invitation to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise to visit Cobourg during their sojourn in the Province. The answer is to the effect that the visit will be made on the return trip from the West. The date, therefore, cannot be definitely fixed.

The Lindsay *Post* says: We received a call from Mr. J. B. Campbell, of Port Perry, the discoverer of the principal mineral deposits in the North, which are now attracting considerable attention. Mr. Campbell has lately devoted a great deal of time to prospecting on properties he owns in the north country. Last week he discovered a bed of plumbago, or graphite, of superior quality on Lot 16, con. 13, Galway. He opened the bed in three places and found evidences of a very large deposit. He also discovered within a few days a bed of hematite ore in the township of Lutterworth, near the Victoria Railway. He reports only a couple of miles of iron to be laid upon Mr. Miles' railway, and says that as soon as it is in running order various mines will be at once uncovered.

Mr. Daniel Osborne, of Rosebank, near Brantford, has returned from England, where he went with 750 sheep and 30 cattle, on account of himself and Mr. W. C. Hatdy, of that city. He had a very successful passage both ways, lost ten sheep and one steer. Mr. Osborne says that he paid expenses and that's about all. Mr. Hasdy intends to continue at it for another cargo or two, and try and make it a success.

Mr. Ivison, a mighty English hunter and fisherman, Captain Percy, a nephew of the Duke of Northumberland, and the Hon. Charles Ellis, a brother of Lord Howard de Walden, who came out to this country first in attendance upon the Prince of Wales in 1860, have been doing wonders with the rod and the gun. Out of the Cascapedia it is averred they took 600 salmon with an average of 25 pounds to a fish.

At a late Division Court at Napanee, before his Honor Judge Wilkinson, a case of more than local interest was disposed of. Mr. R. A. Weese, traveling tea merchant, brought an action against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for obstructing the highway and causing serious injury to his horse and damage to his conveyance. Some time since Mr. Weese was about starting for the country on a tea-peddling expedition, and when he arrived at the railway crossing on the Selby road a train was standing directly in his way. He accordingly drove around a block and again came to a standstill, as the train had not yet moved on. The appearance of the cars, however, was too much for the mettle of the horse, which became unmanageable and succeeded in dumping the wagon, laden with tea, into the ditch, and severely injuring itself. After hearing the case his Honor awarded Mr. Weese $46 damages ($40 for the horse and $6 on wagon and tea) and took occasion to inform the defence that the Company would be liable if they only trespassed on the road allowance one inch to obstruct the same.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, wife of T. W. Kirkpatrick, Esq., Reeve of Aldborough, had the misfortune to break her arm on Thursday evening by being thrown from a wagon.

James Rae and his son, who were injured near Port Stanley last Tuesday evening, through their vehicle being struck by an engine, are [illegible] The lad was but slightly [illegible], but the parent was more seriously hurt, and has suffered very considerably from the effects of his fall.

The directors of the Yarmouth Agricultural Society have changed the date of holding the fall exhibition at Yarmouth Centre to Thursday, the 25th inst.

Thomas Gurnett, of Woodstock, Ont., complains that he was robbed of a watch valued at $30 at the foot of Griswold street, Detroit, Sunday afternoon, while lying on the dock asleep.

The Ridgetown firemen appear to be a very creditable organization, judging from the work they recently accomplished, when the steamer was run nearly a quarter of a mile, steam raised, and water thrown in six minutes and forty seconds from the time of starting.

On Thursday last, Mr. Joseph Laing disposed of by public auction the Baxter farm, situated in Yarmouth, and comprising fifty acres, to Mr. Geo. Buck. The price was $3,010.

Mr. Alex. Lawton, of the fourth concession of Yarmouth, says he has had threshed from 76 acres of land 970 bushels wheat, 840 bushels oats, 150 bushels peas, and 440 bushels barley, making a total of 2,400 bushels grain.

The residence of Mr. James Luton, about two miles south of Springfield, was entered last Sunday night and several things stolen—about $35 in cash, two valuable watches and chains, and about $400 worth of notes. The family were at home, and slept soundly during the visit of the thief.

THE FAR WEST.

Portage la Prairie has two lumber yards.

Ducks are plentiful near Portage la Prairie.

Emerson Anglican parsonage is nearly completed.

Emerson steamboat landing has been much improved.

Tenders have been called for a school house at High Bluff.

Emerson wants incorporation, a bank and a money order office.

E. T. Bradley, Emerson, has had views taken of his wheat stacks to show at Ottawa exhibition.

August 19 the H. B. Co. shipped for Winnipeg four tons of fine furs, gathered at Portage la Prairie.

A recent sale of lots at Emerson realized very fair prices. The village is progressing very rapidly.

The contractors for section A are pushing. They expect to have their line ready for the passage of trains by July, 1880.

An organ made by W. Bell & Co., of Guelph, Ont., has been put in Emerson Presbyterian church, at a cost of $265.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Emerson, is about to visit Montreal. He will deliver several lectures on Manitoba, with a view to settling a colony west of Emerson.

The locomotive engineers on Mr. Whitehead's trains struck work on August 18, and stopped all the work. Cause, employment of other men than members of the Brotherhood of Engineers.

The Dominion Government has consented to donate to Morris County Agricultural Society the twenty acres of Government land adjoining the cemetery, east of Emerson. The Society wants forty acres.

The St. P., M. & M. Railway track is to be extended from the St. Vincent to the international boundary. The *International* hopes this extension will connect with a side track which the people of Emerson have petitioned the Dominion Government to build from the Emerson branch along the river, to facilitate the erection in Emerson, on the bank of the Red River, elevators and mills.

The Senate of Manitoba College has appointed A. F. Campbell, of Barrie, Ont., as Resident Tutor. He will begin his duties at the opening of the College Tuesday next.

The time for receiving tenders for the draining of Colony Creek expired at noon Wednesday. Altogether twelve tenders were received. The contract will be awarded in a few days.

An Englishman, whose name could not be ascertained, is about to erect a grist mill at High Bluff, opposite the property of J. A. K. Drummond. The proprietor receives a bonus of land from the adjoining residents.

Three intoxicated half-breeds got into an altercation just before the Merchants' Hotel, in Winnipeg, about 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, and indulged in some loud talk. A pail of water thrown from a window above cooled them off somewhat.

D. McLaren, the proprietor of the town site of Rapid City, is now in Winnipeg on business. The survey of 1,400 town lots has just been completed, and the map is now in course of prepartion for registration at Battleford. Lots are selling very rapidly.

Says the Winnipeg *Times*: David Moore, of Walkerton, Ont., is in Winnipeg. He owns and operates large saw and flouring mills in that town, and will try to arrange for sending shipments of sashes, doors, etc., here, and also make some purchases of wheat. Mr. Moore is the gentleman of whom Mr. Blake wrote as "my friend Moore," to Mr. Mackenzie, in connection with the Goderich harbor contract.

The first shipment of new oats was received from High Bluff on Wednesday by B. Reid, of Winnipeg. The consignment consisted of 105 bags.

A lunatic named B. Stevenson, of Headingly, has been brought to Winnipeg, to secure admission to a place of confinement.

Lionel de Courcy Fitzherbert, of the Chinese laundry in Winnipeg, has gone to start a washee shop in Emerson.

Not long ago a deserter from Uncle Sam's force at Fort Pembina took up his residence at Emerson. The other night he re-crossed the line, and got drunk at a house of ill-fame a few steps across the boundary line at Emerson. The blue coats discovered his whereabouts, but before they could nab him he made a masterly retreat for the Dominion. A shot was fired at him, the bullet passing through the crown of his hat, and he rolled over into the land of safety with his pursuers but a length and a-half behind.

George Lemay has tendered his resignation as bandmaster of the Winnipeg Battery band, and intends to devote his time to the study of law.

The Presbytery of Manitoba will meet in Knox church, Winnipeg, on the 17th of September.

Red plums are the latest luxury.

The thermometer registered 90° in the shade in Winnipeg last Friday.

A gentleman who has recently been to the Indian reserve at the mouth of Fisher's River, Lake Winnipeg, reports the land to be excellent both in the reserve and ten miles westward. The Indian crops were in a fine condition. The Fisher's River is navigable for a long distance from its mouth. In the vicinity of the Beren's river, the land is also good, and is said to be much superior to any in Muskoka.

Mr. Ryan, the contractor for the one hundred miles of the C. P. R., west of Winnipeg, arrived in that city the other day. He expresses his intention of going into the work immediately on receiving instructions from the engineers, and putting on a large force of men.

The *Times* announces that the Provincial Government have appointed Mr. Hamilton O'Reilly Police Magistrate for the Province, and that he will sit daily in the Court House at 11 a. m., to hear provincial police cases, which have hitherto come before the puisne judges of the Queen's Bench.

By advices from Rapid City recently received it is almost certain that the C. P. R. will cross the Saskatchewan at that place. Mr. Marcus Smith has expressed himself to that effect, and as a consequence Rapid City lots are going up rapidly, some being sold as high as $100. It is expected that the settlement of this matter will induce a good many to take up quarters in Rapid City who have hitherto been undecided on the question of location.

A cabbage with eleven separate and distinct heads growing on the one stock has been raised in Mr. John Arkland's garden in St. James. For numerosity it takes the medal.

Jas. McIntosh, brother of Capt. McIntosh, of the Kildonan Infantry, is said to have been killed by lightning Aug. 21, while driving a yoke of oxen in a field at Hall's Ford, near his claim, which he took up on the Little Saskatchewan recently. He was a native of Quebec, about 21 years of age and came here a year ago.

There are some advantages of living near the boundary line. For instance, the other day, two loving Canadian hearts wanted to become one, but, owing to the absence of the issuer of marriage licenses from Emerson, were unable to procure the necessary document. As the minister had been engaged and everything was ready for the interesting event, it could not be delayed for a week or so till the official returned, so the wedding party stepped over the line to Huron City, where the ceremony was performed with very little inconvenience and less cost than on the Manitoba soil.

—Prussia has eighteen prisons for tramps and vagrants. In 1874 there were 4,600 commitments to these institutions, but the number has increased every year, and for 1878 was 9,000. Of these 8,000 were men and 1,000 women. They cost the country $650,000, but earned while in durance $575,800.

—London *Truth*:—"Turkey, in the political signification of the word, consists of a horde of greedy, hungry pachas and bloodsuckers, who want Europe to provide them with the means to indulge in the foul debaucheries in which they delight, and whose financial morality is about on a par with that of professional swindlers in a gambling hell."

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items From All Sources.

—It is said that the midge has made its appearance in Beverly.

—Feathery acoustics is the latest appellation for soft talk to a girl.

—"Are you a wallflower?" he asked, and she replied, "No, I am a wall, sir." Then they waltzed.

—The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

—A company of pretended Zulus, on exhibition in Dublin, were routed by a woman who showered them with paving stones. She had lost a son in Zululand.

—The pastor and deacons of a church at Gainesville, Texas, are said to have played poker, at five cents ante and fifty cents limit, while waiting for a quorum at a business meeting.

—When John Dixon, a Savannah negro, sat up in bed in the midst of his own funeral services, the assembled mourners ran yelling from the house, some of them getting out through the windows.

—Two elephants escaped from a menagerie at Warrington, in Eng., and there was a chase through the streets, by men boys and dogs, resulting in a capture of the beasts and the injury of two of the men.

—Some wicked man asserts that it was a great mistake that the potato bugs were not introduced in the garden of Eden, since their presence would have kept Adam and Eve so busy that they wouldn't have had time to go around foraging for pippins.

—The *Hebrew Leader* stigmatizes as ridiculous and invidious such grouping as "three Irishmen and a Jew" were arrested, and urges that we never read how "two Germans and a Methodist" or "a Frenchman and an Episcopalian" met such a fate.

—The conjuring materials taken from a Georgia negro consisted of goose quills filled with broken needles, a vial of iron rust, the feathers of various birds, and a snake skin. The negroes of his neighborhood had long believed in and feared his power of working mischief with charms.

—Muki Bacsi, the ablest wine drinker in Hungaria, was a guest at a recent wedding dinner. A glass holding three pints was set before him, and he was informed that he was expected to empty it as often as an ordinary glass was drained by the host. He obeyed, but the feat killed him.

—St. Thomas *Times*: Notwithstanding the *evils* connected with the N. P. and the havoc it has wrought among the millers (in Grit opinion) the oatmeal mill at Tilsonburg still keeps on its busy way, and Mr. Tilson expects to be busier next winter than before.

—A rough backwoods preacher, discoursing on the text, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," announced as the points of his sermon: "1. The world is wrong side up. 2. It must be turned upside down. 3. We are the chaps to do it."

—Dear Little Buttercup has got down to this:

Man nennt mich Kleine Butterblume, liebe Kleine Butterblume,
Obwohl ich nie gewusst warum,
Doch nennt man Butterblume mich, arme Kleine Butterblume,
Susse Kleine Butterblume, ich.

—Red snow, which is usually found only in Arctic latitudes, is seen on a lofty summit near Mount Stanford in the Sierra Nevadas. For several acres the vast drifts are of a beautiful pinkish tint to the depth of three or four inches. It is a beautiful spectacle. One explanation of it is that myriads of minute organisms cover the surface.

—Mary Keesucker, one of the most enthusiastic of the converts at a camp meeting at Urbana, Ohio, fell into a trance while praying. Her friends believed that her condition was the result of a special blessing, and would not permit a physician to do anything for her. She lay unconscious several days, and finally died of spinal meningitis.

—The old theory about getting up early is at last, happily, exploded. One can now go to bed and get up when he pleases without having that fatal proverb flung in his teeth. The higher philosophy tells us that even if we do "shorten our days," as the saying is, by getting up late, we at least lengthen our nights by the same process.

—C——, whose death is just announced, was one of the most secret, dark and midnight men imaginable. He did not wish the fact that he was ill to be made public; and so when his faithful friend X. was asked how the old gentleman was he took the inquirer by the buttonhole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he don't want it known."

—A Norwich correspondent says: All our manufactories are busy. Mr. Palmer is succeeding in building up a lucrative trade. Bungay & Merritt, of Norwich gang plough fame, are actively preparing for the season's "talk" and business. There is a constant "hum sweet hum" around the planing mills which betokens liveliness.

—Ah, woe is me, ah, woe is me,
My dreams of bliss have flown away;
My summer dreams of peace have fled,
My joy is up the spout to-day—
Sigheth the oyster.
The oyster now doth dream and sigh,
Beneath the incandescent stars,
While tears pour down its mellow face;
Confound the R's
Most essentially.

—Says the Detroit *Free Press*: "The Canadian tariff is very far-reaching in its results. A society at Aylmer, Ontario, has been compelled to forego its annual picnic on account of the hard times, which the members attribute to the tariff." Which goes to show that all the fools are not dead yet, and that a good many of them are congregated at Aylmer.

—From the obituary column of an American newspaper we cull the following:

Our little Sally did to heaven go,
Baby life so fleet is;
She was afflicted with cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.
'Twas hard to lose our Sally so,
But the reflection sweet is,
She's gone where there's no cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.

—Geo. Fawcett Rowe's new play "Woolfert's Roost," was produced for the first time in New York, Aug. 18th, with John T. Raymond as *Ichabod*, the leading character. The critics are divided in their opinion regarding it, but the bulk of the criticism is in its favor. So farithasmetwithgreatsuccess and will be continued at Wallack's Theatre until further notice.

—An apostrophe to bangs:

The beauteous, buxom Bertha Bangs,
Is one of our divinest girls,
She bangs the doors and bangs the chairs,
And likewise bangs her auburn curls.
She bangs on the pianny, too,
And bangs upon the light guitar—
But oh, of all the bangs she bangs
She mostly bangs her auburn hair.
O bangline, bouncing, buxom belle,
The poet's lyre with rapture twangs—
Responsive to the influence
Of thy beloved and beauteous bangs.

—Some time last winter a gentleman in the northern part of Smith county, Texas, on the Sabine River, was riding a pony, and as he was approaching the river a raccoon ran up and bit the horse on the leg. The raccoon repeated or continued this attack until the gentleman put the pony into a gallop and ran off. A few days ago the gentleman was leading the pony out of a pasture. While he was letting down the fence the pony suddenly commenced biting the rails furiously, had a fit, fell down, and in a few moments was dead.

—There are only eighty-one female telegraph clerks employed in the imperial telegraph service of Germany, and they are all in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where they were "taken over" with the telegraphs when, a few years ago, these were purchased by the empire. Their salaries average from $515 to $1,900 a year, besides an allowance for lodging. But it has been determined by the authorities that any vacancies which may occur shall be filled by male clerks, not by females. Even in the private telegraph service of the railway companies, female clerks are few and far between.

—Fears of a grasshopper invasion in the Sierra Nevada Valley have caused old inhabitants to give their recollection of the devastation produced by them twenty years ago. They were remarkably intelligent in those days. When they found fallen trees accross their line of march, they banked up against them to the depth of three feet, forming an incline plane, up which marched the advancing host. On the north sides of dwellings the insects thus banked up died, and the inmates had to shovel them up and cart them away. In some places this year they have filled the creeks and fouled the water to such a degree that the cattle will not drink it.

—Although the Big Horn canon is called impassible, two miners have gone through it; but their experience was such as to discourage anybody who would repeat the feat. Desiring to save 200 miles roundabout travel by land, they built a small but staunch boat, put some provisions aboard, and embarked on the running stream. They were whirled along at a frightful speed, and finally hurled ashore, the boat going on without them. The walls of the canon rose perpendicular 500 feet, and there was no escape except by water; so they lashed two logs together with their belts and again trusted themselves to the rapids, finally completing the trip unhurt.

—In reply to an invitation to attend an anti-flogging meeting in Southwark a few days ago, the Bishop of Manchester wrote: "I am hardly prepared to throw myself without reserve into the agitation for abolishing the punishment of the lash in the British army. Officers whom I know, who were not brutes, but humane gentleman, have told me that they doubt if the discipline of regiments can be fully maintained without it. It is a humiliating confession to make, for there is no doubt that the punishment is a depraving one, and flogging ought not to be inflicted unless in the most extreme cases, when the man would seem hardly capable of farther degradation."

—Charles A. Goodman took great pains to get a little money from Miss Roberts, in Cincinnati. They boarded in the same house, she being a dressmaker and he a reputed ex-army officer. He told her that he was very wealthy, although the fact was that he was a penniless adventurer. She fell in love with him, but hesitated about marrying him before learning something of his antecedents. One day he pretended to faint away, and, on being put to bed, said that his illness would quickly kill him, as it was the result of an old wound which he had long known would finally prove fatal. He expressed a desire to marry Miss Roberts before he died, and bequeath her all his property. She consented, and they became husband and wife. Then he recovered, permitted his wife to pay his board for several weeks, borrowed $50, all her savings and disappeared.

THE TIMBER AREA OF CANADA.

Lord Carnarvon, while Secretary of State, called for information from the colonies as to their timber supply. During the five years ending 1876, Canada sent England about $125,000,000 worth of timber. In Nova Scotia, the approximate amount of timber-producing land was, in 1872, computed at 9,000,000 acres; in Ontario, 30,000 square miles; in Quebec, 73,711,114 acres; New Brunswick, 6,000,000 acres. In British Columbia about 110,000,000 acres are covered with timber. Newfoundland, too, is densely wooded, but forest fires have there, as also to a considerable degree in Canada, made serious inroads. In Natal, Africa, the Crown forests have for some time been suffering so seriously from the depredations of the natives, that the Surveyor-General has absolutely prohibited the use of forest lands for the cultivation of crops. It is computed that Cape Colony has between 500 and 600 square miles of forest. Between 1868 and 1878, British Honduras sent 34,000,000 fee mahogany. In Victoria, Australia, timber is diminishing far too rapidly, and in Western Australia the Governor thinks that steps must be taken to arrest destruction. In Queensland an annual license fee is exacted from wood cutters, and an officer has been appointed to report on the public timber-producing lands, with a view to their conservation. Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) has about 8,000,000 acres under timber, of which about 1,000,000 are in private hands. In Ceylon steps were some time since taken to arrest reckless destruction. In Queensland and South Australia the clearing of the forests has produced no effect whatever on the rainfall. In St. Helena, on the other hand, where the destruction of the trees shortly after colonization of the island was followed by a succession of severe and destructive droughts, now that the forests have been allowed to grow again, there has been much less trouble on that score. The climate of Jamaica is reported much dryer of late years in the south side of the island, where the greatest clearances have been made.

MONKISH LIFE IN RUSSIA.

A lurid and ghastly light is thrown upon monkish life in Russia by the *Molva*, a journal published in St. Petersburg. In a recent issue is printed an article headed "Monastery Secrets," whence we extract the following strange story, the details of which are stated to have been confirmed in every respect by evidences collected in the course of an official enquiry, terminated a few weeks ago. The monks of the Lebiadyn Cloister addressed a petition to the Holy Consistory of their province, complaining of the barbarous and inhuman treatment they have undergone at the hands of their Prior, Father Isidore. This ferocious ecclesiastic, ever since his accession to office, has done little else but torture his subordinate brethern, cuffing, beating and starving them without mercy. He has thrashed their naked backs with a knotted cudgel and with a massive silvern crucifix, and caused them to be flogged with rods by "lay brothers" until they have become insensible from pain and loss of blood. He has shut them up in dark cellars, where they have been left without food or water as long as three successive days and nights at a stretch. One monk was flayed to death by his orders, and two more died of starvation. Two hanged themselves, two drowned themselves, and one cut his throat, driven to despair by his superior's relentless brutality. All these tortures are alleged in the petition to have been inflicted by Father Isidore upon monks who refused to act as panders between him and the female members of the congregation attending service in the church of the monastery. The Prior spent the revenues of the brotherhood in every description of debauchery, and any remonstrance upon the part of the monks drew down upon them the most horrible punishments. The attention of the Czar is said to have been called to the tragedy of Lebiadyn, and it is expected that His Majesty will order a searching and exhaustive investigation into the actual state of Russian monastic establishments to be instituted as soon as the repressive measures now being enforced to put down the revolutionary movement shall have restored order and tranquility to his Empire.

STRANGE CHANGES IN A MAN'S HAIR.

(From the Harrisburg Patriot.)

Obadiah J. Farling is thirty-eight years old and by a trade a plasterer. By reference to the city directory it will be seen that he resides at Penn street and Sayford avenue. He served in the army and during his term of service suffered from a severe attack of scarlet fever. When the fever left him he found that his hair, which had formerly been a bright auburn in color, was changed to a decided gray. Several weeks ago he employed John A. Herman, a young lawyer of this city, to make application for a pension which is due him. The application containing a description of the applicant as a gray-haired man, was duly forwarded, and Mr. Harman saw nothing more of his client for some time. The other day Farling walked into the lawyer's office, as he took of his hat and remarked that he had just recovered from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Mr. Herman was astounded to discover that the man whom he had recently described in the pension application as gray-headed now possessed a crop of bright auburn hair, with not a gray lock on his head. The man is unable to give an explanation of the change, and Mr. Herman is naturely somewhat concerned about the discrepancy between his description and the actual appearance of his client.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of the fresh water seas are as follows:—

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles.

The greatest lenght of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

The length of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area upward of 135,000 square miles.

WHY SHE MARRIED AGAIN.

A happy-looking couple were pointed out; and I was told the lady had been married once before. When her husband died he left a will giving his widow $50,000 a year as long as she remained a widow, and all of his fortune if she married again, &c, he maliciously added: "I want another man to know how wretched she made me, and he may find some consolation in my money." The widow was not long in finding another husband, and, out of spite to her former spouse, makes the present husband supremely happy, and the wealth of the deceased is an immense factor to that end. [illegible] century customs, and men don't understand them.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 129. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

"What a country for a flight!" says Mary Cave, bringing her obedient horse alongside of the old knight's well-trained steed, and loosening the jesses of the hawk upon her wrist, no unworthy rival to "Diamond" herself. "Look well to your laurels to-day, Sir Giles. 'Dewdrop' and her mistress are both bent on victory, and I shall wear the heron's plume to-night in my hair or never hawk again!"

Even as she spoke the short shrill bark of a spaniel, and a rush of his companions towards a sedgy, marshy piece of ground, startled Grace Allonby and her palfrey out of the pleasant mutual understanding to which they had arrived, and a glorious wide-winged heron rose slowly into the air, flapping its way with heavy measured strokes, his long legs tucked behind him, his little head thrown back, his sharp scissors-like beak protruding over the distended crop, heavy with the spoils of last night's fishing excursion. Mary's quick eye has caught him in an instant. Like lightning she has freed her hawk from hood and jesses, and with the same movement that urges her horse to a canter, 'Dewdrop' is tossed aloft in the air.

Sir Giles is not much slower in his arrangements. Like an old sportsman, he is methodical in all matters connected with the field, but 'Diamond' understands her master, and her master can depend on 'Diamond,' so she is not three strokes of her wing behind her rival, and soaring at once high into the air, has caught sight of prey and competitor almost before the heron is aware of his two natural and implacable foes.

Too soon, however, it strikes him that his position is one of imminent and mortal danger. With a grating harsh cry, a 'crake, crake,' of mingled discomfort and alarm, he proceeds slowly to disgorge from his pouch the weighty spoils of his overnight's sport. The dead fish glisten white and silvery as they fall through the sunny air, and the lightened heron, whose instinct teaches him there is no safety but on high, wheels upwards by a series of gyrations farther and farther still, till he seems but a speck in the bright element to the straining eyes that are watching the flight from below. But there is another higher still than he is, and yet another wheeling rapidly upward to gain the desired point of 'vantage'. The topmost speck falls suddenly headlong several hundred feet, past the pursued and his pursuer, down, down, nearly to the summit of a huge old elm, but recovering herself, once more resumes her flight, with even greater vigor and determination than at first.

"Peste! elle a manque!" exclaims Mary in the language of her youth, while a flush of vexation burns on her handsome features, and she admonishes her steed with hand and rein to make no more 'mistakes' like that last, at a time when earthly consideration should not be allowed to divert his rider's attention from the business going on above. 'Dewdrop' has indeed made a failure, and she seeks in vain to wipe out the disgrace, for "Diamond" has now gained the vantage point, and swooping down like a thunderbolt, beak and talons, and weight and impetus, all brought to bear at once on the devoted heron, brings him headlong with her through the air, turning over and over in their fall to that green earth from which he will never rise again.

And now Sir Giles is riding for his life, spurring his good horse across the rushy pastures, keen and happy and triumphant as a boy at his falcon's success; whilst Mary dashes along by his side, inwardly provoked, though she is too proud to show it, at the failure of her favorite; and Grace, with fretting palfrey and secret misgivings, follows carefully at a less break-neck pace in the rear.

It is a service of danger to take a heron from a hawk, or a hawk from a heron, even after the most prolonged and exhausting flight. The victim, breathless and stunned though he be, has generally sufficient strength and energy left to make good use of the sharp and formidable weapon with which nature has provided him; and as the thrusts of his long beak are delivered with extraordinary accuracy, and aimed always at the eye of his captor, he is a formidable opponent even in the last struggles of defeat and death.

"A fair flight, Mistress Mary, and an honest victory," said Sir Giles, as he plucked a long shapely feather from the dead bird's wing, and presented it with playful courtesy to his antagonist. '"Diamond" is still unconquered and you shall wear the heron's plume to-night in your bonnie locks in token of forgiveness! Said I well sweetheart?"

"Sir Giles, I might forgive a fault, but I never forgive a failure," was the laughing reply; yet to a keen observer the expression of her face, the curl of her ruddy lip as she spoke would have denoted more truth in the sentiment than she would herself perhaps have been willing to admit.

"I am sorry for the poor heron," was all Grace Allonby remarked, as they remounted their horses to commence their homeward journey.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUARRY.

And a lovely ride they had over the wild moorland and the green undulations that waved between the wooded hill of Holmby, and the sweet fragrant valley along which the quiet Nene was stealing its silver way. Those were the days when the early morning air was esteemed the best cosmetic for the cheek of beauty, when ladies did not sit over the fire till dusk and then flutter out like birds of night for a gentle stroll to the hot-houses, or a half-hour's saunter in a pony-carriage. Our little party had breakfasted at daybreak, had been in the saddle since the sun was up, and had got their day's sport concluded by the time that we of the modern school would have finished breakfast. There is nothing like early rising. We have ourselves tried it, and we speak from experience when we insist that it is profitable, poetical, healthy, and invigorating; nevertheless candor compels us to admit that for its systematic practice we entertain a cordial detestation.

A lovely ride they had. In front of them extended the rich valley of the Nene, smiling with cultivation, dotted with trees and hedgerows, and standard thorns growing stunted and sturdy here and there, backed by the distant buildings of Northampton and the light cloud of white smoke that curled above the town. To their left wide and uncultivated moorlands, with occasional stretches of vivid green pasture, and many a patch of gorse and clump of alders, swept away over the rising eminence of Spratton (on the sky-line of which a string of packhorses could clearly be distinguished as they neared the little hamlet where they would stop and refresh), and melted into a dim haze of beauty under the crest of Hazelbeech, crowned with a swarthy grove of giant forest trees, frowning down on the sunny valley below; behind them, sharp cutting against the sky, a long level plain, that was ere long to earn its immortality under the name of Naseby Field, showed clear and hard and cheerless, as though its only harvest was to be the gathering of the slaughter, while the towers and pinnacles of Holmby Palace itself shut in the picture in the immediate vicinity. On their right a bank of waving gorse hid all beyond its own wild bounties with its sharp dark verdure, and its little yellow blossoms scattered like drops of a golden shower over its surface. Sir Giles plucked one as he passed with a sly smile. "When the gorse is out of bloom, young ladies," quoth Sir Giles, "then is kissing out of fashion?" Grace Allonby laughed and blushed, and playfully bid her father "not talk nonsense;" but Mary Cave, drawing her horse nearer to that of her gentle friend, commenced moralizing after her own fashion on the old knight's trite and somewhat coarse remark.

"Yes, Gracey," said she, smoothing back the folds of her rich brown hair, which shone and glistened in the sun, "Sir Giles is right. So it is, and so it has ever been. There is no day in the year when the blossom is off the gorse, from the brightest splendours of July to the bitterest snowstorms of December. There is no phase of life, from the triumph of success to the agony of disappointment, which is not affected by woman's influence and woman's smile. I used to wish, dear, that I had been born a man. I thank my fate now that I am a woman. I have more power as I am, and power is what I love best in the world. They are only puppets, Gracey, after all; and if we are but true to ourselves, it is for us to pull the strings and set the figures moving at our will. I saw a pretty toy once at the French Court that was brought there in a box by a certain Italian juggler, in which little dressed-up dolls acted a mystery in a dumb show, and the juggler, sitting in his dark corner, managed all the wires, and made each play its appointed part. Grace, I thought to myself, men are but dressed-up dolls after all; it is women that have the strings in their hands, if they will but use them. I have never let one go yet, my dear, and I never will. Confess—is it not delightful to have one's own way?"

"I should think it must be," replied Grace, who never could get hers, even with her horse; "and yet it must be a great responsibility, too," she added, with a look of profound reflection. "I think I would rather give way, that is if I *liked* people; and I don't think I could like anybody very much that I wasn't a little afraid of."

Mary's lip curled contemptuously, yet a pang shot through her too. Was there one before whom her proud spirit would quail—for whom that eager undisciplined heart would ache with a pain only known to a strong tameless nature? It is the wild bird that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage; the wild flower that droops and withers in the close confinement of a hot-house. Woe to him whom Mary loved, if he loved her too! Nevertheless, she laughed merrily as she replied, "Nonsense, Grace—*afraid!* I never feared mortal thing yet, and least of all would I a man that professed himself to be my slave; and yet, dear, I have my own ideas of what a man ought to be. Mind, I don't say I know *one* that comes up to them. He should be proud as Lucifer—not in appearance and demeanor—far from it. I would have him courteous and kindly to all, gentle and chivalrous and conciliatory in his manners, but at heart unimpressionable and unyielding as adamant. I would have him cherish some high ambition, to which he would sacrifice all that was dearest to him in life, ay, sacrifice me myself if he loved me to madness; and he should smile when he did it as if nothing could make him wince or waver in his purpose. He must be clever, of course, and looked on with admiration and envy by his fellow-men, or he would be no mate for me; and he must give way to me for an instant on no single point more than I would to him."

Grace opened her large dark eyes with astonishment: She had her mother's eyes, as Sir Giles often remarked, dark and soft and full like a fawn's.

"And if you were both obstinate," observed Grace, "and you loved him so very much, what would you do if you disagreed?"

"I would break my heart, but I would never yield an inch!" was the reply; "or I would break his, to hate myself ever afterwards, and love him, perhaps, none the worse for that."

While she spoke a light broke over Mary's countenance which softened it into beauty such as struck even her companion with a new and fervent admiration; but it faded as it came, and her features soon recovered their usual joyous, careless, and somewhat hard expression of self-dependence and self-satisfaction.

But Grace's womanly nature, true to itself, recoiled from such sentiments as these. "Indeed, Mary," she said, "I think it would be very uncomfortable. If I liked anybody so much, I should wish him to like me too, and I would give in to him on every single point, and find out everything he wanted, and try to make him happy; and if I failed I should not be angry with *him*, but I think I should be very miserable, and I am sure I should sit down and cry. But I should not like him to be such a person as you describe. I would rather have him good-looking and good-natured, and cheerful, and brave certainly, and I should not mind his being a little hasty, and very loyal to the king, and—like my father, in short, but younger, of course, and —don't laugh at me, Mary—I think I should like him to have dark eyes and hair."

'Oh, Grace, what a child you are!' was the reply; and Mary put her horse once more into a canter, and raised his mettle with voice and hand, turning and winding him at her will, and seeking vent for the exuberance of her spirits or the depth of her feelings—for no mortal ever was allowed to penetrate her *real* sentiments—in the delightful exercise of skilful equitation.

But to give our reader some slight insight into the character of this young lady, still young in years and beauty, though matured in knowledge of the world, we must be permitted to recount a little scene that occurred at the royal palace of Hampton Court a year or two previous to the events we have now taken upon us to describe.

One of the merry masks or pageants which were the delight of our ancestors, and which were keenly appreciated by royalty itself had just been concluded; the great nobles of the Court had left the Presence; the King himself had retired to his apartments harassed and fatigued with the responsibilities of a ruler, and the many difficulties which in all ranks hedge in the movements of an opinionated man. None but the Queen and her immediate household, with two or three especial favorites and high officers of the Court, were left; and Henrietta's French love of gaiety and natural flow of spirits prompted her to seize the opportunity of relaxing for half an hour the decorum and formality which have ever been distinguishing characteristics of the English Court.

"A game at forfeits! A *cotillon!* and a forfeit for the loser, to be decided by my ladies and myself. Marguerite!—Marie! That will be charming," exclaimed her Majesty, clapping her hands in the exuberance of her merriment, her keen eyes sparkling, and her little French person quivering with delight at the prospect.

"*Danses milor! voila le jeu qui commence!*" and she gave her hand with much dignity to the most accomplished young nobleman of his time, whose air of self-possession and gravity was somewhat at variance with the general mirth and festivity of the other courtiers, and himself commenced the measure, in which all were in duty bound to join.

It was a foolish game, somewhat provocative of levity, and calculated to have given scandal to the Puritans of the time, involving much dancing, changes of partners, and the infliction of quaint forfeits on those who failed in its complicated conditions. A venerable Lady of the Bedchamber was condemned to dance "a saraband" with a certain future Chancellor, whose forte was scarcely bodily grace or agility. A young maid of honor, blushing to the tips of her fingers, had to receive the homage, offered on their knees, of all the gentlemen there present. And lastly, Mary Cave, then attached to the person of the Queen, was adjudged to stand in the midst of the admiring throng, and accept a chaste salute from an individual of the opposite sex, to be chosen by lot.

"No, sir!" said the Queen, as the future Chancellor, who imagined himself to be the happy man, stepped forward, with a gay and *debonair* demeanor, to exact the penalty; "it is reserved for a younger man—and a better courtier," she added, somewhat lower, but loud enough for the mortified candidate to overhear. "Stand forward, Marie," she proceeded, laughing roguishly; "and you, milor! claim your rights!"

It was the same young nobleman who had already been honored with her Majesty's hand in the dance; who had acquitted himself with the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier, but with a grave and preoccupied air, as of one whose thoughts were far away from scenes of mirth and revelry, and who now stepped forward with a profound reverence to claim from Mistress Mary Cave a penalty which any other gentleman in the presence would have readily given his best hawk, his best hound, or his best horse to exact.

And this was the only man in the room on whom she would have hesitated for an instant to confer that which was in those times accounted a mere mark of courtesy and friendly regard. She would have offered her cheek to any one of them, from intriguing Harry Jermyn to profligate George Goring, without moving a muscle of her proud cold face; but when this young nobleman approached her with his chivalrous deference of manner, and his simple, courteous, self-possessed air, Mary felt her heart beating, and she knew her cheek was blushing, as heart and cheek had never beat and blushed before.

He was her master, and she knew it. Slight as was their acquaintance, she had seen and heard enough of him to be aware that his was a strong stern nature, keen of intellect and indomitable of will, which she had no chance of ever subjugating—that his mind was of that superior order which breaks through the meshes of pleasure and dispels the illusions of romance. Her woman's instinct told her that he nourished some lofty purpose, which woman's influence would never be suffered to affect; and simply because she knew it was quite impossible that she could ever win his homage, like a very woman, she would have given her heart's blood to possess it, if only for an hour.

He stepped up to her, slowly and courteously. He did not even take her hand; but he lifted one of the long brown ringlets that fell heavily across her bosom, pressed it to her lips, dropped it, and retired, with another low reverence, and without ever raising his eyes to her face.

He slept calmly and peacefully that night. When he woke on the morrow, his thoughts were of the great Cause and the country's good; of measures and principles, and counsellors—of judicious laws and a happy people; of ancient sages and classic patriotism; a little of his fair young wife, whom he loved with a sober temperate and rational love;—and he rose to pray earnestly for strength and means to carry out the great work on which his heart and soul were bent.

Her rest was fitful and broken, disturbed by strange wild dreams, of which the central figure was still a slight and nervous form, dark intellectual face, a compressed and *resolute* lip—the lip that had caressed her hair. She had detached that ringlet from the rest, and lay with her hands folded over it, and clasping it to her bosom. When she rose, it was to a new and strange sensation—to a wild keen thrill of pleasure, dashed with shame—to a galling feeling of subjection, that had yet in it a dependence most delightful. She would have been torn in pieces rather than confess it even to herself, but she loved Falkland, and it was a changed world to Mary Cave from that night for ever after!"

The gambols of one of them are apt to disturb the equanimity of all the rest of the equine race who are within hearing and sight of such vagaries. Nor was Grace Allouby's palfrey, on whom its mistress could never be induced to impose proper terms of coercion, any exception to this general rule of insubordination.

Ere our little party had descended into the valley of Brampton, and reached the ford by which they were to cross the river, poor Grace was certainly no longer mistress of the animal she rode; and it was with a pitiable expression of helplessness and terror on her countenance, at which even her father and her companion could scarce help laughing, that she plunged into the ford, now somewhat swollen and turbulent from the late rain.

'Father what shall I do? He going to lie down!' screamed Grace, as the wilful palfrey, turning his head to the stream, plunged and pawed into deeper water, that already drenched his rider's skirts to the waist. Mary Cave was ere this on the opposite side with Sir Giles; the latter, turning suddenly to his daughter's assistance, checked his horse so fiercely that the animal reared straight on end, and then struck his spurs so deep into its sides that the good horse grew restive and refused to face the water on such terms; and Grace might at least have experienced a very complete wetting, had it not been for the assistance of another cavalier, who, coming up at a smart trot from behind, dashed in to the rescue of the astonished girl, and himself guiding her palfrey to the bank, brought her, with many apologies for his timely interference, in safety to her father's side.

'Well and promptly done, young sir,' said Sir Giles, as, after wringing the wet from his daughter's habit, and replacing her on her horse, he turned to thank the new comer for his unexpected assistance. 'May I enquire to whom I have the honour of being so much indebted?' added the courteous old cavalier.

The stranger reined his horse, and lifting his hat, made a profound bow as he replied, 'My name is Humphrey Bosville, cornet in Colepepper's Horse, and about to join his Majesty's forces at Newbury. I have orders to proceed to Boughton, with despatches for Lord Falkland. Am I in the right road?'

Mary's eye sparkled and her cheek flushed. "For Lord Falkland?" she enquired; "is he, then, expected by Lord Vaux?"

The cornet made another profound bow as he replied in the affirmative; but he too blushed to encounter the glance of those deep blue eyes, and the self-possession with which he had commenced the interview seemed to have entirely deserted him, though he accepted willingly and courteously the hospitable invitation of Sir Giles to his kinsman's house.

"You are just in time for dinner, sir. My lord will be well pleased to see you or any other gallant cavalier. Had we met you an hour sooner we could have shown you as fair a flight as seldom falls to a sportsman's lot to behold. I can show you now the best hawk in Christendom. But you are in time for dinner, sir; and we will give you a hearty welcome, and drink the King's health after it in a stoup of claret worthy of the toast!"

As they mounted the hill toward Boughton, the ladies, we may be sure, did not lose the opportunity of closely inspecting the person and general appearance of Grace's new acquaintance; and truth to tell, Humphrey Bosville's exterior was one of those on which the feminine eye dwells with no slight complacency.

A trifle above the middle size, well and strongly built, with a frame promising the vigor of manhood, added to the activity of youth, our cornet sat his strong chestnut, or, to use the language of the time, his sorrel horse, with the graceful ease of a man who has from boyhood made the saddle his home. Like a true cavalier, his dress and arms exhibited as much splendor as was compatible with the exigencies of active service—a good deal more of variety than in these days of Prussian uniformity would be permitted to a soldier. On his head he wore a wide Spanish hat, adorned with a huge drooping feather, his buff coat was cut and slashed in the most approved fashion, and a rich silk scarf of deep crimson wound about his waist to mark the contour of his symmetrical figure. His pistols were richly mounted, his sword of the longest, his spurs of the heaviest; all his appointments marked the gentleman and the man of war, dashed with the most inappropriate or unpleasing coxcombry of youth. His oval face, shaded by the long curling lovelocks so much affected by his party, bore a winning expression of almost feminine softness, attributable to his large well-cut hazel eyes—such eyes as belong to dispositions at once imaginative and impressionable rather than judicious and discerning; but his high, regular features, straight eyebrows, and determined lip, shaded by a heavy moustache, redeemed the countenance from a charge of effeminacy, and stamped on him the bold resolute character of "a man of action," one that could be depended on when the brave were striking for their lives.

"He is very well favored, your new friend," whispered Mary Cave, with a roguish smile; "and Gracey, there must be 'something in it.' Look if he has not got dark eyes and hair."

CHAPTER IV.

'FALKLAND.'

Lord Vaux is pacing his old hall at Boughton, with a scroll in his hand, on which his attention seems but partially fixed. Ever and anon he lifts his eyes to the stained glass windows, through which the noonday light is streaming in floods of crimson and purple, and orange; but his thoughts are far from armorial bearings and ancestral pomp. Ever and anon he rivets them on the polished oak floor beneath his feet, but still he fails to derive the required inspiration for his task. Like the rest of his party, the cavalier is puzzled by the hopelessness of proving "two and two make five." His fine benevolent head, from which the long hair falls in clusters over his starched ruff and black velvet doublet, is that of a philosopher and a sage, one whose natural element is study and contemplation rather than action, and conflict with his kind; yet must Lord Vaux calculate men, and means, and munitions of war, ay, don breastplate and backpiece, and if need be, leave the splendors of his home and the quiet retirement of his study for the hardships of campaigning—the wild alarums of a stricken field.

He listens anxiously for an expected footstep. Like many another contemplative nature, he is prone to place dependence on those who show no hesitation in taking the initiative. *He* is capable of enthusiasm, generosity, and self-sacrifice, but an example must be set him for the exhibition of these virtues. Without some one to show him the way, his lordship would never move a step in any direction, right or wrong. How many such natures were forced into the stream of political strife by the exigencies of the times in which they lived! How many were willing to suffer fines, humiliation and imprisonment for a cause which they esteemed sacred solely because their fathers did. Old men of fourscore years were simple and enthusiastic as boys. Lord Vaux, now past middle age, found himself, at a period of life when most men are willing to seek ease and repose, involved in all the intrigues of statesmanship and the labors of civil war. Cavaliers and Roundheads, the two watchwords of party, had set merry England by the ears. The precise puritan, with his close-cropped-hair, his sad-colored raiment, his long sword, and biblical phraseology, was up and in the field under the same discipline which scarce served to control the excesses of his roystering enemy, the swaggering, dissipated, reckless, yet chivalrous cavalier, whose code of duty and morality seemed but to consist of two principles, if so they could be called, viz. to drink, and strike for the king.

Such was the extreme type of either party, and to one or other must sober men of all ranks or ages more or less incline.

But a step is heard in the outer hall, the tramp of horses strikes upon the ear, and bustle of servants marshalling an honored and expected guest breaks on the stillness of the well-ordered household, and a smile of inexpressible relief lights up Lord Vaux's face as he advances to greet his guest with all the ceremonious cordiality of an old English welcome.

"I have ridden far, my lord," said the new arrival, "to taste your hospitality; and in these times we can scarce promise to repeat our visits to our friends. But, my lord, you seem anxious and ill at ease. You have suffered no affliction at home, I trust? You have no bad news of the Cause?"

"I am indeed harassed and at my wits' end," was the reply, "or I could scarce have failed to give your lordship a kinder and more hospitable welcome. But I am, in sooth, right glad to see you; for to your ingenuity and to your advice I must look in my present straits. This is no question of a crabbed Greek reading, or a complicated equation, such as we delighted in happier days to grapple withal, but a serious requirement of men, horses, and money for his Most Sacred Majesty; a requirement that, with all our resources we shall be unable to fulfil, and yet without which the Cause is well-nigh hopeless. Does Goring think I am like the alchemist we have read of, and can transmute these old oak carvings to unalloyed gold? or does that reckless adventurer believe me to be even as himself? to regard neither honor nor credit, mercy nor justice, and to fear neither God, nor man, nor devil?"

"Goring is a useful tool where he is placed, my lord," was the reply; "and we could ill spare him in our present difficulties, though sad it is so fair a cause should require the support of such as he has proved himself. Nevertheless, permit me to look over the requirement. It may be that we can see our way more plainly by our joint endeavors than when we fight single-handed against that deadliest of foes, an empty military chest."

As he spoke he took the scroll from Lord Vaux's hand with a courteous bow, and retiring into one of the deep windows of the hall, was soon busily engaged in the perusal of its contents.

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, was one of those men on whom no remarkable exterior stamps the superiority which they enjoy over their fellow-creatures. As he stands in the embrasure of that window, his countenance grave and heated, his dress disordered with riding, his gestures of surprise and vexation awkward and ungainly, the superficial observer would pronounce him to be a mere ordinary, somewhat ill-looking mortal, plainly dressed, and bearing the marks neither of gentle birth nor mental culture. He is short and small of stature, of no imposing port, not even with the assumption of energy and bustling activity which so often characterises the movements of little men. His manner is unaffected and plain to simplicity; he stoops and sways his body from side to side in ludicrous unconsciousness, as wave after wave of thought comes rolling in upon his brain, pregnant with reflection, calculation, and resource. When he speaks his voice is harsh and unmusical, his countenance dark and unprepossessing, for he is laboring in mind, wrestling with a difficulty, and bringing all the powers of his mighty intellect to bear upon the struggle. And now he grasps it—now the colossal enemy is overthrown, and as the words flow smoother and faster from his lips, as sentence after sentence pours itself forth, clearer, and more comprehensive, and more concise, the whole countenance changes as changes the aspect of a winters day when the sun breaks forth; flashes of intelligence beam from those deep-set falcon eyes, and light up the stern, sallow face. Rapid and impressive action succeeds the slow awkwardness of his habitual movements; the slight form seems to dilate and tower into dignity, as of one born to command, and the whole man is changed, by the mere influence of mind over matter, into a sage and a hero for the occasion.

But the inspiration passes as quickly as it comes. The knot is now unravelled, the difficulty is solved. He has seen his own way to surmount it, and more than that, has explained it to the inferior intellect of his friend, and he relapses once more into the ordinary mortal, while an expression of deep weariness and melancholy settles again upon his features, as of one who is harassed and distracted with the disappointments and heart-burnings of life; who would fain cast away shield and sword, and turn aside out of the battle, and lie down and be at rest.

Yet was it not always so with this youn and gifted nobleman. His youth seemed to give promise of a brighter future than is often accorded to mortal man. Bred in his father's vice-regal court of Ireland, he enjoyed opportunities of learning and cultivation which were not thrown away upon such a mental organization as his. At eighteen years of age he was skilled beyond his fellows in all the exercises and accomplishments of the day. He was perfected in the Latin and French languages, and had already shown that energy and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge which formed so distinguishing a characteristic of his after-life. Added to this, he inherited already an ample fortune, independent of his father—no contemptible advantage at an age when all the generous and liberal feelings are still unwrapped and unstifled by the sordid cares of life. He was thus relieved from the many anxieties consequent upon inadequate means which are too apt to embitter the sparkling cup of youth, and had the more leisure to devote himself to those studies in which he took such delight. Firm and resolute to the verge of obstinacy when a point was to be gained, it is related of him that, wishing to obtain a thorough knowledge of Greek, he absented himself rigidly from London until he had acquired an intimate familiarity with that language, nor could all the persuasions of his friends, nor the intellectual temptations of the capital, induce him to forego the determination on which he had once entered. The same disposition prompted him to marry an amiable and excellent young lady, in defiance of the wishes of his family; and a generosity, by no means unnatural in such a character, induced him at the same time to offer his whole fortune for the liquidation of his father's embarrassments, he himself purposing to obtain a military appointment in Holland, and win his own livelihood and that of his family with the sword. In this scheme being disappointed, he abandoned the career of arms, and had chalked out for himself a path of study and scholarship when the trumpet of civil war roused him from his dream of literary distinction to the absorbing realities of strife.

He was an ardent admirer of real and constitutional liberty, and although his rigid love of justice and regard to truth commanded the respect of the Court party, as his affable demeanour and genuine kindliness of heart won him the affections of all men, it was only when the throne was really threatened in its justifiable prerogatives, that he declared himself openly and unreservedly for the king. When his part was once taken, Charles had no more devoted adherent, no more judicious adviser, than Lord Falkland; but from that time, from the very date of his accepting office under the Sovereign, a change was observed in the whole temperament and demeanor of the young nobleman. He who used to be so ready of wit, so fluent of discourse, so affable towards his associates, became reserved, morose, and taciturn. His countenance wore an aspect of continual dejection; he neglected his studies, his amusements, nay, his very dress. All things became distasteful to him save conscious exertion for the sake of his country. Like some classic patriot, some Roman augur to whom Fate had vouchsafed a glimpse of futurity, he mourned, in anticipation, for those national woes which he already hoped he might die rather than live to behold.

But even in civil war, in public distress as in private affliction, man must dine; nay, if he is one of the porcelain vessels of the earth, and has performed since daybreak a long journey on horseback, he must also dress for dinner; and therefore Cornet Bosville, when, as in duty bound, he had delivered his despatches, betook himself to the chamber Lord Vaux's hospitality had provided for him and with the assistance of his faithful trooper and servant, Hugh Dymocke, proceeded to the important duty of adorning his already well-favored person.

Dymocke disapproved much of such waste of time. One led horse, to carry his own and his master's change of clothing, did not admit of his turning out the cornet in such splendor as he himself thought befitting, and were it not that he had already discovered the advantages of Lord Vaux's hospitality and the strength of his ale, he would probably have urged upon his master the necessity of proceeding on their journey directly their horses were fed and the tables drawn after the early dinner in the great hall.

"And you must wear the pearl-colored hose, I warrant me, and the point-lace collar of which we have but one with us, and dripping wet it would be had I pushed on when you bid me, and followed that slip of quality into the river on a fool's errand," grumbled Dymocke, as he bustled about, unpacking his master's wallets, and vainly regretting certain splendid apparel and a beautiful Toledo walking rapier which the rebels had eased them of when Waller's horse last beat up their quarters at Tewkesbury. "They will serve directly, and the quality will be there, rustling in brocade and satins, and what not; eating and drinking of the best, and the King's troops starving, and merry England going to the Puritans and the devil!" added Dymocke, who was in his worst of humors, albeit mollified to a certain extent by recollections of the ale aforesaid.

Bosville answered nothing. He was combing out his long love-locks, and thinking how bright were the eyes and red the lips of the lady who had scarcely looked at him during their short ride, and wishing he had dragged her instead of her companion out of the brook, and wondering whether she would observe him at dinner, and converse with him afterwards; and reflecting, half-unconsciously, on the important fact that pearl-silken hose and a point-lace collar were no unbecoming adjuncts to the exterior of a well-looking young man.

Many years afterwards that dinner was remembered by more than one of the party. Happy Humphrey Bosville, sitting next to Mary Cave, was delighted with the share of attention she vouchsafed to bestow upon him; was intoxicated with the radiance of her smiles, the very atmosphere of her beauty. He could not mark, nor would he have comprehended, the eager, restless glance she flashed ever and anon at the plain, reserved, dark man opposite to them, the pained expression and forced smile that overspread her countenance when she failed to attract Falkland's attention. His discourse was directed chiefly to his host and Sir Giles Allonby, and he left his lovely neighbor Grace ample leisure to observe the cornet's good looks and pleasant smiles. Three of the party at least were drinking in poison with their canary, laying up for themselves a store of future pain in the enjoyment and fascination of the moment. It is better so; if to-day must never mortgage to-morrow, what becomes of the fee-simple of existence? If the death's head must be present at all our feasts, in the name of Bacchus, hide him away under the table, there to remain till next morning at breakfast! So the party ate and drank, and laughed and talked, and the conversation turned upon the scandal of the court and the characters of the courtiers, and that prolific theme, the enormities and vagaries of wild Lord Goring.

"A good soldier!" said Sir Giles, pledging the cornet in a bumper; "and never loses his head, drunk or sober. You remember what he said of Wilmot's charge at Roundway Down? You were there?"

The cornet acquiesced in a modest affirmative, glad that Mary should know he had been present at that engagement, whilst Grace looked more interested in her new friend than ever.

"Rash in council," observed Lord Vaux, still thinking of his morning's work; "and totally unreasonable in his expectations and requirements."

"A weak assailant," laughed Mary; "he scaled a convent at Bruges, and was repulsed with a broken leg, which gives him that limp you all think so charming. He should confine himself to cavalry operations. It is indeed a forlorn hope against nuns' veils and stone walls."

"I have heard him boast he never was foiled yet by man or woman," said Falkland, absently fixing his dark eyes on Mary's countenance.

She blushed all over her face and neck, seemed as if she would have spoken, then turned white and held her tongue; the while Sir Giles proposed a bumper to his old commander, gay George Goring.

CHAPTER V.

BRIDLED AND SADDLED.

We once heard a remark drop from a pair of the sweetest lips that ever belonged to a gentle philosopher, of the truth of which we have been the more convinced the more we have watched the vagaries and eccentricities into which its victims are drawn by that affection of the brain called by the wise folly, and by fools love. "In all cases of attachment," said our beautiful moralist, "depend upon it one must be always bridled and saddled, the other always booted and spurred." Of the truth of this axiom experience has left not the slightest doubt; but what a lesson does it convey as to the inherent selfishness of mankind, and the insufficiency of any earthly blessing to confer perfect happiness. The one that is "bridled and saddled" has indeed "a jade's time of it," the one that is "booted and spurred" uses the latter instruments ruthlessly and without remorse. Who would be the loser in the game? Who would not wish to hold the bridle and apply the spurs? And yet perhaps there may come a time when it will be unspeakable happiness to feel that we have had all the suffering and all the sorrow, proudly conscious that we have been "bridled and saddled" all our lives, and are about to die honestly in our harness at the end. Woe to the "booted and spurred" one then. When the kindly face will be seen never again but in our dreams—when the fond heart we have wrung so often is at peace for evermore—when a world's wealth and an age of longing cannot unsay the cruel word, nor recall the cold glance—when love is dead, and even wishing a bitter mockery, how much better to sleep peacefully beneath the daisies, wearied with the strife, subdued in the defeat, than to pluck them for a rembrance which shall pass away indeed, but shall leave a blank more unendurable than the pain from which we prayed so fervently to be delivered.

A pair are walking on the terrace at Broughton in the golden flush of a fine September morning; one is "bridled and saddled," the other "booted and spurred."

Mary Cave, we need hardly observe, was a lady of no undeviating habits, no precise observer of times and seasons. Some days she would idle away the whole morning in bed, reading her letters, stitching at her embroidery, and wasting her time; on other occasions she would bustle up with the lark—and when Mary was busy, no one in the house, not even studious Lord Vaux himself, could be suffered to remain quiet.

On the morning in question she was unusually wakeful, and this is the more unaccountable inasmuch as her sleep had been fitful and broken the whole night through, disturbed with dreams, and harrassed with incongruous thoughts and fancies. Was she overfatigued, poor Mary! with her day's hawking, and the rapidity of Bayard's bounding movements; or was it that hard-fought game of chess played on till nearly midnight in the withdrawing room, with many a false move, and many a smothered sigh? Why will that image never leave her brain? The studious brow bent over the shining pieces, the slender hand clenched on the board's edge, the long sheathed rapier meeting the point of its shadow on the polished oak floor, and the weary, weary look on that face when its eyes were raised to hers in the intricacies of the game. Why was he so weary? What was the secret reason of this overpowering melancholy, so different from the characteristic jollity of Sir Giles and the other Cavaliers? Could she ever penetrate it? Could she ever find her way deep, deep into that great, proud, inscrutable heart? Had she already done so? A thrill, keen enough to be painful, shot through her at the thought. Up and dressed, she walked to her window and looked out at the fair, calm, joyous morning, so full of hope and peace and happiness, so at variance with her own torn, restless, wayward mind. The sun was even now a hand's-breadth above the horizon; his light had already tinged the dark tops of the cedars on the opposite hill with a purple glow. Patches of the undulating park were gilded with his beams; a skein of wild fowl, disturbed in their quiet refuge down amongst the osiers, were winging their arrowy flight, clear and distinct, against the pearly grey of the morning sky, flushing here and there into a faint pink tinge. The deer, rising to shake the dew-drops from their flanks, were still in dusky shadow, while the woodpigeon, cooing softly from the topmost branches of a fir-tree, trimmed her sleek plumage in a flood of light from the morning sun. The fragrance of a hundred roses, clustered round the basement of the old Manor House, stole in upon Mary, soothing her with associations and memories of the past. What are all the chronicles of history, all the diaries of the most inveterate journalists, to the vivid reality that a simple strain of music, the scent of the commonest wildflower, can conjure up at a moment's notice? Beneath her the smooth bowling-green, that necessary adjunct to every country-house in the olden time, stretched its snaven surface, innocent even of a daisy to mar its level uniformity, while broad terraces, with here and there a rough stone vase, and here and there a standard rose-tree, carried the eye onward into the forest beauties, and wild irregularity of the thickly wooded park.

A spare slight figure was already traversing these terraces, pacing to and fro with swift determined strides, buried deep in thought, and plucking ever and anon a blossom or a leaf, which he crumpled nervously in his hand, and cast aside.

Mary was this morning seized with an earnest desire to tend her roses. She stepped out upon the terrace, her white robe falling in graceful folds about her shapely figure, her brown hair waving in the breeze, her rich ripe beauty glowing in the sun, her proud head thrown back with an air of enforced indifference, her whole gait and bearing stately and majestic as a queen. Yet she trembled as she approached that plain unpretending man; and her voice shook audibly as she bid him "good-morrow," and interrupted his solitary musings.

"You are early, my lord," said Mary; "and equipped, I see, for a journey. Must we, then, lose our guest so soon? It is not Lord Vaux's custom to suffer his friends to depart after one night's lodging; and you will scarce get leave from any of us to bid farewell at such short notice."

Falkland was courtesy itself, and the gravest of mankind has no objection to his meditations being disturbed by a pretty woman at any hour of the day or night, so he smiled as he replied:

"It would need no second bidding for a tired and unwilling soldier to remain in such pleasant quarters, and least of all from you, Mistress Mary, staunchest of loyalists, and kindest and oldest of friends."

Mary colored with pleasure, and her eyes shone and moistened while he spoke; her every nerve thrilled to the tones of that harsh impressive voice. "One more day," she said; "we will only plead for one more day. There is still much to be done. I have a long correspondence to show you. There are traitors even about the Queen; and we must play another game at chess! You know I never could bear to be beaten. I must have my revenge."

How soft and tender was her voice, how irresolute her gestures, how different her manner from that assured self-possessed air with which she addressed every one else in the world! He could not see it; he noticed no change; he was not thinking about chess; his was the great game played on the squares that were slippery with blood.

"It must not be, gentle Mistress Mary," he replied. "These are days in which we must all of us put our shoulders to the wheel. Alas! it need not have been so once. You know, none better, how the ruler of the ship has failed to shift his ballast, and to trim his sails. He saw the course he felt it was his duty to steer, and he scorned to turn aside for shoal or quicksand. Yet I cannot but revere the man; be he monarch or subject, who will sacrifice his all to a principle. The die is cast now, Mistress Mary; it is too late to look back. We must throw the helve after the hatchet, and stand or fall together, one and all.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

(New York Herald.)

It would be gratifying to the *Herald* to be able to regard the London *Times'* review of the fishery dispute, which will be found in our cable news this morning, as an "official" view, because we see that the *Times* adopts the *Herald's* suggestion that in such matters as this fishery question, which relate exclusively to interests of the United States and the Dominion, it would be proper to have the governments of the two countries hereafter negotiate and conclude treaties without the intervention of Great Britain. The *Times* seems to think that this view is opposed in the United States, and, therefore, takes the trouble to defend it, and gives, we are glad see, very good grounds for it.

We will suggest another. All the treaties between Great Britain and the United States, and, not least the last, the Treaty of Washington, show, if they take cognizance at all of Canadian matters or interests, that British statesmen regard these as of secondary importance. The interest, real or imaginary, which the British plenipotentiaries believed Great Britain to have at stake—these they defended and guarded with the utmost care; but the interests of the colonists they examined and guarded with much less care. In this fact is found the reason why no treaty has ever settled the fishery question. Whenever the United States and Canada negotiate a treaty directly both countries will take care to cover all the points in dispute, and there will be, doubtless, a conclusion mutually satisfactory and enduring.

But it is clear that the *Times'* article is not "inspired" and does not represent the government view of the question; for if so, it would not so curiously misrepresent the character of the claim for one hundred and three thousand dollars which Mr. Evarts has presented to the British government. The sum is demanded by the United States, not for losses and injuries sustained by two fishing vessels, as the *Times* asserts it to cover and repay the losses suffered by our whole fishing fleet, which was driven by mob violence from the fishing grounds access which was guaranteed to them by the treaty. Two or more vessels were actually mobbed, their crews attacked, their seines and other gear torn and destroyed and the vessels threatened. Others of our vessels were there ready to fish and fitted for that purpose. They had two courses before them—either to unite the crews, attack the Provincials and drive them away or kill them, and thus maintain their right to fish by returning violence with violence. Or they could peaceably urge their rights, and if the mob was implacable, return home under protest with broken voyages. Being peaceable and law-respecting people they did the last, and our government now asks that of Great Britain to make good to our fishermen the losses thus imposed upon them by the misconduct of the Provincial mob. That is the nature of claim for one hundred and three thousand dollars, as the London *Times* would have known had its article contained and "inspired" or "official" view.

—Peter Staple, of North Ferrisburg, Vt., has six daughters who average 217 pounds each.

SIXTY-SEVEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Except the Bark of Trees, Green Rye, Berries, and the Tops of Shrubbery.

A Newburgh dispatch says:—Patrick Smith, aged 55 years, lived in the Verplanck Woods nine weeks and four days without food (the last five without water,) except the bark of trees, green rye, berries, and the tops of shrubbery that he gnawed off. Mr. Smith has been a hard-working mechanic, robust and strong. About fourteen years ago he fell from a slippery ladder and injured his head and other parts of his body. About six years ago a large iron chain, with which he was hoisting a heavy plank, broke in two and one end of the chain struck him on the head. These accidents, with the malaria fever, caused mental derangement which at times made him wholly irresponsible for his acts. Imagining that he was not wanted about home, on the 23rd of June last Smith disappeared, and although a vigilant search was made for him by his friends, nothing was learned of him until, at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night John Madigan and Patrick Ryan brought the tidings to this city that he had been found in the Verplanck Wood. As was the case with many others, including Smith's son, these men could not recognize the emaciated man, although they had known and associated with him for many years. When Mr. Smith was brought home his wife and family could recognize him only by his voice, which was weak and almost inaudible. His hair hung down over his shoulders, and his thick matty whiskers covered every inch of his face. His eyes were bloodshot, had a wild and savage look, and were sunk far in his head. His fingers and hands were so thin that they looked like the frame of an umbrella. He was so weak that he could not lift his head from the bed, and his voice could hardly be heard. Dr. P. M. Barclay, who was summoned, said that he might possibly have lived a day or two longer. To-day Mr. Smith is better, and it is thought he will get well.

The spot where Mr. Smith secluded himself is on the top of a high hill. It overlooks the works of the Pennsylvania Coal Company and the Hudson River. Mr. Smith says he could tell it was Sunday by the absence of the workingmen on that day. He says that he never closed his eyes at night. It was then that he strolled around until he got so weak that he could not move. In the daytime, when he saw any one approaching he hid himself in a hollow circle covered with bushes and trees. There is not a birch tree on the hill that has not been stripped of its bark, and the tops of the bushes about the spot where Mr. Smith was found have been gnawed off.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S TROUBLES

Second Disappearance of D. Y. Hoyt, of London East—A Letter Explaining His Position.

(London Free Press.)

Many of our readers will no doubt remember the sudden disappearance of a London East school teacher named D. Y. Hoyt, a few years ago, and the reasons he assigned at the time for his departure. The statement on his part was to the effect that, after trying by all honest means to earn a livelihood, he had been unable to succeed, and left to try his fortune in the nation across the line. Rumor and idle gossip soon introduced a woman into the case and his wife and family were compelled to endure unnecessary humiliation in consequence. Circumstances subsequently transpired which enabled Mr. Hoyt to return to London East and resume his old position in the Rectory street school there. Since then he has worked faithfully in the school, and the little episode of several years ago had been forgotten. But he appears not to have been contented, and was inclined rather to look upon the dismal side of life than the bright. On Saturday last he privately engaged a Mr. Stock, a recent teacher in the Rectory street school, to take his place for a few days while he attended to a little business outside the city. Yesterday Mr. Stock received the following letter, which contains a volume of meaning, as well as the story of a despondent, heart-sick man:—

I enclose a letter to Mr. Laidlaw; will you please post it to him at once? I have by this means put the Board of Trustees to no inconvenience. I have, while not only in London East, but in every school I have taught in Ontario, tried to do my duty as a teacher, diligently and faithfully, and that under many difficulties which would have driven many men to Dr. Bucke, and what have I received in return? A small pittance, just enough to barely live upon. Even W. D. Eckert told me he could only pay his way with his salary. From the time London East was incorporated, I have not considered the School Board to have acted very generously toward me. W. D. Eckert has acted towards me as a gentleman, and I know of nothing he has ever said that would injure me, and I believe him to be a friend as far as he could without injury to himself. Could I ask more? And I have always tried to act fairly with him. After thirty-six years I find I have not made my fortune teaching in Middlesex, and I leave Ontario with only what will take me there; and during my life no one can accuse me of being intemperate, extravagant in dress or living, and should I not succeed, my position will not be an enviable one by any means, for I can not go on the road and break stones. I will, if spared, write to you again. With best wishes for your success in life and happiness too, I remain, your friend, D. Y. HOYT.

The letter bore no date, but an almost illegible post-mark on the envelope indicated that it had been posted on a London, Huron & Bruce train going south. The matter is not yet generally known in London East, and will no doubt cause a great deal of surprise. It is but just to say, however, that after careful enquiry, no other motives are suggested for Mr. Hoyt's disappearance than those assignedin his feeling epistle.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A Girl with a Head Measuring Thirty-three Inches in Circumference.

Some excitement was caused at the G.W.R station Friday morning by the appearance of a young girl who, although perfectly formed in every other respect, had a head of immense size. She was in company with a man and woman, was as they boarded the Toronto train a SPECTATOR reporter who happened to be at the station interviewed the man and ascertained from him the history of the girl. She was born in the county of Elgin. Her father's name is William Kulp. He is a potter and lives near Straffordville. The girl's name is Martha A. Kulp and she is now 9 years old and is 4 feet 3½ inches tall. When about two weeks old it began to be noticed that her head was of unusual size, and at the present time it is of enormous dimensions. Measured from the chin to the top, the circumference is 33 inches, and around at the forehead it is 29 inches. She has a good quantity of golden hair, and her face below the eyes is of ordinary size and very handsome. She has always been in good health and all her faculties are unimpaired. She converses quite intelligently, and upon being asked sang a portion of the Sunday School hymn, "Yield not to Temptation." Her parents have allowed Mr. Moses Brown to take her around, and he had her on exhibition for a couple of weeks at Port Stanley during the excursion season. He is now taking her to Toronto where he intends exhibiting her. He also says he will write to Barnum and try and make an engagement with him.

—It is the opinion of the Chicago *Journal* that "there is no sorrow on earth that can be compared, for a moment, with that silent and consuming misery which is caused by the torturing clasps of a hateful marriage bond."

—In a divorce case in Georgia the judge concluded his opinion in these words "Without intending to reflect upon the wife in this case, for I take it for granted that the libellant is to blame, still I warn all plain men against marrying women by the euphonious names of Dulcinea, Felicianna, etc. These mellifluous names will do for novels, but not for everyday life."

WORLD WIDE ITEMS.

—It is a somewhat sad fact that some people have a higher polish on their boots than on their manners. If their heads were only where their feet are how they would shine.

—Olive Logan says that a husband who won't give his wife $500 per year to dress on is a brute. Olive knows how 'tis, for she has to buy not only her own clothes, but "duds" for her husband.

—One gas company supplies all Paris at the rate of about $1.62 per 1,000 feet, and an agitation for reduction has lately begun. The last year dividend was equal to 31½ per cent. on the original price of the shares, after a sum of eight millions had been paid to the municipality, which, by the concession, shares in the profits.

—A pulpit telephone has been put into a church at North Dana, Mass., so as to connect with the sick room of a lady who has been an invalid for twenty-five years. The first message to her from the pulpit was "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." A lecture on the telephone is to be given to defray the expense of putting in the instrument.

—A man with a $600 diamond on his shirt bosom leaned over a hen coop in a Cincinnati market, and a hungry hen picked off the jewel and swallowed it. The thief was soon lost among the hundreds, and there was no way of identifying her. So the man bargained to have them killed, one after another, until the right crop was found. To recover the diamond cost him $28.

—After three medical celebrities had gone from the bedside of the French General X. the General rang for his man servant: "Well, Jacques, you showed those gentlemen out; what did they say?" "Ah, General, they seemed to differ with each other; the big fat one said that they must have a little patience, and at the autopsy—whatever that may be—they would find out what the matter was."

—A lady in White Hill, Indiana, is the owner of a dog and a dove. Whenever she goes out walking the dove perches itself on the dog's head, and the latter trots off happy as a lark. The bird holds its position until the party return home, unless Towser is attacked by some of the bad dogs of the borough. Then it flies to a place of safety, returning to its favorite roost when the tussel between the dogs is over.

—A Delaware woman has succeeded in whipping a bald-headed eagle. The bird invited the contest, having hooked one of the woman's best hens. It fastened its talons in her hair, and she fought it with her sun-bonnet, striking out wildly and hitting a fence near by for the most part; but the eagle soon had enough of it, and rapidly flew away. After that, will anybody say the gentler sex is not competent to play base-ball?

—A german paper published in London prints the following:—"On the 31st of last month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the military swimming school at Glatz, an order was given for a dive. Two soldiers, Nitsche and Christian by name, of the eleventh company of the Eighteenth infantry regiment, who were ignorant of swimming, objected to obeying the order. Thereupon the Premier Lieutenant, Von Donop, commanded the men to be plunged in. This was done, and in a few minutes afterward they were corpses." No notice, we are told, has been taken of the affair.

—The experiment has not been made of sowing oats and wheat together with a view to obtain a winter covering for wheat. The seed, in the proportion of one part of oats sprang up quickly and were killed by the early frost, the stocks and leaves lying on the ground all winter, keeping the snow from blowing away and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats make a good top dressing for the growing wheat. The crop of wheat in the following season was reported to be excellent, while wheat on the adjoining land planted in the usual manner was of no value.

—A friend in South Africa wrote to Edmund Yates in London as follows of Archibald Forbes' ride after the battle of Ulundi: "Old Forbes galloped in here last evening, gaunt, grizzly, in absolute tatters from riding through thorns, and plastered with mud from head to foot. From morning 4th till last night had but three hours' sleep. Repeated old Bulgarian tactics, and was first by twelve hours to acquaint Wolseley, Frere, and whole South Africa with news of fight, victory and burning Ulundi. Tough old beggar; rode about three hundred miles in fifty hours; first hundred alone through enemy's country, mostly during night. Comic thing—he had forgotten his revolver, and was absolutely unarmed. Has gone off to Wolseley, expecting, by some mysterious cross-riding, to overtake him to-morrow. His thigh swelled from contusion, spent bullet."

—Love at the first sight in church, with Scriptural commentary, is illustrated in the local column of *The Albany Argus*. "One Sunday a beautiful young gentleman happened to have a seat in a pew adjoining one in which a lovely young lady was sitting. He was seized with a violent passion for the fair stranger, and resolved to propose to her then and there. So he handed her a Bible with a pin stuck in the following text:—'And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another' (II. John, 5). The lady returned the book, to Ruth II., 10: 'Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?' He handed it back with his finger on III. John, 13, 14: 'I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee, But I trust that I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face.'" As the result of this interview it is said that a marriage will take place in a month or two.

—The destruction of the gigantic captive balloon at Paris a fortnight ago is explained by the aeronauts, Godard and Darbois, as resulting from the sudden condensation of the hydrogen occasioned by the low temperature following the great heat. A phenomenally high wind struck the balloon when imperfectly filled, and produced fissures in which it roared and played with fury. M. Godard, jr., at great risk clinging to the ropes, inspected the whole base of the balloon previous to the accident, and reported all safe, but said at one moment he feared that he the balloon and he might be carried away together. The apprehension seems to have been lest the ropes which held the balloon down should give way. These were strong enough, and when the catastrophe occurred the car in which the passengers were wont to go up remained immovable, but the tissue, of unprecedented thickness and solidity, formed of superposed caoutchouc, silk, calico and muslin gave way under the pressure of the wind, the balloon was rent from top to bottom. It fell across two electric lamps which pierced through the stuff. As the 4,000 yards of costly fabric oscillated on the ground, it was described as resembling the counterfeit presentment of a raging sea on the stage of a theatre. It fortunately fell on the opposite side from the orchestra, which was playing at the time, or there might have been loss of life.

—The Rev. Dr. Buckley, in a sermon at the Chautauqua camp meeting on the irreverent mixing of religion and business, related the following story: "A man told me that he had bought an estate; that he divided it into two sections, and he was sure that it was going to pay tremendously, and he had made it a matter of prayer for four days as to who should have the last share. And he told me—I blush to say it—that the Holy Ghost had revealed to him that I was the man that was to have the last share. Said I: 'If there were no other Holy Ghost than the Holy Ghost who taught you that, by my honor as a man, I would stand up by the side of Robert Ingersoll and preach infidelity until I died.' And every man that took a share in that speculation that he referred to came to grief except that man, and somehow or other he got out of it with considerable money."

—A lover and his sweetheart recently drowned themselves in a mill-pond near London. The motive was given in a letter found in the young man's hat addressed to the girl's father: "Dear Mr. Parkinson—You have tried hard for a long time to part your daughter Catharine from me, but you have failed in turning her mind from me. Knowing that you would not give your consent to our marriage, we have been determined not to part from each other, and our bodies will be found in this pond. We have both committed suicide together.—Yours, JAMES WM. THOMPSON, July 22, 1879." Mr. Parkinson, in answer to the coroner, said that the young man had asked his consent for the hand of his daughter. He did not think Thompson was capable of keeping a wife and he refused. This appeared to upset their minds, and his daughter said that unless she had Thompson she would not have anyone else. One evening his daughter suddenly disappeared from his house, and he never afterwards saw her alive. The jury returned a verdict "that the deceased persons committed suicide together while in a state of unsound mind."

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North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPT. 17, 1879.

OBJECTS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Under the above heading the *Farmers' Monthly* for September, published at Toronto, has an especially good and well-timed article which we think will, on careful perusal, commend itself to our agricultural readers as well as those who are at all interested in the welfare of our Agricultural Societies, and we therefore reprint it in full:

"The Agriculture and Arts Act of 1877," enacts as follows:—"That the object of the said Societies, and of the Township Societies in connection therewith, shall be to encourage improvement in agriculture, horticulture, arts and manufactures;

"1. By holding meetings for discussion on subjects connected with the theory and practice of improved husbandry or other industrial processes.

"2. By promoting the circulation of agricultural, horticultural, and mechanical periodicals.

"3. By importing and otherwise procuring seeds, plants, and animals of new and valuable kinds.

"4. By offering prizes for essays on questions of scientific inquiry relating to agriculture, horticulture, arts, and manufactures.

"5. And by awarding premiums for excellence in the raising or introduction of stock, the invention or improvement of agricultural or horticultural implements and machinery, the production of grain, and of all kinds of vegetables, plants, flowers, and fruits, and generally for excellence in any agricultural or horticultural production or operation, article of manufacture, or work of art."

Out of some four hundred Agricultural Societies established in this Province, we would like to know how many attempt to attain the objects as set forth above. The majority of societies seem to think that the *only* object they have is to hold an annual show, to enable them to award premiums as provided by No. 5. This is a great mistake—a mistake we would like to see rectified in the coming year by all of our Township Societies especially. We admit a vast amount of good is done, and a vast amount of knowledge is gained, by people attending these shows; but could not a great deal more be gained by also attending to the four other *objects*, which we are sorry to say are altogether left in the shade, or entirely forgotten by the officers of the majority of societies, whose duty it is, and pleasure it ought to be, to see that they were fully carried out to the letter?

How many societies "hold meetings for discussion, and for hearing lectures, &c.?" How many "promote the circulation of agricultural periodicals?" How many "import and procure new kinds of seeds, plants, animals, &c.?" How many "offer prizes for essays, &c.?"—only very few. The Patrons of Husbandry (Grangers) whose objects are nearly similar to those, are far ahead of our established Agricultural Societies in this respect. They hold meetings for discussion; *they* give prizes for essays; *they* promote the circulation of good agricultural papers; *they* import new kinds of seeds, &c., and in their ranks the most intelligent of our farmers will be found. Why? Because they are doing for themselves that which the legally-constituted societies will not do for them, although specially instituted by the Government to that end.

Why cannot Township Societies have a building they can call their own, where members of such societies can meet and discuss matters pertaining to agriculture, stock-breeding, &c., say once a fortnight, or once a week, if possible, during the long winter months? A farmer would be more willing to join a society and more willing to subscribe to it if this were done, besides, it would be certain to make the society's annual show a bigger success than ever, by reason of the deep individual interest that would be taken in it by all the members thereof.

The subject is of deep importance, and will be again touched upon by us, and in the meantime, we trust that officers of all Township Societies will think over what we have said, and try to carry out, to the best of their ability, the wise provisions of "The Agriculture and Arts Act," and by so doing they will not only derive great satisfaction themselves for their labors, but will deserve the thanks and esteem of the farming community generally.

THE Grand Trunk crop report was issued last week. The following is a summary compiled by the city papers: "Speaking generally, the crop has been the largest ever harvested in Canada. In abundance hay ranks first, the yield having been, in ninety-nine places from which returns have been received, over an average, in forty-five an average, and in only eleven under an average. Moreover, the excess of the average has been very considerable, as much as three tons to the acre being gathered in sections, while the majority of places report a yield of two tons to the acre. Fall wheat is also an unusually bountiful one, only two reports under the average having been received, while some sixty per cent. represent the crop as above the average. As this grain is very largely sown throughout Ontario, and forms the staple crop, it is especially gratifying to receive such a splendid account of the result of the harvest. On the other hand spring wheat has been a signal failure, having been injured by the midge, weevil, and rust, and many reports from the principal grain growing sections in Ontario represent the yield as not more than five to eight bushels an acre, and in few places has it reached twenty bushels per acre. In Quebec, however, spring wheat has fared better, and about an average crop will be gathered. Oats are again a magnificent crop for the fifth year in succession, yielding throughout Ontario from thirty-five to sixty bushels to the acre, while in one or two sections even a heavier yield is reported. This crop is now an important one, its success in late years having led to an extensive cultivation. Peas have given a fairly abundant yield, but unfortunately the grain has been infested in many sections by bugs, and the outcome of the crop will be less satisfactory than at first anticipated. Barley may be called about an average crop, for although the figures represent an over average yield the berry has been discoloured in many places. Corn is not extensively grown in Canada, and only for local consumption. It is backward in growth, but promises a fair yield. Root crops in all sections are coming on magnificently. Potatoes have been unusually abundant and of superior quality, and other roots still in the ground will give an enormous crop. Fruit promises not more than an average, frost having done considerable damage in the spring."

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

About $700 were realized at a Catholic picnic held at Campbellford last week.

Dr. Palmer, principal of the deaf and dumb institute at Belleville, has resigned, and Mr. A. Mathison, of Brantford, has received the appointment.

Last week a Young Men's Christian Association was organized in the village of Campbellford. Their first great work was to "go" for the *Herald* man for starting such malicious rumors about the fever at Stirling.

The small pox scare at Mill Point is about over, there being only two or three cases in the village, and these are in an isolated building, well attended to. Two Sisters of Charity from Kingston still continue their services. In all there were but seven cases and two deaths.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Mr. Wm. Shaw, of Point Ann, Thurlow, brought to town to-day a white kitten which came into the world with but three legs, one of the hind legs being altogether wanting. Although thus deformed, "kitty" is quite smart, and moves about with characteristic feline vivacity.

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Mr. James Whitton, Sr., of Seymour East, is the possessor of an excellent crop of wheat, barley and oats, grown on his farm this season. From 4 bus. of wheat sown, he reaped 100 bushels. Eight bushels of barley returned 215 bushels; and 322 bushels (all machine measure) of oats was the yield from 10 bushels sown."

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* says:—It is worthy of record that so careful has been the management of the township finances during the past few years, that not only is the township out of debt, but it actually has money on hand. At this period of the year the generality of Township treasuries are empty. Not so with that of Verulam, which has paid every dollar presented up to this date. Verulam, with Mr. Fairbairn for Reeve and Mr. Junkin for Deputy Reeve, is the best governed municipality in the County.

The Belleville *Ontario* says:—Thus far very little grain of any kind has been brought to market, as farmers are holding back for better prices. Barley is moving more slowly than any other kind of grain. 50 cents is offered for No. 1, of which there is said to be very little. About 3,000 bushels of rye have been brought in, the price paid being 50 cents. The rye, generally speaking, is of good quality. Peas also sell at 50 cents per bushel, and some light sales have been made. Wheat commands $1 per bushel, but the receipts are light.

Word was received at Napanee last week from Picton, by telegraph, that John Young, aged about 20 years, eldest son of Rev. Alex. Young, late pastor of the Presbyterian church of Napanee, now of Toronto, was drowned. The particulars as far as can be ascertained are:—Young, Edward Daly, and Allan Ruttan, all young men of Napanee, were camping on Hog Island, about six miles from Picton, on the Bay of Quinte. Young went out fishing in a small ducking skiff, and not long afterwards the boat drifted upside down. It is supposed the boat swamped, and as Young could not swim he was drowned. Parties will go to-day to grapple for the body.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

TOWN HALL, MOIRA, Aug. 4, 1879.

Council met on the above date. Members all present.

Minutes of previous sessions were read and approved.

Applications were received from the several School Sections for school moneys as follows:

S. S. No. 1 and 3, $451.63; No. 4, $204; No. 5, $375; No. 8, $150; No. 10, $466; No. 12, $340; No. 13, $170; No. 14, $135.40; No. 3, Hungerford, $54.

A petition was received from Thomas H. Ketcheson and others, asking for a grant of $25 on the side road leading from the Thurlow boundary along the west side of lot No. 7, in the 1st concession.

On motion of Mr. Morton, seconded by Mr. Robinson, $20 were granted.

A petition was received from James Haggarty, asking for a conveyance to him of that portion of the road allowance between the 2nd and 3rd concessions across the west half of lot No. 4, in lieu of the new travelled road running across the said lot 4, in the 2nd concession. The Road Surveyor was ordered to report on the matter at the next meeting of the Council.

A communication was received from Mr. Cook, Reeve of Rawdon, stating that Rawdon Council had granted the sum of $50 on the Town Line between Huntingdon and Rawdon, and requesting that Huntingdon Council grant a like amount.

Mr. Graham moved, seconded by Mr. Morton, that said request be not granted.—Carried.

A By-law was prepared and passed changing polling sub-divisions No. 1 and 2, detaching lots 7 and 8 in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd concessions from polling sub-division No. 1, and attaching said lots to polling sub-division No. 2.

N. B. Falkiner, Esq., Solicitor for the B. & N. H. Railway Company, applied on behalf of said company to withdraw the proposed By-law for granting a bonus of $16,000 to said company, and served notices on the Reeve, Council, Clerk, and Returning Officer of the withdrawal and abandonment of the said By-law by the said company. He also gave his personal obligation to indemnify the Council against any loss or damage arising from the withdrawal of the same, and requested the Council to pay the expenses incurred in publishing and preparing said By-law for voting on by the electors up to this date from the amount deposited with the Township Treasurer for that purpose by said company, and to refund the balance of said funds without delay.

Sept. 1, 1879.

Members all present.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The settlement and payment of the expenses of submitting the By-law for granting a bonus to the B. & N. H. Railway Company was taken up. The amount of expenses incurred in connection therewith was ascertained to be $67.65, which was ordered to be paid from the funds deposited with the Treasurer by the said company for that purpose. The balance of said funds was handed to the clerk to be paid over to the Solicitor of the said company, amounting to $52.35.

A petition was received from Richard Connell and others, asking for a grant to repair a crossway at lot No. 1, between the 13th and 14th concessions.

On motion of Mr. Morton, seconded by Mr. Robinson, $25 were granted to be laid out on the proper original road allowance.

David Wright applied to have a road opened from the present travelled road (crossing lots 17 and 18 in the 11th con.,) to the north half of lot 16, in the 11th con., on the line between lots 16 and 17. The Reeve was instructed to see Mr. Gordon and make arrangements for having said road opened.

The weekly allowance of $1 per week to Jacob Dafoe and wife was ordered to be reduced to 75 cents; and that of John Brown for keeping Ann Wallace, a pauper, was ordered to be reduced from 75 cents to 50 cents per week. The sum of 50 cents per week was ordered to be paid for the support of Thomas Nichol and wife, on condition that their son, John Nichol, absent himself from their premises, he being abundantly able to support himself elsewhere.

The Road Surveyor, in accordance with a resolution passed at last session, presented a report respecting the road allowance between the 2nd and 3rd concessions, across the west half of lot No. 4, stating that the original road allowance was useless for road purposes, and that the present travelled road, crossing lot 4 in the 2nd concession, is quite sufficient for the purpose.

Council adjourned.

Agricultural Shows.

East Hastings, at Thrasher's Corners, Wednesday, Oct. 15.
North Hastings, at Luke's, Thursday, Oct. 9th.
Dungannon and Faraday, at L'Amable, Wednesday, Oct. 1st.
Tyendinaga, at Shannonville, Thursday, Oct. 9th.
Prince Edward County, at Picton, Tuesday, Sept. 30.
Central, at Peterborough, Sept. 30, and Oct. 1st and 2nd.
Midland Central, at Kingston, October 1, 2, 3, and 4.
Lennox County, at Napanee, October 7 and 8.
East Peterborough, Norwood, Oct. 14 and 15.
Tudor, Wellaston, Limerick and Cashel, at Millbridge, Wednesday, Oct. 8th.

BOY WANTED!
A SMART, intelligent boy wanted to learn the printing business. One able to read manuscript, and good scholar preferred. Inquire at
REVIEW OFFICE.
Madoc.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

ORGANS! ORGANS!
W. UNWIN
WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for
Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ
WHICH FOR
SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,
cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.
Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence
KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,
where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.
N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.
GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.
Terms in Future Strictly Cash.
All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

MADOC
MODEL SCHOOL.
All Books Required at this Institution for sale,
At Publishers' Prices,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S,
Drug Store.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$4 50 to $5 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 00 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 45 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 46 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 50 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 09 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	3 00 to 4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 00 to $1 05
Barley,	0 40 to 0 55
Rye,	0 55 to 0 00
Oats,	0 30 to 0 00
Peas,	0 55 to 0 00
Butter,	0 10 to 0 17
Eggs,	0 09 to 0 11
Potatoes, per bush	0 35 to 0 40
Flour, per bbl	4 75 to 5 25
Shorepickins,	0 40 to 0 00
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm To Rent!
WITH GOOD HOUSE AND EIGHT or nine cows. Well cleared and watered.
For further particulars apply to
ALEX. CROSS,
Lot 6, Con. 4, Madoc.

JOHN G. DEANS,
Chemist and Druggist,
HAS REMOVED
TO O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
CENTRE STORE.

SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER
Notice to Contractors.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.
A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the works to be done, can be seen at this office and the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.
Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of $2000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.
The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.
For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of *five per cent.* on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.
Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.
To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.
This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS, OTTAWA, 29th August, 1879.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.
GRAIN!
The proprietors of the
North Hastings Grain Warehouse,
At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.
Madoc, Aug. 20th, 1879. 127

CLOVER! CLOVER!
THE undersigned have pleasure in announcing to the Farmers of North Hastings that they have purchased a new Clover Mill, and will be prepared after next month to do threshing on short notice.
T. A. DUNN,
T. H. TUMELTY.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127-3

TIES! TIES!!
50,000 WANTED.
THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

GRAIN! GRAIN!!
THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for
RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,
Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!
50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,
For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

N. D. PETERS
HAS
REMOVED!
TO
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage Home, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

O'Flynn & O'Hara
Beg to advise the trade that their FALL STOCK is now complete in every Department, and invite inspection of the same. We are now in a position to show a stock which for variety, extent, and cheapness,
IS UNSURPASSED IN THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS.
We are showing a special line of Winceys, Black and Colored Stuff Goods, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, a special line of Linen Handkerchiefs, a large assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Corsets, etc. In the
STAPLE DEPARTMENT,
Blankets, Flannels, Prints, Ducks, Denims, Wincey and Cotton Shirtings, Cotton Yarn, Warps, Bags, and Linen Goods, all of which will be sold at very close prices. In the
Mantle Department
We have full ranges in Fancy Wool Goods, Clouds, Mantles, Shawls, Silks, Velvets, Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Frillings, and Embroideries. In the
WOOLLEN DEPARTMENT!
Full ranges of Canadian Tweeds, Etoffes, &c.; Scotch Tweeds, Coatings, Overcoatings etc. In
Gents' Furnishing Department!
All the latest novelties, too numerous to mention. In
Boots & Shoes, and Ready-Made Clothing Departments
we have a very large variety. Also a large stock of groceries, etc.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Sept. 9, 1879.

NEW GOODS!
Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.
PRICES VERY LOW!
Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

New Dry Goods House!

FOSTER & REID, of Belleville,

Beg to announce to the citizens of Madoc and vicinity that they have opened a Branch of their Belleville Establishment in Madoc, where they will show the largest and most attractive stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ever shown in this place.

New and Attractive Dress Goods, Black and Colored Cashmeres, a large stock of Black and Colored Silks. An immense stock of Winceys, very cheap. Good value in Black and Colored Kid Gloves, at 30c., 50c., and $1.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' JACKETS EVER SHOWN IN MADOC, RANGING FROM $2.50 TO $18.00.

NEW PATTERNS IN PRINTS. OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS IMMENSE.

MILLINERY.---We will open our Millinery Department about the 25th, in charge of a first-class Milliner, when we will show all the latest New York and London Patterns. Remember the place---in Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's old stand.

FOSTER & REID, Madoc and Belleville.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ram's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng- TRADE MARK.

lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence—After Taking. Before Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. etc. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

ON Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 3c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auctions, Sales of Stock, Implements, etc, Seed for Sale, Situations, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. OATES, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, October 2nd,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUPPIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 29th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Removed.

N. D. Peters has removed his place of business to the "O'Flynn Block." Drop in and see him.

Cleaned.

The Town Hall received a thorough scrubbing out on Monday, and we trust it will be kept in a more wholesome condition in future.

New Sidewalks.

Work was commenced this week on the improvements and new sidewalks ordered at the last meeting of Council. That leading to the station has been widened one and two planks, which makes a decided improvement.

In Business Again.

We are glad to notice that Thomas Cross, Esq., is about to engage in business again in this village, one of the large stores in the Victoria Block being now fitted for that purpose. His many old friends will be glad to see his pleasant face behind the counter once more.

B. & N. H. Railway.

Now that the Grand Trunk have control of the above road orders have been received for the regular train to stop at all stations in Huntingdon. Under the circumstances this certainly appears to be the most sensible thing they could do, no matter how just or good the reason the proprietors had for closing the line against the people of that township. The permanent operation of the road will now, we think, be assured.

New Stage Route.

Mr. Joseph Shaltry, of this village, on Monday commenced the running of a regular stage between Madoc and Bridgewater, leaving the latter place at 5.30 a. m., connecting with the train for Belleville at this station, and leaving again for Bridgewater on arrival of train in the evening. This will no doubt be found a great convenience as well as a saving of time and money to residents of that neighborhood who may have occasion to visit Belleville. The fare has been reduced to 40 cents.

Royalty at Belleville.

Don't forget the excursion on Saturday next to Belleville, on the occasion of the vice-regal visit to that city. The opportunity of seeing and hearing the Queen's representative in this country, let alone seeing the daughter of our Queen, is not obtained every day, and certainly the Grand Trunk officials are doing their part to allow all to take advantage of it. Only single fare will be charged for the round trip from all stations. The train will leave here at 8 o'clock, stopping at all stations in Huntingdon and elsewhere, returning will leave Belleville at 11 o'clock p. m.

Magistrates' Court.

On Friday last Mr. R. Simmons was summoned before Messrs. E. D. O'Flynn and A. F. Wood, by the License Inspector, Mr. E. Mounsey, for permitting gambling in his house. Several witnesses were examined, but no evidence was given criminating Mr. Simmons, and he was honorably discharged.

Change of Date.

The recent changes in the time of the mails leaving this place renders it unnecessary for the REVIEW to be published as early in the week as Wednesday, and we have decided to issue one day later, viz.: on Thursday. The mails for the Hastings Road do not now leave until Friday, and for Cooper, &c., until Saturday.

A Nuisance.

A nuisance in the shape of a dead animal or something of that description, from which an unbearable smell emanates, has existed in the vicinity of the Town Hall, on the west side, for some days past. The Board of Health or the Inspector would confer a great favor on those who are obliged to pass that way, and no doubt on residents of that locality also, by inspecting the place and having the cause removed.

New Dry Goods Store.

It is almost unnecessary for us to call attention to the advt. at the head of this page, as no reader of the REVIEW can fail to see it. Messrs. Foster & Reid have opened a branch of their Belleville establishment in Madoc, and have brought in a large and first-class stock in the above line. So far the patronage bestowed on the new firm has been very encouraging. Mr. Empey has charge of the business in this place, and customers may rely on being courteously dealt with.

New Paper at Stirling.

A new paper published in the neighboring village of Stirling has made its appearance, the first number of which is before us. It is called the *News-Argus*, 28 columns in size, and is a credit to the village, the business men of which, however, will have to support it more liberally in the way of advertising if they wish to insure its permanent existence. Its publisher, Mr. John H. Thompson, in this first issue shows evidence of taste and ability, and we wish him success in his rather hazardous undertaking.

A Fine Exhibit.

Messrs. Bristol & Bro., of this village, will exhibit six light rigs and one lumber wagon at the Dominion Exhibition to be held in Ottawa next week. One of the rigs, a covered phaeton, is as elegant and handsome a vehicle of the kind as we have ever seen anywhere, and would do credit to any establishment. The others, an open and covered buggy, and three cutters, all fitted with Bristols' patent shifting and folding seat, are also very creditable turnouts, and we shall be much surprised if this firm's exhibit is not awarded some honor at the exhibition.

Fun for the Boys.

Early pedestrians were at a loss to account for the unusual activity amongst the small boys of the village on Monday morning last, but when, later on, they saw them meandering joyfully in the direction of the Pound behind a drove of one, two, three, or more swine, they suddenly remembered that the Hog By-law had come in force. An indiscriminate onslaught appeared to be the order of the day, nobody's hogs being spared except those who hastily gathered them in to the shelter of a pen, indeed the poor animals themselves seemed surprised and disgusted at being caught unprotected. Some of the village councillors, however, were observed gazing on the scene with a calm, sweet expression of countenance truly refreshing. Guess they have no hogs.

Township Council.

The township Council held another meeting on Saturday last.

A By-law was submitted to levy the sum of 1¼ cents on the dollar for township and county requirements, and to pay interest on railway debentures.

A By-law to convey the Government road allowance between the 4th and 5th concessions, across lot 16, to Philip and Durfin Clapp, in lieu of the land given by them for the road, was also submitted.

Said By-laws received their first, second and third readings, passed, and numbered 129 and 130.

On motion of Messrs. Caskey and Broad, the Collector was granted an extra sum of $32 for collecting school taxes for 1879.

Council adjourned to Saturday next.

N. H. Teachers' Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the Model School, in this village, on the 9th and 10th October next. Among others the following gentlemen will take part in the Convention:—J. Coyle Brown, P. S. Inspector, Peterboro' County; R. Dawson, B. A., Belleville H. S.; and J. Johnston, P. S. Inspector, South Hastings. Following is the programme:

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

10 a. m. to 11.—Report of delegate to the Provincial Association and general business.
11 to 12.—Hygiene, introduced by Dr. Dafoe.
2 p. m. to 3.—Composition, introduced by Mr. E. D. Sutherland.
3 to 4.—Essay on "Turf," by Miss Riddell.
4 to 5.—Geography, introduced by J. Coyle Brown, P. S. I.
8 p. m.—Public meeting in Town Hall, at which addresses on educational topics will be given by J. Coyle Brown, Esq., Inspector for Peterborough Co.; R. Dawson, B. A., Head Master Belleville High School; J. Johnston, Esq., Inspector South Hastings; the resident clergymen, and others.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.

9 to 10.—Grammar, introduced by Mr. Geo. Kirk.
10 to 11.—Book Keeping, introduced by Mr. J. Johnston, I. P. S.
11 to 12.—Principles of Statics, introduced by R. Dawson, B. A.
2 to 3.—English to advanced classes, by Mr. G. H. Thompson.
3 to 4.—Questions Drawer, in charge of Messrs. Brown, Dawson, Johnston, and Mackintosh.

N. B.—Questions for the "Drawer" should be given to the Secretary on the 9th. These questions may relate to anything connected with the teacher's work.

Cheese Market.

We are glad to notice that the cheese market is looking up. The latest cablegram from Liverpool quotes it at 49s. It is to be hoped that the upward tendency will continue until something like a favorable price is reached.

Opera House Train.

A number of villagers took advantage of the running of a special train to Belleville on Tuesday evening last to witness the "Kerry Gow" at the Opera House in that city, but many more were deterred from going owing to the lateness of the hour at which the train left this station. Those who did go, however, were well pleased with the performance, and no doubt with the trip also. On Tuesday evening next Miss Mary Anderson, the young and highly gifted American tragedienne, will appear at the same place in the character of "Juliet," in Shakespeare's great tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." If twenty or twenty-five of our citizens would club together no doubt they could secure the train for that evening also, as many would doubtless be glad of the opportunity to see that celebrated actress.

"The Craig" Gold Mine.

We understand Mr. Duff has completed his arrangements to work the above extensive and rich property, situated in the township of Tudor. The vein on the surface shows from 6 to 10 feet wide for over 600 feet. So well pleased was he with some tests made by hand that he built a road to the mine nearly two miles in length and drew six tons of quartz about sixteen miles to the "Gladstone" crusher at Madoc, the returns from which were so satisfactory that he immediately arranged with the Messrs. Brown, of Belleville, to put the crushing mill at Bannockburn in complete working order, with the intention of commencing crushing the quartz there by the 1st of January next. Mr. Duff has displayed the same energy in this matter that that he did in securing the iron mines which laid the foundation for the B. & N. H. Railway. We trust the results may, in this case, be entirely to his satisfaction.

Read this Carefully.

We make one more appeal to those subscribers who have been taking the REVIEW from the time it first started up to the present, but who have not yet paid us a cent on their subscriptions, to kindly let us hear from them or we shall be obliged to adopt some more forcible manner of commanding their attention. We think we have waited quite long enough on some of them,—in fact, as long as we intend to, and all accounts of the above nature not settled during the next few weeks will be placed in Court, and the names struck off our books. At the same time we shall prepare a list of names of all those whose evident intention it is to "deadbeat" us out of our money, and publish them in the REVIEW, together with the amount of their indebtedness and post office address, so that their more honest neighbors may estimate them at their true value. We have not insisted on having subscriptions paid in advance, but we can not afford to furnish the paper two and three years in succession without some remuneration.

MAYNOOTH ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The farmers are busily engaged with the harvest, although the weather for the past week has been most unfavorable for their operations: so our streets present a Sabbath-like appearance.

Mr. E. Bennett is building a splendid store, dwelling, and granary, and when finished will be an ornament to the village.

On the evening of the 5th inst., between six and seven o'clock, the residence of H. Zeamon Cassel was entered by some unknown person, two trunks and a cash box broken open, but as they did not contain any money the thief departed without taking anything, he being on the "cash system," evidently. Mr. Cassel is rather unfortunate in this respect, it being the third time, the two former robberies causing him considerable loss.

Mr. Mackintosh is now going his rounds. This gentleman is evidently attending to his profession, as will be seen by the progress made in the schools in North Hastings.

It is rumored that the Victoria Railway Company contemplate extending their line eastward through here, provided the municipalities give sufficient bonuses. These would be given willingly by a large majority of the ratepayers, so that ere long we may expect to hear the snorting of the iron horse.

COM.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Your remarks on the stupid indifference of some School Trustees are well-timed and proper. Will you now do something to infuse a little more rapidity of movement into some Township Treasurers. The Legislative Grant is payable in July. In several township teachers have not been able to get their cheques cashed yet, owing to the slowness, ignorance, or indifference of the Treasurers. I have a specimen of the business composition of one of these gentlemen which would startle Dr. Eyerson. If I cannot get my grant soon I may publish it *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*.

PEDAGOGUE.

Hastings Road, Sept., 1879.

Bancroft Post Office.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Fiat Lux" informs your readers that he is "sorry to hear that the post office of this place (York River) is henceforth to be called "Bancroft," a change which nobody can say was wanted." Somebody must have wanted a change, and somebody was myself.

It could hardly be expected that the village which has sprung up at York River should retain that name, and I therefore have had the village named Bancroft, and in doing so also got the name of the post office changed to Bancroft so as not to have an antagonism of names. I was not aware that "Fiat Lux" had any objection, or that any other person could object to a change in the name.

The name having been given by the directions of the Department, it is too late for me to change it, but if "Fiat Lux" will drop me a postal card or private letter, giving me his real name and place of residence, I will promise to make no more changes without first consulting him.

BILL & FLINT.

Belleville, Sept. 15, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

This Space Will be Occupied

BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to

A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,

or to the undersigned proprietor,

JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.

Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Hungerford. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GERAL,
104 York River P. O.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Geram & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's Work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Calcomnia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 16, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ROSEBUD.

O little maid in your rosebud-bower,
Dreaming of growing old,
Wishing youth always would linger, a flower
Never in haste to unfold;
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head,
Growing old is nothing to dread.

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,
See how its dry boughs shoot!
The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade;
But youth is a living root.
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,
Ready at beckon of spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek—
Glory of earth and sky—
When the rosebud-streak fades out of your cheek
And the dewy gleam from your eye;
Deeper and wider must life take root;
Bolder and higher must glow its fruit.

O little maid, be never afraid
That youth from your heart will go—
Reach forth unto heaven, through showers and shade!
We are always young while we grow.
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath!
For love keeps the spirit from age and death.

—*Lucy Larcom in St. Nicholas for September.*

COMIC BUDGET.

—If a man is color blind it doesn't matter whether he marries a blonde or a brunette.

—A religious exchange says poetically that Adam and Eve began in spring and ended with early summer.

—"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No, Augustus, I won't," replied she; "I'm no gas meter."

—The New Orleans *Picayune* is of the solid opinion that "the world revolves on its own axis because there is nothing else for it to revolve on."

—Those tie-back dresses didn't take enough cloth to satisfy manufacturers and retail dealers, and so they have clubbed together and brought hoops into fashion again.

—If you have wronged a man don't hesitate to go to him and ask his forgiveness. If any one wrongs you, lick him if you can, and then wait for him to ask your forgiveness.

The apples now begin to fall
Upon the dewy grass,
And start upon a pilgrimage
With the boys who chance to pass
In that direction.

—A mudturtle can neither fly, sing, gallop, laugh, cry or go blackberrying, and yet if they are let alone they get along just as well as the young man who tries to be funny at a lawn party.

—No man can stilt himself up, or seek applause on account of friends in high places, or loud praise. If he belongs to the front he will get there in time, and will remain there when he does arrive.

—Chicago *Tribune*: "Mr. Talmage has been preaching on the 'Strength of Samson.' Mr. Samson was indeed a powerful man, but Mr. Talmage himself is pretty handy with the jaw-bone of an ass.

THE BUSY CHINESE BEE.

How belly smally chis-chin bug
Limpiove ebly sixty minit alle time,
Go pickee-up sting bug juice alle day,
Alle hin' places loan flowers just got busted.

—Boston "culchaw" is quite excited over the report that in New York they know of a Boston man who broke off his marriage with a young lady because she spelt hugging with one g.

—Respectfully dedicated to Constable Marsh, the St. Catharines dog-killer:

"I am called little gutter pup,
Poor little gutter pup,
Though I could never tell why;
Still I'm a gutter pup,
And their nets scoop me up,
When the dog catchers play at hi-spy."

—Here is a conundrum from *Puck* which contains a wicked slander: "When a woman carefully slides out of bed in the dead of night, and by the pale light of the moon goes through her husband's pockets, why does she always take the small change and leave the bills? Answer—Because she doesn't."

—A poetical smoker—the late Lord Lytton, if we mistake not—gives utterance to the following in praise of his "balmy inspirer:"

The pungent nose-refreshing weed!
Which, whether pulverized it gain,
A speedy access to the brain,
Or whether, touched with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine.

—They said clever things some twenty years ago, and a chronicler of the time of Palmerston gives a fair instance of the following *bon mot*: Lord Palmerston, in a moment of excessive admiration, exclaimed, with undiplomatic reserve, to the Duchess of ——: "Your Grace, your beauty really kills time." "Not so," sighed the Duchess, after a thoughtful pause; "on the contrary, time kills my beauty."

—"The blossoms fall, the pretty spring-flowers die,
The first fair grass is ready for the mowing;
The grub has swallowed up the butterfly,
And everything that isn't gone is going!"

The mellow apples cluster on the bough;
The bees are hard at work, instead of humming;
The grain is up, where lately ran the plow,
And everything that hasn't come is coming.

—A sweet little miss of three who had monopolized all the compliments for beauty in the family circle since her birth, was recently asked: "Is your new baby brother handsome?" There was a momentary juvenile confusion from jealousy, and with flushed face and a curled lip, she replied: "No, I don't think he is handsome, but he is real nice, though."

—The excited state of feeling in Toronto, incident to the local exhibition and the presence of the Marquis and Princess, has found expression in poetry, as follows:

Our city leaps for joy to-day,
And welcomes here the Lord of Lorne;
To him our loyalty we pay,
And she—who to the manner born
Receives our homage as her right;
We welcome her—The Princess Fair!
And pray Heaven's smiles may on them light,
And bless them with a Son and Heir!

—The friends of a missing English girl, who is thought to have fled to America, advertise that she may be identified by a "cross tattooed on her right leg." This is all very well, but as this is not the country where ladies merely attire themselves in straw hats and green silk umbrellas, how is the cross going to be discovered?

—Adolphe: Yes; we think if you could secure a room in the region of the Court House three of you might figure in the same scent at the reception. But you should be particular to change the bouquet for each occasion. The one sunflower will not do for all three.

—Here is a terrible fact for husbands to reflect upon:

Says Gilles, "My wife and I are two,
Yet, faith, I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true,
She's one, and you're a cipher."

—If you have no enemies you may be sure that you are not of much account, and that even your friends cannot be depended on:—

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to-day,
But who knows when he'll end?

—The punctual paterfamilias is not so regular at supper as his spouse would like, and as he has been wont to be. The reason is that oysters are "in" and he is, therefore, often "out." We don't blame him if he goes to the Temperance dining rooms, where the bivalves are served in an unrivaled style.

—Now in the forest lone and dim
The leaves are falling one by one;
The robin's plaintive summer hymn
For '79 is almost done;
The tender color of the skies
Can tuneful souls to rapture melt,
While George Adolphus Henry Snooks
Gets out his hat of ashen felt.

—Don't remain in ignorance for the want of asking. If you don't know why a bar-tender fills your lemonade glass four-fifths full of pounded ice ask him and he will tell you that he does it because ice, which can be used over and over again, is cheaper than lemons and sugar.

MENTAL CURES OF PHYSICAL DISEASE.

The American young lady who believed that she had got a bristle of a tooth-brush fixed in her throat got worse and worse, though there was no bristle there, till she was persuaded by her doctor's ruse that he had extracted it, after which she recovered as rapidly. On the other hand there are very well attested cases, though none is quoted by the writer, in which mere fright, directed to the expected suffering of a diseased part, has caused a powerful but salutary revolution in the condition of the diseased organ. Dr. Carpenter—if we mistake not—in his "Mental Physiology," gives a case of the complete absorption of some very dangerous tumor in a few hours, under the influence of mere terror at the prospect of the pain of the surgical operation—it was before the days of chloroform—which had been determined on to remove it. Here was a case where attention—and attention of no hopeful kind—produced the very opposite effect to that which, in the American young lady's case attention of the despondent kind had produced—the very same effect, indeed, which a remission of attention, when accompanied by the hope of cure, had in that case produced.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

Interesting Details Connected With Their Divorce

The Facts as Republished in the Paris Journals—Narrative of the Officer Who Was on Duty at the Palace—A Heart-rending Scene.

(Paris Correspondence.)

The proposition made a few weeks ago by M. Moquet in the French Chambers for the restoration of the divorce law in France suggested to the Paris *Figaro* the idea of republishing some interesting details on the divorce of Napoleon I and Josephine, as recorded by M. Bausset, Chamberlain of the great Emperor. The idea of obtaining a divorce from his wife did not present itself suddenly to the mind of the Emperor. After her husband's return from his Egyptian expedition Mme. Bonaparte heard one or two parties speaking of the separation. Still later the project of the divorce was confidentially discussed between the Pope and Emperor. While Napoleon was in Spain the Empress was advised of it by Fouche. The Emperor also, upon his return from his Austrian campaign, discussed the subject with Cambaceres. The project, therefore, of the divorce existed for some time in the mind of the sovereign before it was accomplished in 1809. After his return from Austria, Napoleon showed unmistakable signs of coolness toward the Empress. He even gave orders that the door by which communication was made between his apartments and those of Josephine, at the Palace of Fontainebleau, be closed. At the time of her divorce the Princess was about forty-six years of age, while Napoleon was only forty.

"I was on military duty at the Tuileries since Monday, the 27th of November," says M. Bausset. "On that day, as well as on the following Tuesday and Wednesday, I remarked an astonishing change in the behavior of the Empress, and a studied silence on the part of Napoleon. If during the dinner he broke the silence, it was only to ask me some few questions which required no answer. On those days the dinner did not last more than ten minutes. The storm broke out on Thursday, the 30th of November. Their Majesties took their seats at the dinner table. Josephine wore a light blue silk garment, hung rather loosely on her beautiful form; and a large white bonnet, tied with blue ribbons under her chin, secreted the upper part of her face. I could easily perceive, however, from the redness of her eyes that she must have been crying before she came to the table, and that she was making a strong effort to calm her agitation. Her face bore unmistakable signs of unhappiness and despair. The only words which were spoken during the dinner were those which Napoleon addressed to me—'How is the weather?' After addressing me this question he arose from the table, Josephine followed him tardily. Coffee was then served, and Napoleon himself took his cup from the hands of the servant, in the meantime making a signal to me that he desired to be left alone.

"I arose from my seat and left the room immediately, feeling worried and immersed in unhappy thoughts. I took a seat in the next room, which was formerly used as a dining room for their Majesties. No sooner was I seated than I heard violent cries coming out of the room in which I had left the Emperor with Josephine. They were those of the Empress. The doorkeeper of the dining room, believing that she was taken sick, hastened to open the door, but I prevented him, remarking that if there was any assistance needed the Emperor would call for it. I scarcely had pronounced the last word when Napoleon opened the door himself, and seeing me, said: 'Come in Bausset, and close the door behind you.' I entered the room, in which I saw the Empress lying down on the floor, crying loudly and bitterly, 'No, I shall not survive this,' said the unfortunate woman. Napoleon then said to me: 'Are you strong enough to lift up Josephine and carry her to her room through the inside staircase, which communicates with her apartments, that she may be taken care of while in her present condition?'

"I obeyed, and raised the Princess, who, I thought, was suffering from some nervous attack. With Napoleon's assistance, I carried her in my arms, and he himself, having taken a candle from the table in order to light the way, opened the door of the parlor leading to the small staircase of which he had spoken. Having reached the first step of the staircase, I remarked to Napoleon that it was too narrow, and almost impossible for me to descend it without running the risk of falling. He therefore called the keeper of his private office, which was situated near where we stood, handed over to him the candle and ordered him to go ahead. Then he took gently Josephine's legs in order to help me to descend more easily; but at this moment, my sword being caught in the banisters, we came very near falling down. Finally we reached our destination safely and laid our precious load on a divan in the Empress' sleeping chamber. The Emperor now sent for the ladies of the palace to come to the assistance of the Empress. While I was carrying the Empress down stairs her back rested on my breast and her head on my right shoulder. The Empress, noticing the efforts which I made to save myself from falling, uttered the following few words, in a low voice: 'You are too strong for me.' I saw then that there was nothing to fear about her health, and that she had not lost her consciousness even for a moment.

"During all this scene my mind was absorbed in Josephine. When the ladies of the palace arrived, Napoleon went into another room, adjoining his sleeping room, and I soon followed him. A strong grief was marked on his manly countenance, and a silent horror seemed to have frozen his power of speech. He made no answer when he saw me, but a flood of tears relieved the overpowering load of grief that oppressed his bosom. He then explained to me the cause of the whole scene which had taken place, in the following words:

"The interests of France and of my dynasty have revolutionized my heart * * * The divorce has become a harsh duty upon me. * * * I am still more grieved by the present condition of Josephine, who has been informed by Hortense * * * of the cruel obligation which condemns me to separate from her for ever. * * * I pity her with all my heart. I thought she possessed more fortitude * * * and I was not prepared to witness such scenes of sorrow.'

"Indeed, he was so much overcome by emotion that in every phrase he pronounced he was obliged to make a long pause in order to breathe. The words escaped his mouth with pain, his voice was very heavy and oppressed, and his eyes were full of tears. The whole scene did not last more than seven minutes. Napoleon then sent for Corvisart, the Queen, Hortense, Cambaceres, Fouche, and, before going upstairs, he went himself to inquire after Josephine's condition whom he found resting more easily and resigned to her fate."

DEGENERATE MANNERS.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The "old school of manners has fallen into disrepute. Sir Charles Grandison is a comical rather than a courtly figure to this generation; and the man whose manners may be described as Grandisonian is usually called a pompous and grandiloquent old prig. Certainly the elaborately dressed gentleman speaking to a lady only with polished courtesy of phrase, and avoiding in her presence all coarse words and acts, handing her in the minuet with inexpressible grace and deference, and showing an exquisite homage in every motion, was a very different figure from the gentleman in a shooting-jacket or morning sack "chaffing" a lady with the freshest slang, and smoking in her face. They are undeniably different, and the later figure is wholly free from Grandisonian elegance and elaboration. But is he much more truly a gentleman? Is he our Sidney, our Chevalier Bayard, our Admirable Crichton? Is that refined consideration and gentle deference, which is the flower of courtesy, an old-fashioned folly? We can spare some elaboration of form, but we cannot safely spare the substance of refined deference. If Romeo be permitted to treat Juliet as hostlers are supposed to treat bar-maids, and as the heroes of Fielding and Smollett treat Abigails upon a journey, they will both lose self-respect and mutual respect. It was a wise father who said to his son, "Beware of the women who allows you to kiss her." The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard the substance. And there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might be well cited as a striking illustration of the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public places, whether driving or walking, or sailing, or sitting. There are *preux chevaliers* who would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with a lady on a hotel piazza, or strolling on a public park, whip out a cigarette, light it, and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes alone upon the deck of a steamer, where throngs of ladies are sitting, and blows clouds of tobacco smoke in their faces, without even remarking that tobacco is disagreeable to some people. This is not, indeed, one of the seven deadly sins, but a man who unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music, and the man who smokes in this way shows that he is not quite a gentleman.

But some ladies smoke? Yes, and some ladies drink liquor. Does that mend the matter? The Easy Chair has seen a lady at the head of her own table smoking a fine cigar. You will see a great many highly dressed women in Paris smoking cigarettes. Does all this change the situation? Does this make it more gentlemanly to smoke with a lady beside you in a carriage, or or upon a bench on the piazza? But some ladies like the odor of a cigar? Not many: and the taste of those who sincerely do so can not justify the habit of promiscuous puffing in their presence. The intimacy of domesticity is governed by other rules; but a gentleman smoking would hardly enter his own drawing room, where other ladies sat with his wife, without a word of apology. The Easy Chair is no King James, and is more likely to issue blasts of tobacco than blasts against it. But King James belonged to a very selfish sex—a sex which seems often to suppose that its indulgences and habits are to be tenderly tolerated, for no other reason than that they are its habits. Therefore the young woman must defend herself by showing plainly that she prohibits the intrusion of which, if suffered, she is really the victim. In other times the Easy Chair has seen the lovely Laura Matilda unwilling to refuse to dance with the partner who had bespoken her hand for the German, although when he presented himself he was plainly flown with wine. The Easy Chair has seen the hapless, foolish maid encircled by those Bacchic arms, and then a headlong whirl and dash down the room, ending in the promiscuous overthrow and downfall of maid, Bacchus and musicians.

If in the Grandisonian day the morals were wanting, it was something to have the manners. They at least were to the imagination a memory and a prophecy. They recalled the idyllic age when fine manners expressed fine feelings, and they foretold the return of Astræa to her ancient haunts. Here is young Adonis dreaming of a four-in-hand and a yacht, like any other gentleman. Let us hope that he knows the test of the gentleman not to be the ownership of blood horses and a unique drag, but perfect courtesy founded upon fine human feeling—that rare and indescribable gentleness and consideration which rests upon manner as lightly as the bloom upon a fruit. It may be imitated, as gold and diamonds are. But no counterfeit can harm it; and, Adonis, it is incompatible with smoking in a lady's face, even if she acquiesces.—*Harper's Magazine.*

MR. O'KEEFE'S OPERATIONS.

[Saskatchewan Herald, July 28.]

Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. L. E. Clark, and Mr. Smith, with a party of eight men, arrived at Carlton on the 16th inst. He has been sent out by the Dominion Government to explore the region on the north side of the Saskatchewan, between Pelican Lake and Isle a la Crosse, then following the 55th parallel eastward across the country to Cumberland via Lac la Ronge; thence up the Saskatchewan to Fort la Corne, from which place he will return home. This tour covers a district taking in three degrees of latitude and five of longitude, and the country is generally supposed to consist of alternate sections of spruce forest and muskeg.

Fortunately for Mr. O'Keefe and his party the officers of the Hudson Bay Company were assembled in Council at Carlton when he arrived there, and through Mr. Clarke of Carlton House he was placed in communication with gentlemen who had a thorough knowledge of what was to him a *terra incognita*, and from them he received a great deal of valuable information.

First he learned of the utter impracticability of attempting to use carts to traverse the country he had come to examine. It would be impossible to explore the country between Isle a la Crosse and Lac la Ronge, or from Cumberland to Pelican Lake, until the innumerable muskegs and lakelets that lie between those points were frozen, as horses could not be used to make the journey, nor could sufficient food or pasture be found for them on the route. Dogs alone could be used, and even with them depots of provisions would have to be made at easy distances along the line of travel.

After mature consideration of all the circumstances Mr. O'Keefe decided to divide his party. He will take the bulk of his men with him and proceed to explore the country in a direct line to Pelican Lake; he will then cross country in as direct a line as possible to Fort la Corne; then descend the Saskatchewan by water to Cumberland House, and there await further instructions from the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa.

Mr. Clarke will break off from his party at Pelican Lake, proceed across the country to Green Lake; thence, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, he will proceed down Beaver River to Isle a la Crosse, and at that station will be furnished with a boat and go by the usual Hudson's Bay Company's route to Cumberland, making excursions into the interior from the banks of the rivers and lakes along the route, as he may deem advisable and find practicable.

Mr. Clarke will report to Mr. O'Keefe at Cumberland, and on the nature of the information gathered on the trips their future movements will be governed, after receiving further instructions from Ottawa.

Chief Commissioner Grahame took down letters for the Government, and undertook to send them on to Ottawa by special messenger. Mr. O'Keefe will then probably receive instructions to adopt what means may be necessary to make a thorough exploration of the country during the winter. It is of great importance that something definite should be ascertained about this region, for although what is now known about it seems to preclude the construction of the railway through it, it may be that its forests of tamarack and spruce pine will prove valuable in and after the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The party left their carts at Carlton House, where they were furnished with pack saddles and generally fitted up for their arduous work.

NEW RAILROAD LINE

(From the Chicago Tribune, Sept. 6.)

It is understood that an agreement was made yesterday between the Grand Trunk Railway Company and Mr. Vanderbilt for the purchase by the former of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, the "missing link" between Flint and Lansing, which Mr. Vanderbilt obtained possession of some time ago, and which he now sells to the Grand Trunk. The contract has not yet been reduced to writing in legal phraseology, but its terms are absolutely settled, and the formal transfer will take place certainly within a fortnight. The terms of the sale have not yet been divulged. This action will render the building of a line from Flint to Lansing by the Grand Trunk superfluous, and the bids that have been made in pursuance to an advertisement will not be considered. As soon as the link from Valparaiso to Thornton is completed, which will be on the 1st of November, the Grand Trunk will be liable to run through trains from Portland, Me., and Buffalo to Chicago over a continuous line of its own. No arrangements have yet been made to bring the Grand Trunk into the city from Twenty-sixth street, the present terminus of the Northwestern Branch Grand Trunk Railway (Chicago & State Line), but it is almost certain that it will come in over the Chicago and Western Indiana, if the latter secures the right of way from the Council. Should this road not be ready by the time the Grand Trunk is completed, the latter will probably come in over one of the already constructed roads, most likely the Illinois Central, which has signified its willingness to make an arrangement with this company. It is now settled beyond a doubt that the Grand Trunk will run regular trains into this city before Jan. 1, 1880.

ATTEMPTED TRAIN WRECKING.

Narrow Escape of a G. W. R. Train.

On Saturday night an attempt was made to wreck a train on the Great Western Railway, which, however, did not result as the cowardly miscreants anticipated. A tie was placed on the track about three miles east of Lewisville, near Chatham, the evident intention being to wreck the Pacific express west. The driver of the engine did not perceive the obstruction in time to stop the train before reaching it, and the result was that the pilot of the engine was broken in the concussion which took place. Fortunately no other damage was done, though had not the infernal tray been noticed in time there might have been serious loss of life. There is no clue as to the identity of the perpetrators of the outrage, but it is to be hoped that every means will be used to bring them to justice.

—The fire lighting jokes begin a little early this year. The Chicago *Tribune* pours on the kerosene as follows: "The Queen of Greece is a charming conversationalist; except, we suppose, when the King refuses to get up and build the fire."

CANADIAN FINANCES FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

The Glasgow *News* says:—It is satisfactory to observe that the financial crisis in Canada has passed over so soon, and that it has involved the suspicion of only three of of the thirty-nine banks which supply financial facilities to the Dominion. A much worse result might have been expected when it is remembered that this large number of banks is out of all proportion to a population of four millions. The disparity was pointed out in our columns some time ago, and, judging by the mail advices this view of the matter seems to have struck some of the shareholders in the Canadian banks. The result has been a resolution on the part of shareholders in the Stadacona Bank of Quebec to go into liquidation. This apparently extreme course has been adopted simply because it was believed that there were too many banks in Quebec, where the capital employed in that way is forty-five million dollars, against seventeen millions in Ontario, five millions in Nova Scotia, and three millions in New Brunswick. There is no mention of impaired resources, and it appears, indeed, that the capital of the bank is still intact. The concern is one of those which sprang into existence in 1874, when there was a kind of epidemic with respect to the starting of new banks. It appears singular that no one should have proposed amalgamation, but the question of absorption into a larger undertaking does not appear to have been considered. Many of the Canadian banks are very small institutions—so small, indeed, that out of the whole thirty-nine there are but half a dozen which boast capital over two millions of dollars. The disasters which have happened to the Consolidated, the Exchange, and the Ville Marie were, therefore, not wholly unaccountable. Many of these banks ought never to have been created, and in all probability they would not have existed had it not been for the peculiar line of policy adopted by the Bank of Montreal after the close of the American Civil War. Under these circumstances a greater commercial crisis might have been looked for, and the crisis has passed over so far with remarkable lightness and rapidity. One important lesson suggested by the recent events is that smaller banks, which will always be liable to danger, ought to strengthen their positions by amalgamating with larger and stronger institutions. Consolidation of this kind has been successfully adopted elsewhere, and it would probably answer very well in Canada.

THE BITER BITTEN.

The True Story of a Brass Brick.

Lesser Friedberg, with the assistance of his wife, runs a pawnshop in the city of Chicago. Recently a certain member of the fraternity whose natural and almost only market is the pawnshops, informed Friedberg that he knew some parties that had in their possession a "brick" the result of melting down of vast quantities of gold watch-cases, rings, chains, plate and other plunder, which they wanted to dispose of quietly. Friedberg's cupidity was aroused, but his informant refused to give the names of the parties till he had been paid $200 for his information. The pawnbroker immediately put himself in communication with the possessors of the supposed bullion. The brick weighed about 200 ounces, and was worth in bullion about $6,500. The sellers wanted $5,000 but finally consented to take $2,800. At the time appointed, Friedberg proceeded to the place of transfer with a bottle of fresh acid for testing and an auger brightened for the occasion. The owners of the brick had also a bottle in size, color and label corresponding with Friedberg's. The latter poured the acid on the brick, but the gold remained untarnished. With his auger he brought gold from the interior, but that also stood the test. To prove his acid, he poured some on the auger and the baseness of its metal was at once revealed. Friedburg was satisfied, paid down $2,800 in currency, for which he had sold to that amount four per cent bonds to obtain, and took his brick home. For twenty-four hours he was exultant, anticipating a net profit from the transaction of $3,500. To make assurance doubly sure he proceeded to renew the tests, and beheld with rage and consternation that the metal tarnished at every application of the acid. It was, in fact, a lump of brass, and the sellers had substituted their bottle containing water, when he was testing the brick, and returned his own when he proceeded to try the auger.

THE TIMBER AREA OF CANADA.

Lord Carnarvon, while Secretary of State, called for information from the colonies as to their timber supply. During the five years ending 1876, Canada sent England about $125,000,000 worth of timber. In Nova Scotia, the approximate amount of timber-producing land was, in 1872, computed at 9,000,000 acres; in Ontario, 30,600 square miles; in Quebec, 73,711,114 acres; New Brunswick, 6,000,000 acres. In British Columbia about 110,000,000 acres are covered with timber. Newfoundland, too, is densely wooded, but forest fires have there, as also to a considerable degree in Canada, made serious inroads. In Natal, Africa, the Crown forests have for some time been suffering so seriously from the depredations of the natives, that the Surveyor-General has absolutely prohibited the use of forest lands for the cultivation of crops. It is computed that Cape Colony has between 500 and 600 square miles of forest. Between 1868 and 1878, British Honduras sent 34,000,000 fee mahogany. In Victoria, Australia, timber is diminishing far too rapidly, and in Western Australia the Governor thinks that steps must be taken to arrest destruction. In Queensland an annual license fee is exacted from wood cutters, and an officer has been appointed to report on the public timber-producing lands, with a view to their conservation. Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) has about 8,000,000 acres under timber, of which about 1,000,000 are in private hands. In Ceylon steps were some time since taken to arrest reckless destruction. In Queensland and South Australia the clearing of the forests has produced no effect whatever on the rainfall. In St. Helena, on the other hand, where the destruction of the trees shortly after colonization of the island was followed by a succession of severe and destructive droughts, now that the forests have been allowed to grow again, there has been much less trouble on that score. The climate of Jamaica is reported much dryer of late years in the south side of the island, where the greatest clearances have been made.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

The Troubles an Infatuated Burford Youth Has Got Into.

There is a very interesting case now receiving the attention of the Brantford authorities, the details of which illustrate the troubles which evil-disposed women often make for those of the opposite sex who are blind enough to become infatuated with them. Bedford Groom, a resident of Burford township was arrested a few days ago on a charge of forging the name of H. G. Townsend to a note of hand for $50, and attempting to utter the same. The young man had formerly borne a good character and the greatest surprise was manifested by those who knew him when the news got abroad that he had committed the crime of forgery. Soon it appeared that there was a woman in the case, a Mrs. French, and now it is broadly charged that though there is no direct evidence to convict her, it is morally certain she is the greater criminal. On Thursday Groom was arraigned before Police Magistrate Wayms, of Brantford, when he pleaded "Guilty" and was fully committed for trial at the next court of competent jurisdiction. Meantime there is considerable indignation against Mrs. French for the part she has played. The opinion having been suggested to Groom that had he never met Mrs. French he would not now have been in the trouble he was, he replied "that's so; she's been the cause of this." Some letters which she wrote to the prisoner have also come to light, which are the reverse of creditable to her. In one passage she congratulates her "darling" that they have not been so guilty as was King David, who killed the husband to obtain the wife. The margin of one letter is filled with miniature crosses, indicating kisses, and she constantly upbraided her "pet" with coldness. She speaks of wandering in the cellar and attic in hopes of meeting her "hubby," and of watching the secret post office—a crevice in the fence—all night for a loving epistle that was so long in coming. The result of all this will probably be that Groom will spend a lengthened period in prison, while Mrs. French will remain free to exercise her talents on new subjects.

"Dress is to woman what mind is to man," is the newest theory. She expresses her feelings by her costumes as he does by written or spoken speech.

—A five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you are big enough to get a lickin' and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

CANADA AND THE FARMERS.

(From the Liverpool Courier.)

The Canadian Government thinks that British agricultural difficulties provide the Dominion with a new opportunity for pushing a scheme of self-development. There is much difference of opinion in England as to the extent and cause of the depression which has provoked so much gloom among the farmers, and so many sympathetic reductions of rent from the landowners. A Royal Commission has been appointed in the hope that some light will thus be thrown upon the matter, or that the agricultural mind may be eased by enquiry if no other advantage be gained. But though there may be uncertainty about the removability of the causes which have induced the depression, there is no doubt that farmers are and have long been suffering from hard times. They complain of high rents, excessive taxation and foreign competition, and some of them declare that the latter is the cause of all the mischief, and that the abolition of rents and taxes altogether would not enable them to square their accounts, so serious has been the effect of bad harvests and great foreign imports. When the Earl of Derby lectured the Lancashire farmers in the Liverpool Town Hall he reminded them that tenant farmers who thought they were ill-used by landlords had the remedy in their own hands, and more than hinted that those who could not compete with foreign and colonial producers might themselves become foreign or colonial agriculturalists by migrating to other pastures. The Canadians have been doing their best to foster the idea of farmers emigrating to some of the vast tracts of land still unoccupied in British North America, and certain of the Atlantic steamship companies have given a stimulus to the movement by offering such emigrants exceptionally reasonable terms. One company volunteered to provide suitable settlers with land, house, agricultural implements, and live stock besides a free passage to the new home, for £200.

We are not aware to what extent these offers have promoted the emigration of British farmers, but imagine that it must have been considerable. The Dominion Government have now placed a limit of time with respect to these allotments through the steamship companies, and the period yet remaining during which intended settlers can obtain land in this way is only short. The Government of Sir John Macdonald shall have hit upon a new method of attracting the notice of English farmers to the advantages offered by Canadian farms. Mr. Dyke, the Dominion Government agent in Liverpool, has just received instructions from the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, to place himself in communication with the agricultural classes in this country, with the object of serving the cause of emigration. Mr. Dyke is to offer to the delegate of any reasonable number—say twenty-five—of suitable farmers contemplating emigration a free passage to the Dominion and facilities for acquiring full information as to the prospects of agricultural enterprise in that part of the British Empire. There is an obvious difficulty in the task imposed upon Mr. Dyke, though he may discover some way of bridging it. How is he to communicate with farmers in such a way as to secure the appointment of delegates? The selection of delegates implies a previous conference, and it is not too much to say that farmers will be very careful how they mix themselves up with any undertaking which is likely to affect the interests of landlords. All great owners of the soil do not view the question from the same standpoint as Lord Derby, and some of them would not see with unconcern a diminution in the number of competitors for farms. In some districts the rents of farms have been run up to quite "fancy figures." With the extension of the agricultural exodus this condition would soon change, and rents would of necessary drop down to an amount which would leave a margin of profit for the cultivator. Thus emigration would benefit those left behind, whatever the fortune that befel those seeking improved prospects in the new Dominion.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES.

Discovery in a Tramp's Lodging-House in Boston of a Lad Stolen from his Parents Ten Years ago—His Career as a Circus Performer—A Fortune awaiting him in England.

[Boston Sunday Herald.

In 1869 there disappeared from the city of London a boy of 4 years, named Harry Gilbert Stratton. Since that time until yesterday the whereabouts of himself and his only sister has been unknown, although for the last nine years persistent search has been made for the children, both in Europe and America, the British consul general at New York having been deeply interested in the case. It should be stated that the children fell heirs, nine years, ago, by the death of their parents, to a considerable property in London. Harry was found in a tramps' lodging house in this city yesterday, and told a reporter his story, which is that he was kidnapped by one D'Atalie, a noted circus performer, who died a short time since. He was brought by D'Atalie to this country, and, although but 5 years old, subjected to a fiendish system of training for the profession of a contortionist. The inhuman trainer began by bending his tender back over his (the trainer's) knees to make it supple, and interrupted his experiments only to flog the poor child for not yielding readily enough. Among other courses to which Harry was subjected was being hoisted high in the air by his teeth, and whirled around at the end of a strap. He naturally became proficient, and travelled several seasons with Barnum and other circus proprietors. He will doubtless be remembered by many as the boy who used to stand on a cannon held by a woman. The woman was D'Atalie's wife, and is now married to a man named Austin. One day Harry made a break and secured his freedom, since which time he has been on the tramp in the middle and eastern states. He is a very bright lad, and is overjoyed at finding that some one had an interest in him. He states that his sister lived, at last advices, at Upper Kensington, London. To-day he was given in charge of the British consul general, and will at once be sent to England to claim his new-found position among civilized beings.

EMIGRATION FROM ENGLAND.

(New York Tribune.)

The emigration from England to the United States, predicted for this fall, has already begun. Our latest advices state that a large body of farmers are assembled in Manchester ready to start. They are not entirely penniless, having capitals of $2,000 to $3,000. Their intention is to colonize, if possible, together, and, as they are from Yorkshire, there is little doubt that they will keep up English habits, prejudices and dialect for a generation or two. *Iron*, a scientific English journal, states that the whole mining population are turning their eyes to America and Australia. Mr. Bryson, President of the Northumberland Miners' Association, urged all the unemployed laborers to give up the struggle at once and forever in Old England, and to emigrate. Three hundred men of the Bradford Iron and Machine Works are on their way now to Philadelphia, where employment is promised them. A cutlery firm in Sheffield with all its capital and full staff of workmen is moving bodily to this country. *Iron* indulges in a woeful lamentation over these signs of a general movement, stating that "it is the best and most trustworthy workmen who have hived off first." It is to be hoped that this influx of capital and labor will "hive on the open spaces of this country and go to work promptly, and not settle down idly into the large cities. We have as much as we can do now to control our own unemployed laborers, skilled or unskilled, during the winter, without the addition of the truculent British workmen.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

The new Cunard Line steamer "Gallia," which arrived at New York on Tuesday, had an exceedingly large cabin passenger list, and amongst the number many distinguished persons. During the voyage out one of the sailors was stricken with paralysis while aloft, and held on to the rigging with one hand until his comrades came to his relief. The wonder was that he did not fall to the deck and receive fatal injuries. He, however, will be disabled for some time to come. Mr. George B. Sippi, of London, suggested to his fellow-passenger, Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), the propriety of giving an entertainment, of a musical and literary character, previous to leaving the ship, for the unfortunate man, and Mr. Clemens cordially approved and seconded Mr. Sippi's suggestion of making up a purse for him. The entertainment was given on Monday night, and proved a great treat. Mr. Sippi directed the musical portion of the programme, and Mr. Clemens the literary, and an exceedingly enjoyable evening was spent by all. Amongst those present were Lord Caledon, the Earl of Dunraven, F. Gottschalk, Rev. Henry Helland, Lord Rodney, F. E. Huxley, Professor Johnson, Professor Poland, H. W. Brethour, of Brantford, Thos. Beattie, of London, and numerous others. The sum of £55 was collected for the disabled sailor through the humane efforts of Mr. Sippi and Mr. Clemens. It was a graceful act. Mark read during the course of the evening his original sketch of "How it feels to be interviewed," which provoked uproarious laughter.

DIED FOR LOVE OF HIM.

A Young Widow Shoots Herself Because of Unrequited Love.

A few days ago Mrs. Viola Mercer, a young widow, committed suicide at Castleton. She went insane through her love for Francis E. McKyes, who refused to accept her tender regards. At the inquest McKyes told the following story: I saw Viola Mercer yesterday about noon, before I left the store; I had held some conversation with her over the counter; began to see that I had been somewhat imprudent, and concluded to put a stop to it, as she was following me continually, and on Friday last I told her that I wished she would keep away as I did not want her there; that she might as well look at matters as she ought to; I never held out any encouragement to her, and in anything that has transpired between us there was never anything criminal in any one instance; this has been going on for some years; about a year ago I told some of my friends the circumstances of Mrs. Mercer following me in the way she did; about one year ago Mrs. Mercer met me in Toronto; she intimated something about going to Toronto; I told her not to think of such a thing; did not know that she was actually going; she asked me if I would meet her at the Union Station, in Toronto; I told her I would not; on that night I did not go to the station; did not suppose she would carry out her purpose; if I had thought she would come I would not have gone to the station to meet her; she has told me she would make away with herself if I did not treat her in a friendly and kind manner; she never seemed to wish for anything else; I had my own opinion of her desires; she asked me what I was going to do when she met me in Toronto; I made no reply, but stood thinking the matter over, and was more convinced than ever that she was deranged; before I made a reply she spoke again, said something about not going home until she got some satisfactory answer; I infer from that she meant whether I was to spurn her or to be intimate with her; said she was not going to live that way any longer—that she could not stand it any longer; said she would give me a day to think the matter over; I asked where she was stopping, she said at St. James' Hotel; I told her to go back to the hotel and I would probably come there towards evening and have an interview with her; I went down about tea time; I met her over the ladies' sitting-room; I was there perhaps half an hour; I induced her to come home next morning; told her I would give her my decision when I came home; I talked kindly and patiently, and reasoned the matter with her, and got her calm; I left her and did not see her again until I got home; a short time after I made up my mind to repudiate her altogether, as she became so troublesome; I made up my mind to have her sent to the asylum as a lunatic or dangerous person; I intended to do that if my refusal increased the difficulty any, and I ordered her out of the store, and told her never to come there again; she seemed to keep away from the store, for four or five months, but her aunt told me she was unmanageable at home; in order to quiet matters and get rid of her, her aunt induced her to go to Detroit—in fact I believe she was willing to go herself; after she came back she remained away from the store for two or three months; heard very little of her; I thought that perhaps she was getting rational and sensible in the matter; she again became troublesome at the store, and at that time she attempted to commit suicide; last fall I had written her a letter asking her to try and be sensible, which I think was the cause of her attempt to commit suicide; I wrote her a letter yesterday morning by request of her aunt, the import of which was whether she was to kill herself or I was to allow her to live by being friendly to her; I made a copy of the letter as near as I could recollect; Mrs. Mercer made no direct threats while in the store yesterday morning; did not see her have any weapon of any kind.

The jury, after some deliberation, returned the following verdict:—

We the undersigned jurors, empanelled to enquire into the cause of the death of Mrs. Viola Mercer, do find that the said Viola Mercer came to her death by discharging a revolver in her own hand in the store of F. E. McKyes, Castleton, on Monday, the 8th day of Sept., one ball passing through the heart, the other through the postum of the left lung, while in a state of melancholy derangement, having professed great attachment to the said F. E. McKyes, who, it appears, continually disapproved of such attachment, and is therefore exonerated from any blame in the matter.

The following are copies of the letters which passed between the deceased and Mr. McKyes, reference to which is made in the evidence:—

1.—LETTER FROM MRS. MERCER TO MR. M'KYES.

My Room, Sept. 7, 1879.

Mr. F. E. McKyes.

My last letter to you said you had gone a little too far. Yesterday I went to you again so full of sorrow that I could not speak. You know what you said, if I make it and can help it, all right. I went to your mother to get in the house to end my life there. I came to you, and the sight of your dear face made me give you one chance more of saving me. Had you refused I should have bid you good-bye and stepped into the other shop, and you know what for.

I leave you with time, chance and providence, and I will never endure for another night what I did last night, if it is in my power to help it. Remember, I do not die for you; I die to get away from thinking and feeling for you. You have laughed at me, you know I cannot endure this.

I have got enough of you now, and enough of myself for desiring to see and caress you so much that I weep, weep, without ceasing.

I have never forgiven you for driving me mad, and never will.

(Signed), VIOLA MERCER.

2.—LETTER FROM MR. M'KYES TO MRS. MERCER.

You must be satisfied with merely my friendship, otherwise I shall withdraw even that from you. I don't intend to go near, it would only make you worse. Besides that, I do not intend to violate my sense of propriety often even to save your life.

We both expect to live many years.

Why don't you look into the long future and see how utterly unreasonable it is to expect me to ever be anything more than a mere acquaintance.

You must be satisfied with simply my good wishes.

(Signed), F. E. McKYES.

FIRE WITHOUT WOOD OR COAL.

A Perpetual and Economical Source of Fuel.

(London Athenæum.)

A correspondent has sent us a startling letter from Miss M. Betham Edwards, from which we give an extract: "I send you the particulars of a recent scientific invention, just patented, and destined, without doubt, to play a very important part in our economic history. I think it must be regarded as a solution, for once and for all, of the great coal question, or rather fuel question, not only among ourselves, but abroad. M. Bourbonnel, of Dijon, the celebrated lion and panther slayer, lighted upon the following discovery by hazard, and after six years persistent investigation, brought it to entire workable perfection. He discovered by means of two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire without wood or coal; a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished; a fire causing no dust, smoke or trouble; a fire costing one-tenth, at least, of ordinary fuel; and, what is more wonderful still, a fire, the portion of which answering to our fuel is everlasting, that is to say would last a lifetime. M. Bourbonnel's invention comprehends both stove and fuel. The fires could be on the minutest scale or on the largest. They would be used for heating a baby's food, or for roasting an ox. Being lighted instantaneously, they will be a great economy of time. M. Bourbonnel at once patented his invention, and a body of engineers and savants from Paris visited him, and pronounced his discovery one of the most remarkable of the age. He has had several offers for the purchase of the patent in France, but wants to sell it in England, his own occupation being in another line. Any English gentleman or firm wishing to see his fires or stoves could do so by writing to him a day or two beforehand. His address is M. Bourbonnel, Dijon. I have seen these fires and stoves. There is no mistake about the matter. It is as clear as possible that here we have a perpetual and economical source of fuel. Two hundred years ago the discovery would surely have been burnt as a wizard."

—A man sometimes parts his name in the middle for euphony and beauty. Even Jacob has a good effect on a card when placed as J. Cobb Smith.

CANADIAN NOTES.

Diphtheria of the worst type is said to be very prevalent in Granton, township of Biddulph. Mr. Harrigan lost six children by its ravages.

A few days ago a valuable horse owned by Mr. Charles Ferguson, 4th, con., Minto, had his leg broken while running in the pasture field. The animal had to be shot.

Mr. J. H. Gatling, who was murdered in North Carolina, was a brother of Mr. Gatling of Belleville, proprietor of the Gatling Gold Mine in North Hastings.

A short time since Mr. J. Hillhouse, of Clifford, had a very fine cow stolen from his yard.

The Brockville *Recorder* says: "We have decided after due deliberation not to publish any more fish stories. Parties interested will please take notice that the *gates* are closed."

Several new cases of small-pox have broken out at Mill Point. The contagion, however, is confined to the eastern portion of the village, where a house is being used temporarily as an hospital.

Albert College and Alexandra College, Belleville, reopened on Thursday.

A few days since Mr. J. Pickard, son of James Pickard, Esq., South Boundary, Blanshard, met with a painful accident by which he suffered the loss of one of his eyes. Young Pickard and another young man were walking through the orchard when Pickard's companion, who was in advance, pushed a limb of a tree out of his way. The limb, in springing back, struck young Pickard's upraised hand in which he held an open knife, causing it to enter the eye and totally destroy the sight.

Wallbridge's extensive flouring mill at Shannonville, which was burned a short time since, is rapidly approaching completion.

John Smith, an old vagrant from Waverley, was brought to Barrie jail recently by constable Bannister. The old man is insane and diseased, and wanders about the country making himself obnoxious to the farmers. He was committed by M.. Geo. Clarke, J. P.

The Muskoka Township Council having raised the assessment of several parties after the Roll was returned without appeals, in some cases as much as $1,000 and $1,800 having been added, proceedings are being taken to annul the roll, and some expensive litigation may be expected.

Seaforth has to raise $2,200 for public school purposes this year.

Melville church, Brussels, has given a call to Rev. John Ross, Toronto. Salary $900 and a manse.

Mr. H. W. C. Meyer, barrister, Wingham, was badly hurt the other day by being thrown from his buggy.

W. Cole, wagon maker, Londesborough, decamped last week, leaving a number of creditors behind him.

A by-law for the purpose of raising $8,000 for water works was carried in Wingham by a majority of 30 last week. Operations will commence at once.

The Paris *Manuscript* says:—During his recent visit to Manitoba Mr. Walter Markle, S. Dumfries, purchased, we learn, 1,120 acres of land. Messrs. James Anderson, S. Dumfries, and Wm. Alexander, Blenheim, have also purchased farms in the province. Mr. Markle gives a very favorable opinion of the country and reports crops very good, particularly wheat, oats and potatoes.

Whitby jail is full of prisoners.

There were 21 births, five marriages and 14 deaths in Brantford last month.

Information has been received of the killing of a Thorold man in Old Centre, Pa., by a falling tree.

A little boy named McDonald narrowly escaped being smothered in a wheat bin in Seaforth a few days ago.

Mrs. Stanley of Chesley, was thrown from a buggy when on her way to Paisley and had three of her ribs broken. The horse was frightened by some Gipsy wagons.

Last Sunday, while some workman were driving piles for a bridge across Big Creek three miles east of Onondaga, the pile-driver upset from a flat car and fell into the creek, drawing the car, along with the pile-driving engine with it. On the top of the driver was a young man named Andrew Mitchell, of Dunnville, who fell about 80 feet into the water below. Strange to say, his injuries are not very serious.

The Bobcaygeon *Independent*, which is probably the most extraordinary paper ever published, speaks in the following remarkable way about the Burgess case:—"The nigger minstrel embroglio remains unsettled. Burgess, 'Peterborough's favorite,' was in Toronto the other day, but skipped out again rather precipitately. The lady in the case, Mrs. Edna Burgess, has published a letter in a New York paper, in which she metaphorically waltzes all round the burnt cork artist, giving him a flip under the left ear, then a thump in the ribs, then a stinging smack on the right, then gracefully posing in front of him, gives him one straight from the shoulder, which sends him reeling backwards, and then by a most adroit movement straightens him up again with a regular old-fashioned Baxterian heave from behind. It's just splendid. Edna, darling, we love you."

Mr. D. Hanna, Cosmopolitan Hotel, Paisley, is building a small steamer to run on the Saugeen. Its dimensions are 40 ft. x 8, flat bottom, 6 horse power, will draw a little over a foot of water, and will accommodate 50 persons. Mr. Hanna intends to effect some change on the rapids, so as to give the boat a range of several miles on the river, both below and above Paisley. It will make its *debut* on the 29th inst., the day of inauguration of the agricultural show.

Collingwood *Enterprise*: "Mr. Thomas Garland, from Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, paid our town a short visit last week. Mr. Garland, who formerly resided here, speaks very highly of the country around his prairie home, and says business is prosperous. He has been down buying his fall stock.

The Cardwell *Sentinel* says: "There was quite an excitement last week not a thousand miles from here. Two brothers wanted the same girl in marriage. As this couldn't be arranged very conveniently each put in his best digs for victory. No. 1 succeeded; the day was set and the fiddler asked for the morrow; but that night white the fair (and false) one was in the yard getting up the geese, No. 2 came along, yanked her off to a neighboring minister, and was spliced instanter. And now No. 1 is the maddest man you ever saw.

THE FAR WEST.

Two ducks for a quarter at Selkirk.

The market fees in Winnipeg for the past month amount to $29.80.

Roderick Stevenson, of Headingly, a lunatic, was taken our to the penitentiary a few days ago.

Albert Drazier has raised a pumpkin weighing forty pounds. The seeds, which cost 25c apiece, were planted on the 1st of June, so that some pretty tall growing was done in the meantime.

The duty collected during the month of August at the Winnipeg custom house was $21,824.90 against $15,171.59 for the same month last year. The number of foreign entries for the month of July and August were 1,156 against 881 for the same period last year; and the Canadian entries numbered 823 against 559 last year.

A man named Wm. Adams was brought in from section B. C. P. R. Sunday last, having been fined $200 or six months in jail for having had a quart bottle of whiskey found on him. He was tried by Mr. Bent, who, Adams alleges, offered to let him off if he would pay $125 in cash, but failing to do so he has to accept the other alternative of $200 or six months.

The postoffice at Bird's Hill has been opened, with Mr. A. E. Allison as postmaster.

The horrible story comes from up the Assiniboine that a lady was safely delivered of quadrupiets this morning—whether four of a kind or not could not be ascertained. Mother and children are reported to be doing well.

The steam shovel is now in operation at the gravel pit at Bird's Hill. By its means 100 cars of gravel are loaded and sent out every day. When the shovel is in full blast it will load 160 cars a day, and the ballasting of the Pembina Branch will be carried on as vigorously as the facilities at hand will allow.

The *Framfari* states that the proprietor of the farm called Unalandi, at Icelandic River, had, at the date of issue, August 22, finished cutting his fall wheat, and commenced cutting his spring wheat. It also reports that the people of Icelandic River have been catching considerable quantities of fish, chiefly of the species called gold eyes.

Malcolm McLeod, who broke his leg on Contract 15 some time since, has been brought to Winnipeg, and is now at the St. Boniface Hospital.

The Minnesota left, Monday afternoon, for St. Vincent, having on board a considerable quantity of way freight, also 200 bales of furs for the H. B. Company. Her passenger list numbered some thirty names, including that of R. G. Laurie, who is on his way to Kingston Military College. There were also several Sisters of Charity on board.

The contractor for draining Colony Creek, Mr. James Gillespie, is losing no time. A number of men and teams were put on Tuesday morning last, and it is expected the work will be completed in about two weeks.

A handsome monument was recently erected over the grave of the late F. Evans Cornish in the city cemetery—the first one put up at Brookside. The monument, which is well designed and bears an appropriate inscription, was prepared at the manufactory of Mr. Ede, and cost $350.

George M. Butchart, of Owen Sound, who has been staying in Winnipeg for the past few weeks, left Monday per steamer Marquette, for Rapid City, to open a hardware store, taking with him one and a half carloads of freight, consisting of stoves, hardware and building material. D. Butchart, his son, and Nellie Butchart, his niece, accompanied him.

Whiskey detectives at Rat Portage are making things lively for the smugglers. Within a short while Detectives Kerr and McLellan have succeeded in capturing some of the most noted of the gang of whiskey operators. The last two captured were fined $225 each. One paid his fine and the other was sent to Winnipeg jail for six months.

The Government sale of timber limits at Lake Winnipegosis was held at the Dominion Lands Office, Sept. 1st, and was well attended. Limit No. 1 was bought by Hugh Sutherland at $1,000; No. 2 by Jos. Whitehead for $300; No. 3 by Pratt & Smith for $10; No. 5 by Mr. Kavanagh for 720; No. 7 by Pratt & Smith for $850; No. 10 by Jos. Whitehead for $1,000; No. 13 by Jos. Whitehead for 6,000; No. 16 by Patrick Kelly for $110; Nos. 17 and 19 to Wm. Harty for $400 and $300 respectively. The figures are in addition to the Government upset price. The other numbers were not sold.

The name of the Scratching River has been changed to Morris River. The alteration is quite an improvement. The name of Stinking River has also been changed to advantage.

Joseph Doupe, D. L. S., arrived from Shoal Lake, Sunday morning, where he finished the sub-division of four townships.

Fresh oysters are advertised—the earliest in the season in the annals of Winnipeg.

Out of 2,412 paid applicants for a share of the $50,000 grant by the Dominion to the Canadian militia men of 1812-15, three only were from Manitoba, and they received with others $20.

There are sixteen patients in the hospital at Winnipeg, nine of whom are down with the fever. This is the largest number of patients in the hospital for some years.

Information has been laid by Malcolm McKenzie against Wm. Young, for allowing his cattle to trespass inside the fences of the C. P. R., contrary to the statute, which provides for a fine of $40, besides damages, for such offences. Two informations have been laid, one for trespass and one for damages, which are laid at $20.

The *Free Press* says: "Arrangements are being made for a successful show here before the exhibits leave for Ottawa. On the 9th September the products will be received and placed in order for display in the city hall; on the 10th there will be a public exhibition, and on the 11th the articles intended for Ottawa will be packed and shipped to the capital. The city hall will be handsomely decorated and the city band has been engaged to play on the evening of the 10th, at which time suitable prizes are to be distributed to the successful competitors. From all we can learn the arrangements made by Mr. Begg are most complete, and in order that his efforts may be crowned with success it is the duty of everyone who has anything worthy to exhibit to send it along. The Government agreeing to pay farmers for their produce is a most liberal arrangement, especially as they have the chance of gaining prizes here and at Ottawa as well. At the Dominion Exhibition every effort is being made to give Manitoba an opportunity to show what she can do. A large building is being erected especially for her products, and special prizes are to be given her exhibitors. We understand it is Mr. Begg's intention to have the Manitoba building nicely decorated and set off to advantage, and we feel sure that in his hands, so far as exhibiting our Manitoba products with taste and advantage, the thing will be done handsomely."

Mr. Thomas Wells, of Greenwood, has two remarkable stools of barley. One has no less than 24 heads, the heads averaging 60 grains each, making a return of 1,440 fold.

Jas. Harkness, of High Bluff, the other day, threshed two and a-half acres of oats and obtained 274 bushels.

Mr. Alex. Sutherland, M. P. P. for Kildonan, who has been very ill with inflammatory rheumatism for the past two weeks, is able to be out.

SUMMER PORK PACKING AT THE WEST.

Packing operations have generally been on a moderate scale only during the past week, and fall below the previous week and also corresponding time last year. The total packing in the West since March 1 is now approximately 2,610,000, against 2,455,000 last year—an increase of 145,000. There seems little doubt that the summer season will close with an increase of 100,000 or more compared with last year, notwithstanding the evidence in March pointing to a decreased number. Nor does it now appear likely that this increased marketing during the summer has made any unusual encroachment upon the winter supply, the prospects for which give promise of a number fully equal to any previous season.

The provision market has had some depression during the week, but is again assuming a stronger tone, with a belief that there is not likely to be much if any surplus of meats, though with a lack of speculative feeling there is not much animation in prospect.

Special reports show the number of hogs packed at the undermentioned places since March 1, compared with the same time last year, as follows:

September 3.	1879.	1878.
Cincinnati	100,000	100,000
Chicago	1,400,000	1,495,000
St. Louis	215,000	115,000
Indianapolis	187,000	230,000
Cleveland	212,280	122,922
Cedar Rapids	87,621	148,867
Kansas City	81,135	71,580
Other places, approximately	313,000	140,000
Total	2,609,906	2,465,279

—*Cincinnati Price Current.*

A NEW THEORY ABOUT FOOD.

A German physician has started a new theory with regard to food. He maintains that both the vegetarians and the meat eaters are on the wrong track. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat nor meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both. Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess, he says, are destroyed in a great measure, and often by the process of cooking. All food should be eaten raw. If this practice were adopted there would be little or no illness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age. Let those affected with gout, rheumatism, and indigestion try for a time the effect of a simple, uncooked diet, such as oysters and fruit for instance, and they will find all medicine unnecessary and such a rapid improvement of their health that they will forswear all cooked articles of food at once and forever. Intemperance would also, it is urged, no longer be the curse of civilized communities. The yearning for drink is caused by the unnatural abstraction from what are termed "solids" of the aqueous element they contain—uncooked beef, for example, containing from 70 to 80 per cent. and some vegetables even a larger proportion of water. There would be less thirst and consequently less desire to drink if our food were consumed in its natural state without first being subjected to the action of fire.

APPROACHING A ROMANCE.

[Guelph Mercury.]

On Thursday afternoon last, word got to the ears of the newspaper men that two of Guelph's fairest daughters had started for the other side of the world to take possession of two hearts and two homes in a distant land. The afternoon train on Thursday took away from this city two sisters who some time ago pledged their word that they would meet their mates when word was sent them. Two young men, brothers, went to New Zealand a year or two ago to find a home, and succeeding pretty well, kept true to their parting word with their affianced, and a little while ago sufficient funds were received to enable the young women to go to them. However, the young women are now on their journey, and expect to be in New Zealand by Christmas, at which time a double wedding will take place. They first go to England, and from there take the Australian line to their destination. A great amount of courage is possessed by these two braves in undertaking the journey, and our wish is that after a long sail over smooth and stormy seas they will both reach the port in safety, and joyous weddings follow. Standing on the platform of the railway station on Thursday afternoon were those who wished the young women every happiness in their new home in that far away isle of the Pacific.

—The purest white table linen should be used for the tinted painted china, or white and green is a favorite combination, then the delicate colors can be arranged in exquisite and picturesque relief.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 130. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

Her eyes sparkled, through her cheek paled. It was sweet to be thus associated with him, no matter what the result. She would stand or fall, womanlike, with her party, at all hazards; that means, she would follow Falkland, right or wrong. She said as much, and he went on, more as it seemed to himself than to her:—

'Yes we must stand or fall now. The last appeal, which I would cheerfully have laid my head on the block to avoid, has been resorted to, and by the decision of the God of battles we must now abide. War is surely excusable if it lead to peace. Oh, Peace! Peace! I see her in my dreams, with her olive branch and her dove-like eyes, and the skirt of her pure white robe dabbled with blood from the carnage through which she must pass. I stretch my arms to clasp her round the knees, and implore her to remain, and she vanishes, and I wake—wake to what? To see merry England devastated from sea to sea, her quiet homesteads smoking, her fertile valleys spoiled and trampled by the hoof of war. Widows and orphans appealing to my Sovereign and his advisers to restore them their lost protectors. Thank God for my countrymen! that the worst scenes of rapine and violence are spared us—that when the fight is over, men cannot at once forget that they come of the same stock, and speak the same language. But how long is this to last? How long will it be ere some unavoidable act of cruelty leads to reprisals, and all the horrors of ancient civil war are enacted over again? What will England be then? Oh, that I for one may not live to see those times!—that I may die like a soldier under harness, and be spared a suffering worse a thousand times than such a death!'

"But those calamities will be averted," she exclaimed eagerly; for her heart bid her believe that Providence itself would interpose to save such a being as Falkland. "Another victory or two, and the Parliament must succumb. Cannot Waller be cajoled? Is not Essex wavering? Have we not the wealth and the lands, and the old blood of England, all on our side? Are we not prepared, every one of us, to die if need be in the cause?" And she would have died for it willingly then and there—she would have asked nothing better than to "seal her testimony," as her Puritan enemies would have termed it, "with her blood," but it must have been with her hand in Falkland's—with her eyes fixed on Falkland's face. Verily, a woman's patriotism is influenced by other than the love of country. Nevertheless, if not sincere politicians, they are unfailing partisans; and Mary was as staunch a Cavalier as ever drew a sword.

'And therefore it is that I must away to-day before the sun is another hour higher up in the sky,' said Falkland, with a rare smile that illuminated his plain features into actual beauty—that found its way straight to his companion's heart. 'If our forces should be engaged; if the Parliament should be worsted, or we ourselves defeated; in either case, Mistress Mary, you would not have me absent from my post?'

'In either case,' she replied, with her voice trembling, her eyes deepening and moistening once more, 'in either case, Lord Falkland, I would be the last woman on earth to bid you stay. Ay!—even if I had *the right*, the last on earth, because—I ——.'

She hesitated, changed colour, and stooped to pick a rose, which she picked to pieces, unconscious what she did; but she averted her looks from her companion, and seemed to count the tender pink petals as they fell noiselessly on the gravel path. Was he blind? was he totally insensible? was the man marble, that he could proceed so calmly and unconsciously—

'There must be no reserve; we must cast all into the treasury, and hold back nothing. It is a small thing that I give my life; there is more than life to be sacrificed — happiness and home and all the holiest affections of a man. "I leave my duties," he spoke musingly and dreamily now; "I leave my children—I leave my dear fond wife——"

"Hold, my lord!" interrupted Mary, with an abruptness which, though it was lost on her companion, was none the less startling to herself, that her breath came quick and her heart seemed to stop beating—"Hold! we have but little time before us; let us attend to the business in hand. I have letters to show you here." She drew a packet from her bosom as she spoke, one single missive detaching itself from the rest, and fluttering unobserved to their feet. "Letters from Jermyn; letters from Walter Montague your old partner, my lord, in many a merry dance. There are traitors even in the court, there are traitors about the Queen. We want the clear head, and the true heart, and the ready hand. Read these, Lord Falkland, and tell us all what is to be done next."

He took the papers from her hand and perused them attentively. Again the light from within seemed to break over his whole countenance; and he returned them to her, quietly remarking, with an inquiring look, "There is still a link wanting in the chain, Mistress Mary. Have I seen them all?"

The fallen missive lay under the skirt of her robe. For an instant she hesitated, and moved so as completely to cover the spot where it lay, then stooped to pick it up, and blushing scarlet, placed it open in Lord Falkland's hands.

"One more," she said, "from Lord Goring; here it is. He always writes so foolishly; he is so wild and thoughtless. Do not think—I mean, you cannot suppose———"

Her confusion overcame her completely. He did not seem to notice it. Ere he had perused a dozen lines he gave a little start, and then his port became loftier, his manner more courteous than ever, as he folded up the document and returned it to her, coldly observing—

"This letter is private, Mistress Mary; and, pardon me for the remark, highly characteristic of the writer. I was not aware you knew Lord Goring so well."

She could bear it no longer; pride, reserve, prudence, decorum—all gave way before the force of that hopeless passionate love, sweeping in its headlong violence over every rational consideration, every earthly obstacle.

'And you think I care for him?' she sobbed out wildly; 'that profligate, that adventurer—that licentious, bold, bad man. You think it—that *I* care for him. Only say so!—only let me hear it from your own lips. *I*, who have had but one ideal ever since I was a girl—*I*, who have dared to worship the best, the noblest, the greatest of mankind.' She had caught his hand while she spoke, covered it with kisses, and was pressing it almost fiercely against her own heart; '*I*, who have loved the very ground you trod on for your sake; *I*, who have been content to toil and scheme and suffer in the Cause, only to have a share in your work, a claim to your notice. *I*, who have loved you— yes, loved you, Falkland!—and I tell you so now boldly, for, come what may, I swear from henceforth never to see your face again—who have loved you for years fondly, madly, faithfully without hope of a return. And you think lightly of me at the last. Oh! what will become of me; how shall I ever hold up my head again?'

She burst into tears as she spoke. She clasped his hand with both of hers closer and closer to her heart, murmuring over it fond, broken, unintelligible words; then suddenly drawing herself up, looked him full in the face. "Falkland," she said, "from this hour we never meet again; but for your sake I give myself wholly and unreservedly to the Cause—for your sake I devote myself to it, body and soul!

She swept past him into the house with the stately bearing she knew so well how to assume. The proud spirit bore her up the wide staircase and through the long passages to her own chamber. If she gave way when the door was locked, and she had to wrestle it out unassisted with the one great fatality of her life, what is that to us? "Verily the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

We do not assert that from the corner of her window she did not watch him ride away on his eventful and fatal journey; but her oath was religiously kept from that hour, for on earth she never saw Lord Falkland's face again.

And he paced once more up and down the terrace, and thought of the beautiful woman who had so unreservedly cast herself upon his generosity, and so frankly confessed to him her wild and hopeless love. Then he remembered a fond, faithful face at home; and a thrill of pain shot through him as he reflected how he might never see that face again. "Alas, alas!" he said, almost aloud, "it is even so? Is there no peace, no happiness on earth? Must there be nothing but conflict and sorrow, and envy and strife, in public as in private. Women's hearts torn and breaking, men grappling at each other's throats. Peace! Peace! must I look for thee in vain, save in another world? Oh! I am weary of the times—God grant I may be out of the mess long!"

They were soon mounted for the journey, and a gallant cavalcade they made. Lord [illegible]

Giles took a long and hearty pull. Habit is second nature after all; and in those days men belted on their swords and thrust themselves into their stout buff coats on the eve of an engagement with as few misgivings and as little ceremony as would precede a stag-hunt or a hawking match. Even Grace postponed her tears till after their departure, and accepted the ceremonious farewells of the Cavaliers, and admired the Cornet's sorrel horse, perhaps also the sorrel's rider, as if her father were not bound on a hazardous enterprise, and engaged in a sinking cause.

Ah, we may prate as we will of the *prestige of success*; we may talk of the smile of prosperity, the favoring gale of fortune. It is pleasantest, no doubt, and easiest, too, to ride a winning race; but if we want to see examples of unflinching endurance, brilliant heroism, and superhuman devotion, we must look for them amongst the partisans of a sinking cause—amongst the Bonapartists of 1814; amongst the Royalists of the Revolution; amongst the adherents of weak, chivalrous, misguided Prince Charlie, and amongst the loyal gentlemen who closed their ranks around his ill-fated ancestors, who grudged not to lavish their treasure and their blood in support of a principle which their better sense told many of them, as it told Falkland, it was hopeless to attempt to establish.

Cornet Bosville, however, was absent and preoccupied during all these courteous preparations for departure. To Sir Giles's pledge, which half emptied the stirrup cup, he gave but a cold return. To Lord Vaux's hospitable entreaties that he would come back at some future time, and improve an acquaintance so auspiciously begun, he replied indeed in an eager affirmative, but left off in the middle of his sentence, and looked about him with the air of a man who is expecting something or somebody that fails to arrive. He was wondering where the bright vision of last night was hid? Why did she not appear to bid them farewell? Could she be watching them from the window of her chamber, and which was the happy window? At least these roses were likely to become her peculiar care, and the Cornet plucked one from its stem and hid it away carefully in the breast of his buff coat. And Grace saw the movement, and wondered why he did it? and blushed as she thought of one or two possible "wherefores," and admired the sorrel more than ever. Cross purposes again. It is well we cannot look into one another's hearts. Would Grace have been pleased or mortified could those soft dark eyes of hers have pierced through the Cornet's buff coat, and point lace kerchief, and Flanders linen, to read the secrets hid beneath those defences? Would the young soldier himself have been gratified had he known which was really Mary Cave's own chamber, and could he have looked through some four feet of stonework and seen with the eyes of the flesh that lady's deep, wild, passionate distress? Why was he not up half an hour earlier, and in the garden, to overhear her conversation with Falkland, and her last long farewell? Would it have altered the whole course of his after life, and nullified the vagaries which it is the author's province to record?—or is there no such thing as free will; and is the Cornet like his fellows, but a well-dressed puppet in the hands of destiny? Sir Giles is right, after all. He attends to the business of the moment; he returns to the stirrup-cup, which he finishes at a draught; he marshals his own and Lord Falkland's retainers in military order outside the court.

"God bless thee, Gracey! Take care of 'Diamond,'" says the old man, in a broken whisper, and with tearful eyes, to his darling; but his voice rings out manly and cheerful the next instant, as he addresses Lord Falkland—"Everything is prepared, my lord. There is no time to be lost; may I give the word to march?"

A trumpet sounds. A small pennon, with the royal arms upon it, is hoisted by an honest English-looking yeoman. Horses snort and trample; steel and stirrup-irons ring cheerily; hats are waved and farewells exchanged once more, and the men ride off to fight and bleed, and the women remain to watch, and weep and pray.

CHAPTER VI.

BOOTED AND SPURRED.

In the sheds and outbuildings of an old straggling farmhouse upon the outskirts of the quiet town of Newbury, are quartered a squadron of Colepepper's regiment of horse. Chargers are stamping, and snorting and munching the long yellow straw, of which they pull out and waste at least as much as they consume. Strong, well-built yeoman-looking troopers are tramping about in their heavy boots, now in the dairy, now in the kitchen, jingling their spurs, clattering their swords, grinning at their own broad jokes, and making themselves very sufficiently at home. Buxom country lasses, confused, yet not altogether displeased by the number and fervency of their admirers, bustle here and there, with scarlet cheeks and laughing tones, and rustic rejoinders to the rustic gallantries of their guests. The good man of the house, one of those prudent individuals who aspire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, being a staunch king's man for the nonce, bestirs himself to draw his strongest ale and slice his fattest bacon for the refreshment of the troops. His neighbor, a quarter of a mile off yonder, on the opposite hill, has got Lord Goring for a lodger, and he blesses his stars to think what an escape he has himself had from such a visitation, and wonders whether neighbor Hodge has sent his pretty daughters out of the way.

A month or two ago he had a visit of the same description from a few of Walker's godly cavalry, and he reflects that notwithstanding their rigid discipline, long faces, and pious ejaculations, the soldiers of the Parliament were as eager to eat of the best and drink of the strongest as the noisy Cavaliers who are even now turning his house upside down. Nay, the exhortations and awakenings of the former were not confined exclusively to male converts; and black-browed, red-elbowed Joan had administered such a slap on the face to a certain proselytizing corporal as sent him down on the dairy floor with the suddenness and precision of a round-shot. Verily the man of war, under whatsoever banner he fights, is too apt to arrogate to himself the exclusive protection of beauty; nor whatever might be the shortcomings and back-slidings of the Puritan party, could the Cavaliers be held entirely blameless on this score.

Our acquaintance Dymocke, grave and ill-favored as is his long weatherbeaten visage, scored with the lines of more than forty years, has yet a dry confident way with him that works wonders with the female sex. Let the daughters of Eve say what they will, there is no man in whom they take such an interest as a confirmed, sarcastic old bachelor. He is a riddle to be read, a rebel to be subjugated; he begins by provoking, goes on to interest, and ends perhaps by tyrannizing over them most effectually.

Joan's proselytizing admirer, notwithstanding his cropped hair and hideous scarf, was a likely well-looking youth enough, yet she knocked him down without a moment's hesitation when his blandishments became too personal; but to judge by the expression of that determined young woman's physiognomy, such an argument is the last to which she would at this moment resort, even should her colloquy with sly, experienced Hugh Dymocke terminate in as hazardous an enterprise as that which discomfited the unlucky corporal.

"More eggs," said Joan, returning from a visit to the hen-roost, with flushed cheeks and an apronful of the spoils; "eggs and bacon and strong ale—better fare than you and your master get at home, I warrant me, and better than you deserve, for all your smooth speeches and come-over-me ways. Get along with you, do!"

The latter ejaculation was consequent upon a practical remark made by Dymocke, with his usual gravity, but which led to no further result than a continuance of the flirtation on the part of the lady.

"Aye, it's all mighty well," continued Joan, setting both arms akimbo, and looking boldly up at her companion; "you tell me this, and you tell me that, and you think we're fools enough to believe every word you say. Why now, for all your [illegible]

and tell me you haven't got a sweetheart at home!"

The expression which this flattering suggestion called into Dymocke's face was a study in itself.

"Sweethearts here and sweethearts there, my bonnie lass," was the courteous reply; "it isn't often such a face as yours comes across us, fighting and marching, and riding and conquering from one end of England to the other. There's my master and the Captain as hungry as hawks; let's have the eggs and bacon frizzling on the kitchen fire this minute, and you'll see, if I'm alive this day week, and taken notice of maybe by the King, (God bless him!) what sort of a story I'll have to tell you then. Soh, my lass, gently with the frying-pan. There's a face for a wedding-favor!" And with these ominous words the old soldier chucked the aforesaid face under the chin, and bore off the smoking dish in triumph for the repast of the two officers in the parlor.

Cornet Bosville sat and mused in the wide chimney-corner, careless of the noise and bustle in the yard, careless of his servant's ceaseless interruptions, careless of the comrade who occupied the same chamber, and who also seemed deeply engaged with his own thoughts, careless even of his supper, that important event in the military day. He had ridden far and fast since sunrise; he had shared in Sir Giles Allonby's careless jests, and the deep poetry of Falkland's conversation; had listened absently and with equal lack of interest to both. He had reported himself to Colepepper, and been complimented on his diligence, and favored with the welcome news that an engagement was hourly imminent. His heart did not stir as it used to do at the intelligence. He had inspected his troop with military care and precision, nor neglected to see the good sorrel horse well fed and littered down; and now that the duties and fatigues of the day were over, he sat in the chimney-corner and drew lines on the sanded floor with his sheathed sword, as if there were no other interest or occupation in life.

Humphrey Bosville had insensibly passed the line of demarcation which separates light-hearted youth, with its bright anticipations and merry thoughtlessness from ardent, reflective manhood, with its deep, absorbing passions, its strong ambition, the vague aspirations, the many cares and anxieties that wait upon a beard. Hitherto life had been to him a thing exclusively of the future, now there was a past on which to dwell and ponder. He had already learned to look back. Alas, that sooner or later the lesson never fails to arrive! that the time must come when we are too surely convinced by experience that the golden distance before us is but a mirage and a delusion; that for all our discontent and unworthiness while it smiled, we have had our share of happiness here; and that, like Lot's wife we cannot forbear to turn round and gaze, yet, once upon the city we are leaving for evermore. So we turn and look, and it strikes a chill upon our hearts to think, that if we were never really contented there, how shall we be happy in the wide lonely desert stretching far away before us to meet the wide lonely sky?

Bosville's had been no uneventful life, yet hitherto he had borne his part in its stirring scenes and stormy vicissitudes with the frank carelessness of a boy at play. From his earliest youth he had been of a gentle chivalrous nature, which accorded well with his personal good looks and attractive physiognomy. As his exterior was fair and well-proportioned, adapted for proficiency in all sports and exercises, so was his disposition open, ardent and imaginative, prone to throw itself enthusiastically into the present, but lacking foresight to provide for the future, or reflection to deduce counsel from the past.

He would have been a gallant knight in the olden times of chivalry, true to his God and his lady love, ever ready to strike for the cause which he espoused, and nothing loth to oppose his single body against a host, if by such an act of self-devotion he could gain honor and renown; but he never would have been capable of assuming a leader's part in a great enterprise. He might have charged alongside of Richard Cœur de Lion, but he never would have made a counsellor for Godfrey de Bouillon. Such a nature in the times in which he lived was sure to embrace the profession that in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth was esteemed the worthiest of gentle blood. As a matter of course he injured his patrimony, ruffling it amongst the gallants at court; equally as a matter of course he girded his father's sword upon his thigh and took service in the low countries—that happy land, of which it seems to have been for centuries the privilege to afford an arena for other European nations to fight out their quarrels at their leisure.

At the siege of a small town in Flanders the company of musketeers to which he was attached had fired a few detached cottages, from which they had dislodged a superior force of the enemy. A poor little child had been left behind, overlooked in the flight of the inhabitants, and was found helpless and crying amongst the ruins of what had at once been its home. The child's mother, regardless of the danger to which she was exposed, was seen frantically waving her arms to her lost darling, and was only prevented from rushing to its rescue and her own death by a couple of stout soldiers who held her back by force. The ground between the hostile parties was swept by a withering cross-fire; Humphrey Bosville seized the child in his arms, and an old halberdier who was near him avowed that the infant ceased crying at once when soothed by that kind face and gentle voice. Coolly, steadily, as if on parade, with measured step and slow, the young officer, covering the infant with his body, passed that deadly interval till he reached the ranks of the enemy, placed the babe in its mother's arms, first kissing the child's wet cheek, and then, with a courteous bow, the hand of the grateful woman. At the same pace, with the same bearing, he rejoined his own men, unscathed and unmolested. The enemy did not even strive to take him prisoner, but the soldiers who saw the deed, friends and foes, gave him a cheer that rose above the rattle of musketry and the thunder of great guns. The action was characteristic of the man. He was brave, generous, and devoted, but there was too much woman in his heart. Such a nature is made to be imposed upon, to be the tool and the cat's-paw of longer heads and less sensitive feelings; above all, to be made a fool of by that sex which is proverbially addicted to "ride the willing horse too hard."

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Dymocke bearing the repast which it had cost him such an expenditure of gallantry to obtain, and which he now placed upon the table between the two officers with an expression of fatherly care and satisfaction on his lean long visage which seemed to say as plainly as words themselves, "What would become of my master—what would become of his friends—of Colepper's brigade—of the army—of the King himself—without the experience and forethought of sage Hugh Dymocke?"

Breaking from a profound fit of abstraction, and drawing his chair to the table, Bosville's comrade proceeded to attack Joan's triumph of culinary skill with all the energy of a practical campaigner. Nor did the Cornet himself, however engrossing may have been the subject of his previous meditations, seem to have lost the appetite which seldom forsakes a soldier living, as the cavaliers too often did, at free quarters. While the eggs and bacon are rapidly disappearing under the combined trituration of two very handsome sets of white serviceable teeth, and the large brown jug of strong ale is visibly approaching the ebb, we must take leave to introduce to our readers a gentleman of good birth and station, bearing the name of George Effingham, and holding rank as a Captain of Horse in the Royal army.

Cool, brave and resolute, Effingham had done good service on more than one occasion, when the general laxity of discipline and multiplicity of commanders were creating disorder in the ranks of the Cavaliers. He possessed the rare faculty of retaining his presence of mind and imperturbability of demeanor when all around him were eager, excited and confused. Nor did personal responsibility seem to affect his nerves one whit more than imminent danger. Such qualities are invaluable to an officer, and Colepepper's favorite captain might have become one of the most distinguished commanders in the Royal army. But Effingham's heart was never thoroughly in the cause.

Essentially an enthusiast, one of that class whom persecution too surely develops into fanatics, he was continually reasoning in his own mind on the justice of the quarrel in which he has engaged. His tendency to fatalism bade him argue that the constant reverses sustained by the Royal troops were so many additional proofs that they were warring against the will of Heaven; and the same misfortunes which endeared the cause all the more to Bosville's generous nature, shocked Effingham's fidelity, and destroyed his confidence in its justice.

His early life had been spent in study for the law, a profession for which his acute penetrating intellect seemed especially to fit him; but a physiognomist would have detected in the glitter of his dark deep-set eyes somewhat more of wild imaginative powers than is essential to the drawing of deeds or engrossing of parchments, whilst the firm strong jaw, the well set-on head, and bold bearing were more in character with the buff coat than the judge's gown—with the tramp of horses, the ringing of shots, and the wild alarums of a skirmish, than the hushed murmurs of a court or the somnolent dignity of the bench.

He is very dark, almost swarthy, with features of classical regularity, and a stern, fierce expression on his countenance, as of one whom no consideration would turn aside from the path which he had once resolved to follow. A child looking into that set dark face would burst out crying; his frame is large, square, and powerful, his very hand, white and well-shaped though it is, shows a giant's energy and a giant's grasp. Perhaps of all his comrades he likes Humphrey Bosville the best. Their characters are so antagonistic. With the exception of personal courage, they have not one quality in common. Their ideas are so different; there is such trusting kindliness about the one, such harsh defiance in the other, that they cannot but be friends. Woe to the man, though, that crosses George Effingham's path; friend or foe, brother by blood or brother in arms, down he must go, without hesitation and without remorse! He would not turn aside a hand's breadth to avoid trampling down a wounded man in the battle; he would not swerve an inch from his purpose to spare the mother that bore him in the career of life.

'So Essex is marching parallel with our main body,' said the Cornet, setting down the ale-jug with a deep sigh after a hearty pull at its contents. 'Now is the time to bring him to an action, and come down with our cavalry upon his flank. Byron has brought his horse up fresh and ready for work. Our own brigade has rested for thirty-six hours, and will come out to-morrow like young eagles. The enemy must be weary and harassed; now or never is our opportunity. We shall not get such another chance of winning laurels in a hurry. Zounds, Effingham, we ought to gather them by handsful this time!'

'And we shall lose it,' was the reply; 'lose it, as we have lost every opportunity of terminating the struggle at a stroke; lose it, and hold up our hands and bless ourselves, and call a council of war, and say, "Who'd have thought it!" Humphrey, Providence is against us; we are fighting with invisible foes—with carelessness, supineness, immorality; we are "kicking against the pricks." Laurels, forsooth! what are laurels after all?—weeds, rubbish, refuse, dear to the unawakened heart! And you, young one, what have you to do with laurels? I never heard you talk so before.'

It was true enough. The spark of ambition had, indeed, lain dormant hitherto in Bosville's breast. His daily pay (when he could get it), his highly quarters, his troop, his duty, his horses, and his arms, had till now been all sufficient for his wants and interests; this craving after laurels was something new and morbid—a fancy from without, so thought Effingham—not an impulse from within. He said as much.

"You have found somebody to give them to," continued he, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking kindly into his face. "Poor boy, poor boy! I thought you were safe, all alike in the Royal army—all fools together, Humphrey. Listen lad. I dreamed a dream last night. I pray that my dream come not over true! I dreamed that we broke Walter's column, and were putting them man by man to the sword, when my horse fell, the old black horse, and the charge swept over me, and I rose to my feet light and unencumbered in an instant, and there lay George Effingham on his back amongst the hoof-prints, with his black-muzzled face deadly pale, and his sword in his hand, and his heavy horseman's boots on, and a small round spot on his forehead, as dead as Julius Cæsar, and I stood by him and cared not that he had ever belonged to me. Then a headless figure in a courtier's dress, with a courtier's rapier and ruffles and bravery, came and placed its thin white hand in mine, and a voice asked me tidings of the wife and children it had left, and the cause it had too warmly espoused, and the master who had betrayed it, and I answered it as I would answer you, "Widows and orphans; a failing cause, and a doomed King." Then we were in London, for I could not release myself from the grasp of that thin white hand, and perforce followed where it led, and we paused at the Tower Stairs, and the river was running red with blood, so we took boat and ascended to Whitehall, and the river was red with blood there too, and the thin white hand grasped mine so painfully that I woke. Read my dream, Humphrey Bosville; expound to me my vision, and I will confess that there is wit even below the buff coat and embroidered belt of an officer of the Royal army."

"I can read no dreams," answered Humphrey, his face kindling; "but come what may, if all the rivers in broad England must run red with the blood of the cavaliers, if I alone am left and they lead me out to the slaughter, as long as they don't bind my hands I will fling my hat in the air before every canting Roundhead of them all, and shout with my last gasp, 'God and the King.'"

A melancholy, pitying smile stole slowly over Effingham's countenance. A kindly glance, painfully at variance with his stern, harsh expression, shone out from his deep eyes. Again he laid his hand upon Bosville's shoulder, and leading him to the open window, bade him look forth and listen.

The night was already dark, save for the glimmer of a few stars faintly twinkling in the solemn sky. All nature was hushed in peace and repose, but from Goring's head-quarters on the opposite hill the night breeze bore the sounds of wassail and revelry, the stamping of feet, the jingling of vessels, all the riotous sounds of an orgie, with a loyal chorus shouted out at intervals in no inharmonious tones.

"And these are the men," said George Effingham, "with whom we are content to cast in our lot—with whom you and I must perforce be content to triumph, and content to die!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVELLERS.

"Hold, Goring! Twenty gold pieces—fifty, if you will! 'tis an even main and chance. I set the caster!"

The speaker was a boy of some eighteen summers, tall and graceful, beautiful as Absalom, and, in his present frame of mind, reckless as Lucifer; his eyes shining, and his face pale with wine, his long silken lovelocks floating disordered over his point-lace collar and embroidered doublet, his belts and apparel all awry, a goblet of canary in his hand, and on his face the wild joyous gleam of a spirit that has never known misfortune or reverse. Goring smiled pleasantly—winning or losing he could always smile pleasantly—could betray a woman or run a man through the body with the same good-humored expression on his handsome, dissolute face.

"'Slife, Frank," said he; "you've the devil's luck and your own too. We can't hold our way with the young ones, can we, Sir Giles? Nevertheless, fifty, my boy, if you will; just to oblige you this once."

In a hand white and soft as a lady's, he shook the box aloft, and the imprisoned cubes leaped out to mulct the young roué of fifty gold pieces for the benefit of the old one. The boy laughed, and drained his glass to the dregs. What cared he for fifty gold pieces, with the inheritance before him—the golden inheritance of hope, that seems so inexhaustible at eighteen?

"Once more!" he shouted, flinging a heavy purse upon the table; "one more set, Goring, and then for another smoking bowl, and another roaring chorus that shall rouse the crop-eared knaves in their leaguer out yonder on the hill; and bring them down by daybreak on the nest of hornets we have got ready for them at Newbury."

"Softly, my lad," interrupted Sir Giles Allonby, laying his heavy hand on the purse, which Goring seemed to look at already as his own, "you've had gambling and drink enough for one night; you'll have a bellyful of fighting to-morrow, or I'm mistaken. Take an old soldier's advice; turn in with your boots on, all ready for the *reveillee*. Get a few hours' sleep, and so be up and alive to-morrow morning at daybreak. I was young myself once, lad, but I never could keep the bowl trundling all the game through as you do; I never could burn the candle at both ends, and ride all day with Wilmot, to rest myself by drinking all night with Goring."

"Trust him to be snug and sober at this very minute," said the latter worthy, between whom and Wilmot, rivals in ambition, dissipation, gallantry and war, there was a smothered grudge of many years' standing. "Wilmot's fighting, and drinking, and love-making, must all be done by the square. Why, he never could fly a hawk in the morning if he had heard the chimes ring never so softly over night."

"Give the devil his due, Goring," observed Colepepper, a grim old officer, with a scar on his cheek that lent a sardonic expression to his whole countenance, and an inexhaustible power of absorption, such as the handsome lad at his elbow had got drunk in trying to emulate. "I've seen him fight as well as here and there one. You haven't forgotten Roundway Down; and as for drinking—when Wilmot really turns his attention to drinking, he is a better man by two bottles of sack than any one here at this table."

"Granted," said Goring, in perfect good-humor, and still fingering the dice-box, as if loth to lose the chance of another cast. "All I maintain is, he can't do both. Give him two days of leisure to sleep it off and he'll empty a hogshead; put him in a corner where he can't run away, and he'll fight like a devil incarnate."

"Run away is a debatable expression, my lord," said one of the guests with a grave tone, that at once silenced the clamor and attracted the attention of the rest of the party. "The phrase, as applied to my friend, smacks somewhat of offence. I take leave to ask your lordship what you mean."

"I mean what I say," answered Goring, still assuming his pleasant smile, though it deepened and hardened somewhat about the lines of the mouth. "I always mean what I say, and say what I mean."

Goring was one of those gentlemen who opine that there is no dishonor so long as the sword is ready to maintain that which the lips have spoken, and that a slander or a falsehood can only affect the character of the man who utters it when he is not prepared to vindicate it by shedding of blood. It is an ignoble creed, truly, and an unchristian-like, yet on its basis are founded many of those sentiments which we so falsely term the essence of chivalry.

"Hold, gentlemen," said Sir Giles, "remember our compact when we sat down. Goring only means that Wilmot is a practised tactician. You think so yourself, my Lord Byron; is it not so?"

Goring was the most placable of men when nothing was to be gained by animosity. He stretched his hand to Byron—"I said he'd fight like a devil, Byron, and I meant it, when he can't run away, surrounded, as he takes care to be, by a guard of honor of 'Byron's Blacks?' Faith I doubt if your fellows have ever been taught how to go to the rear."

"Enough said, my lord," answered Byron completely appeased by the compliment, and wringing Goring's hand with a hearty squeeze whilst the handsome face hereditary in his family shone with a expression of gratified vanity. "The Blacks are ready for work at any time; another bowl to our 'next merry meeting with the Roundheads.' What say ye, gentlemen—we haven't drunk the King's health yet?"

"Another bowl, by all means," shouted the young Cavalier, already half-sobered at the prospect of more revelry; "and Byron shall superintend the making of it, and we'll have our host's pretty daughters in to dance a measure, and one of the Black trumpeters to play us a *couranto*. Hurrah!"

Lord Francis was indeed burning the candle at both ends, and seemed as determined to make the most of his life as though he could have foreseen how short would be its term; as though he could have looked into the future scarce one brief lustre, and beheld a dismounted nobleman selling his life dearly at Kingston-upon-Thames, brought to bay by some dozen Roundhead troopers, with his back against a tree, striking fiercely and manfully at them all, scouting the bare notion of surrender; dying gallantly, hopelessly, and devotedly for the King; a true Villiers, "prodigal of his person" to the last.

"The pretty daughters are gone to bed," said Goring, whom the immediate prospect of an engagement with the enemy had placed in an unusually amiable frame of mind, and whom a residence of twenty-four hours in the farm had made completely familiar with the intricacies of the establishment and the habits of the inmates. "It is hardly worth while to disturb their beauty-sleep for such a performance as you propose. Let us fling a couple more mains, Frank, while the bowl is getting ready. You ought to have your revenge."

Lord Francis seized the dice-box, nothing loth, and while the two are occupied in the strangely-fascinating alternations of hope and fear which render gambling so attractive a pastime, it is worth while to examine the person and attributes of that distinguished officer of whom so many stories were afloat; whose devotion to the King was more than suspected, yet who did such good service in his cause; whose character for consistency was so often impugned, yet who never failed to carry out any measure on which he had thoroughly determined; whose general life and habits were esteemed so profligate, and yet who commanded the confidence of his master—a royal example of propriety—and the obedience of his officers, of whom perhaps it would be unjust to make the same assertion. A man, in short, whose every quality, good or bad, had been called in question, save his courage, and a greater part of whose life had been devoted to establishing the converse of the proposition which states that "faint heart never won fair lady;" although, in justice to Mary Cave, we think it right to insist that, much as she may have appreciated his admiration, and freely as she returned him compliment for compliment, and gallantry for gallantry, she had never for an instant bowed her haughty head or turned her wilful heart towards wild George Goring.

As he sits now, the gayest of that gay party, the stanchest reveller amongst all those hard-fighting, hard drinking Cavaliers, thirstier than old Colepepper, more thoughtless than young Lord Francis Villiers, who would suppose that handsome well-combed head to contain a mass of intrigues and state secrets of which the simplest and least guilty might bring it incontinently to the block? Who would believe that kindly smile to mask a nature that never knew pity or remorse; that never had the generosity to forgive an injury, nor to forego an advantage; that never spared a woman who trusted it, nor a man who crossed its path? Already verging on middle age, he looks bright and fresh and debonair as the youth whose money he is rapidly winning with that easy smile. It requires a keen observer to detect in the little wrinkles about the eyes, the deep hard lines around the mouth, years spent in dissipation and indulgence, years of reckless profligacy and fierce excitement and bold defiant crime. He is beautiful still, in all the prime of man's beauty, with his sable head and his white smooth brow, and his soft eyes, and the long curls of dark silken hair that fall like a woman's round his oval face. He is beautiful in his manly, vigorous figure, on which his rich uniform sits so becomingly, which is formed alike for strength, activity, and grace, despite the limp habitual to its gait—a limp which, as some of his fair admirers think, does but add to the distinguished ease of his bearing, and the origin of which is a mystery whereof a thousand rumors are afloat. He is beautiful still, but it is the beauty of the tiger or the panther; the outward beauty that strikes upon the eye and commands the admiration of the vulgar, that seldom wins a [illegible]

heart worth the winning, and if it does, too surely breaks it, and flings it scornfully away.

There he sits, keenly intent upon the game, yet noting every jest that passes, joining in every laugh that rises amongst his guests, sipping his wine at intervals, and bowing courteously to the young nobleman whose gold he wins with such graceful ease. Goring is the Mentor to whom has been entrusted this young Telemachus, and these are the Circean draughts of pleasure in which he would initiate his mother's son, were it to conduce in the remotest degree to his own advantage. He is playing the great stake himself; he has a high command, a proud position. Any day may make or mar him, may raise him to the pinnacle of ambition, or leave his saddle empty, and his title gone to the next-of-kin. Has he not enough to risk? enough to interest him? Can he not leave untouched that half-fledged ruffler of the game? No! there are a few broad pieces still left at the bottom of the purse, and he must have them all!

"One more glass of canary," says the tempter, filling his antagonist a bumper with his own white hand. "One more main, Frank, my lad, just to give you a chance; and then for the fresh bowl of punch, boys, and a rousing health to the King! Who knows where we shall be this time to-morrow?"

The glass was emptied. The main was called and flung; the purse was emptied; and Goring, with a careless smile swept the young man's last Jacobus from the board. He was quite cool and sober; he had no excitement in the game, felt no devil roused in him by the debauch. He was simply in his natural element, in the atmosphere of vice which was most suitable to his temperament and his constitution. To rob a friend of his money, to cajole him of his mistress, to finesse him out of his life should he presume to make objections—such were merely 'the customs of society,' 'the ways of the world;' they suited one like Goring admirably—the game was adapted to his style of play, and he generally rose a winner. What could be better? He would be the last to wish the rules altered.

God help us all! And yet this man was once a laughing, frank-hearted child—once clasped his little hands and said his prayers at his mother's knee!

The scene was worthy of the actors. A long low room, with a stone floor, and a wide chimney, in which sparkled and smouldered the embers of a wood fire, a few rough deal forms, over which the heavily-booted Cavaliers straddled and lounged in every variety of attitude; a wide, high-backed, carved-oak chair, the farmer's especial throne, in which was established the giver of the feast; a coarse rickety table, on which clattered and jingled every description of drinking-vessel, from the deep stone jugs and black jacks of the farm itself, to the tall gilt goblets and massive silver flagons, richly chased and burnished, which formed the moveable canteen, perhaps the spoils of the Royal officers, and which had as yet escaped the melting-pot, sooner or later the destiny of such convertible valuables. All this seen through clouds of tobacco-smoke, for the Virginian weed was even then in universal use, although it must be confessed but as the handmaid of debauchery, whereas now she is now the domestic companion and consoler of many an honest man's hearth. Amidst her floating vapors could be discerned the graceful figures of the Cavaliers, manly and soldier-like, wearing, one and all, the nameless stamp of high-birth and refinement of manners conspicuous even in the licence of a camp and the freedom of a drinking-bout. Here sat chivalrous Byron, with a calm contented smile smoothing his well-cut features, somewhat flushed with wine. His thoughts were of the pleasantest—of his stanch, well-mounted troopers—of his new peerage so lately won by the sword—of the dream of ambition opening so auspiciously on the daring soldier and devoted loyalist. There reclined old Colepepper, with his scarred cheek and grim war-worn face, his elbows resting on the table, his spurs jingling against each other as he mused on cavalry tactics and supplies of food and forage, and the remounts preparing in Yorkshire and the horse-breeding countries for his brigade—dry topics, which he took care to moisten with repeated applications to the goblet at his hand.

"There was Sutherland, the young and gentle volunteer, attached as aide-de-camp to the King himself, and who, coming to Goring with despatches, had been prevailed upon to remain and partake of his hospitality. There was Carnarvon, the jovial kindly-hearted gentleman, the ornament and delight of the Court, the finest horseman, the best hawker, the keenest sportsman of his day, the adept at all manly exercises, the lancer, the swordsman, the racket player, the traveller in strange countries, who had breathed himself with the most skilful fencers of France, had flung the jereed in 'Old Castile,' had smoked his chibouque with the Grand Turk at Stamboul, listening with breathless attention to his neighbor, Sir Giles Allonby, whose thoughts and whose discourse, far from the present scene of revelry, were resting on merry pastures and blue cloudless skies, and hawk and heron, and hood and jesses, and all the delights of the noble science of falconry.

'So the match shall be made, good my lord,' said Sir Giles, as sober as a judge notwithstanding his potations, and prepared as usual to back 'Diamond' against all and every thing on the wing. "The match shall be made for fifty gold pieces aside; and I pray you to my kinsman's poor house of Boughton, where we will entertain you to the utmost of our humble means, and I will show you such a flight as shall delight your eyes in the pastures of his Majesty's royal domain at Holmby, where I have had licence to fly my hawks since the days of his father, God bless him and save him! for a discreet sovereign, and as good a sportsman as ever sat, albeit somewhat insecurely, in a saddle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF A SHIRT.

An Episode Between Mark Twain and Murat Halstead.

Mark Twain has arrived in the Gallia, after an absence of seventeen months abroad. A reporter interviewed him in this wise:

"You sailed in the same ship with Bayard Taylor and Mr. Murat Halstead, of Cincinnati, did you not, Mr. Twain?"

"The same craft, all honor to her (Mr. Twain lifted his hat reverently), carried all three of us."

"It was said at the time that you inveigled Mr. Halstead into making the voyage by promising him free use of your linen?"

"Well"—Mr. Twain spoke leisurely—"I did tell Murat that I'd lend him a clean shirt. You see, he didn't expect to go. His wife was going, and he'd sort of come down to see her safely launched. You remember the ship ran away with a party of excursionists who had got aboard to bid poor Mr. Taylor good-bye, and was obliged to anchor off the Hook all night. During the evening Murat sort of got his sea-legs on, and says he, 'Clemens' (he always calls me Clemens), say he, 'Clemens, if you'll lend me a shirt I believe I'll go across.' 'All right,' says I, 'I'll do it.' So Murat he fixed things with the captain and stayed aboard. We got along pretty well with winds a-middling, about nor-nor-west by sou; till we came to latitude 36, longitude 49½, and then Murat wanted his clean shirt—that is, he wanted mine. It was about three bells from noon when I took that garment to the door of Murat's stateroom. 'Here,' says I, 'clothe yourself like a prince of the realm.' At eight bells, Mr. Halstead came out of his apartment with his coat buttoned up to his chin and his face as red as a red, red rose. He wore his coat buttoned up to his chin all the rest of the voyage, and Never so much as got a glimpse of my shirt. There was a kind of rumor on the ship that Murat never wore that shirt or any other shirt. I don't know how true it was, but when I came to study the thing it did look to me as if I'd put a rather tough problem to the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, for his neck measures eighteen inches, while mine never footed up more than fifteen, even when I had the mumps."—[*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

SMOKING AND THE TEETH.

An English Scientist Thinks that the Latter are Benefited by the Habit.

At a recent meeting of the Odontological Society of Great Britain, Mr. Hepburn read a paper on the result of his investigations on the subject of the effect of smoking on the teeth. He considers that the direct action of nicotine upon the teeth is decidedly beneficial. The alkalinity of the smoke must necessarily neutralize any acid secretion which may be present in the oral cavity, and the antiseptic property of the nicotine tends to arrest putrefactive changes in carious cavities. In addition, he is inclined to believe that the dark deposit on the teeth of some habitual smokers is largely composed of the carbon with which tobacco smoke is impregnated. It is this carbon which is deposited on the back part of the throat and lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, and with whatever disastrous effect it may act in these situations, he thinks we are justified from what we know of its antiseptic properties, in concluding that its action upon the teeth must be beneficial. Moreover, this deposit takes place exactly in those positions where caries are most likely to arise and on those surfaces of the teeth which escape the ordinary cleansing action of the brush. It is found interstitially in all minute depressions, and filling the fissures on the coronal surfaces. It may be removed with scaling instruments from the surface of the enamel, but where it is deposited on dentine this structure becomes impregnated and stained. Indeed, it is only when the enamel is faulty, and there is access to the dentine, that any true discoloration of the tooth takes place; but it is remarkable, he says, how the stain will penetrate even through minute cracks, provided the necessary attention to cleanliness be exercised. The staining power of tobacco oil may be seen when a deposit has taken place on the porous surface of tartar collected on the posterior surface of the inferior incisors. In this situation a shiny ebony appearance is occasionally produced. That tobacco is capable of allaying, to some extent, the pain of the toothache, is, he thinks, true, its effect being due not only to its narcotizing power, but also to its direct action upon the exposed nerve; and he is inclined to attribute the fact of the comparatively rare occurrence of the toothache amongst sailors, in a great measure, to their habit of chewing. He has been struck, in the case of one or two confirmed smokers who have come under his notice, by the apparent tendency which exists toward the gradual production of complete necrosis of carious teeth, and the various stages of death of the pulp, and death of the periosteum taking place without pain or discomfort to the patient. This condition may, of course, be brought about by a variety of influences; but in these special cases he is inclined to think that the presence of the nicotine in the mouth has acted powerfully. The experience of other speakers, in the subsequent discussion, appeared to corroborate that of Mr. Hepburn.

HE PASSED IN HIS CHECKS.

Death Wouldn't Come According to Promise at "One O'clock."

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

Among the many manias that have run for the past few years, prominently stands the one of old men predicting their death. Some time ago we published an article of an old man who lived out on the Mount Ida road. This man foretold the hour when he would die, and, true to the prediction, he died. Men during the past year have died in every State in the same manner. This has been carried to such an extent that when a man says, "I'm going to die at ten minutes past three next Monday," his relatives immediately begin to make arrangements for the funeral. Several days ago an old man named Robertspear, living about ten miles from this city, called his family together and remarked: "Wife, children, next Monday at precisely 1 o'clock I am going to die. I would remain, but the summons has arrived." The first storms of grief were violent. The wife and children gathered themselves into each other's arms and wept. The news soon spread around the neighborhood, and people came in to console the family. Bill collectors came in, and the old gentlemen promised to pay all his debts on the following Saturday at 12 o'clock. He continued to work on the farm, but was much depressed, and at night would pray long prayers and sing sorrowful hymns. Sunday night the household, supplemented by friends who always take great delight in gloomy occasions, seemed to be a well organized camp meeting. The old gentleman for the first time expressed his willingness to go. Yesterday was his appointed time. At 9 o'clock the old man dressed himself, took up his Bible and began reading. At 10 o'clock he sang a hymn, and at 11 he bestowed blessings on his family. Shortly before 12 six men came in and presented bills, bills that had been "stood off" from time to time. He paid every cent, ate a light dinner, and lay on his bed. The collectors stood around and waited. The hands on the clock indicated 12:50. A minister who had just arrived sang softly and spoke to the old man and his wife. The old gentleman groaned. One of the bill collectors burst out in a hearty laugh, "Here, old man," said another, "get out of the bed. We saw that you were not going to pay those bills, so we notified you of your death. I hid in the woods at night, and told you as you passed. Come, get out." The old man, so mad that he could hardly see, kicked off the sheet and got up. His wife remarked, "You fellows think you are mighty smart," and straightened the cover. The minister cast a look of reproach at the collectors, and, with a disappointed expression, went away. The old man is well.

ALMOST LYNCHED.

A Condemned Murderer's Narrow Escape—No One Would Tie the Knot.

ATHENS, Sept. 13.—The citizens of the northern portion of this country having learned some days since that the sentence in the case of John H. Bailes, the wife murderer, had been suspended and that the Supreme Court of the State had not taken up the appeal made by the defending attorneys, became indignant, and this morning, about 10 o'clock, came into town in large numbers. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the crowd went to the jail, where, failing to get the keys, they effected an entrance by making an opening through the roof, and were preparing to destroy the costly iron cage which held the wretched prisoner when the jailer opened it without further opposition. The prisoner was placed by his former neighbors in a small wagon drawn by one horse and carried three-quarters of a mile north of town, followed by a concourse estimated at two thousand five hundred persons. The wagon was halted under a tree, and the wretched man was asked if he wished to say anything. He said he wanted Dr. William McWilliams to pray for him. The Doctor came forward, mounted the wagon and prayed that if it were possible God would pardon the heinous crime for which this poor man seemed about to suffer. After the prayer came a long silence; no one seemed willing to adjust the fatal knot. The delay led to discussion, in which Dr. Williams took the lead and favored the idea of returning the wretch to his cell to await the due process of law. Amid the shouts of the populace Bailes was carried back to jail to await the action of the Supreme Court.

SPLITTING A SNAKE.

From the Whitehall Times.

"Fakes," said Cuardine, as he seated himself in the *Times* sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why just look here. Last spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbreller, which I laid down onto some rocks. Well, sir, about an hour afterward I went to get my umbreller, as it has begun to rain a little. I took hold of the handle, and, as I give it a shove, something began to tear, and as the umbreller flew open a live black snake fell to the ground, split in two from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swallered my umbreller, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the dumb thing and split the animile open from stem to stern."

—A citizen of Dubuque drove a $300 horse to death to tell a man that his wife had fallen into the well. Women must be worth over $300 down there.

COMIC BUDGET.

—"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

—A Maryland girl eats a pound of chalk per day to improve her complexion. She will make a nice looking post mortem about the time her face is bleached out.

—"Six [illegible] and another comin," was the written message left behind by a Canadian who committed suicide the other day. Job was the only man who could stand up under 'em.

Elmira *Gazette*:—A Canadian girl carried a twenty-foot ladder 100 yards, placed it against a burning house, climbed up and—well, she did not put out the fire. She fell backward on a man and nearly killed him.

—First Toper: Law bless yer money's the time I've drunk a gallon of beer of a [illegible] without assistance. Second Toper: Ah, I couldn't do that without assistance—the assistance of a bottle of [illegible].—[Fun.]

—Gentleman: "I say, waiter, really, you know, this sole—ah—is not fresh." Waiter (blandly): "Not fresh, sir! Oh, perfectly fresh, sir, but, but perhaps, sir—h'm—you might 'a spoilt the flavor by a heating of with yer knife."—*Fun.*

—London *Punch*: "If the sun were not broiling, and the sand didn't get into the salad, and the rocks were soft and smooth, and there were no hornets, and one hadn't to go three-quarters of a mile for water, what a tame affair a picnic would be!"

—When a man sneaks into the house at midnight and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go all over the same house as noiselessly as a floating zephyr.

—An Irishman requested the postmaster of Mayo to superscribe a letter to his brother yesterday. "And where shall I direct it to?" said the official. "Be jabers, I don't know at all—but they towld me you had a book with every post office in America in it, so they did."

—Angelina—No; we are sorry to say that the pleasing duty of "changing her name" for a young lady is entrusted only to clergymen in this country and we cannot help you. The best we can do for you is to advertise the fact after it has taken place.

—The following local riflemen are at Ottawa for the Dominion Rifle Association matches: Capt. Mason, Capt. Adam, Color-Sergt. Hancock, Sergt. Mitchell, Sergt. [illegible], Sergt. B. Mitchell, and Privates Mitchell, Omand, W. and J. Mitchell, J. Mason and Margetts.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,"
There is a witchery in summer's kiss,
There is a spell that charms our tend'rer moods
When day brings on the twilight's benison.
There is a richness in the morning chant
Of birds just wakened from a night's repose;
There is a something in the onion plant
That's uncongenial to the average nose.

—Parson: "Well, Betty, how are you? Hard weather still." Betty (who had been reading the American forecasts): "Hard, indeed, sir. I wish the Lord would take the weather into his own hands again, instead of trusting it to them Yankee forecasters. We might then get something fit to live in."

—How is this bud of poesy from a tender Sabbath school plant—a little gyurl who is destined to fill country papers and autograph albums and—waste baskets with her later efflorescence?

Oh, what a thing is love!
It cometh from above,
And lighteth like a dove
On some.
But some it never hits,
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits—
Oh, hum!

—The limpid moonlight, tinting, shines
On mansion grand and rare;
The wealth of earth's long-hidden mines
Seems lavished everywhere.
A fete champetre; 'mid tropic bowers
Fond lovers stroll as wont;
List from this arbor twined with flowers:
"You're horrid, Harry—don't."

—A Western man invented a fire extinguisher, but was unable to get a patent on it. However, he changed the name of his invention and got a patent on it as a churn. This answered his purpose quite as well, and it would amuse you to see how the country rights are going off.

—Adolphus—No, we don't think you should make any remark on the weather to H. R. H. when you are presented. Indeed if you don't speak better grammar than you write you had better bow and say nothing. That's so. Then they may take you for an alderman—that is—if you are to wear a $60 suit, bearing unmistakable evidences of being new.

—"Didst ever feel, my love," said he—
The twain 'neath starbeams strolling—
"A thrill no tongue can e'er express,
And yet 'tis vain controlling,
A something that o'erwhelms the soul
And quite o'ercomes the senses,
A conscious throb that through each vein
Its influence dispenses?
Can'st tell me what it is, my own?"
Then fondly looked he at her;
"In course, you goose," she tartly said,
"It's corns, that's what's the matter!"

—Women are such strange creatures! Is there any trick that love and their own fancies do not play them? Just see how they marry! A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood carvers who work on any old, fantastic root that comes to hand. I should like to see any kind of man distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good, and even pretty woman, could not shape a husband out of.—*O. W. Holmes.*

—When King Alfonso stays to court
The Princess Ann Marie,
He don't indulge the doubtful sport
Of tadying her sire.
Or, oh! the old man's far away
While Fonsy plies his suit,
And Fonsy need not dread, they say,
The stern parental boot.
No surly dog doth jeopardize
The soles of Fonsy's pants,
And Fonsy dreads no watchful eyes
Of sisters or of aunts;
But, with the mistress of his fate
Beneath the August moons,
He hangs upon the palace gate
And swoons and spoons and spoons.

—Maurice Thompson, the Indiana poet, has done more than any other man to popularize archery as a national recreation. It was probably the sensation created by his "Witchery of Archery" which prompted the *Punch* man to warble to his enslaver:

Glad lady mine, that glitterest
In shimmah of summah athwart the lawn,
Canst tell me which is bitterest—
The glamah of eye or glimmah of dawn,
To those with whose hearts thou flitterest
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?
And a butterfly dost thou flutter by!
How, whence, and oh! whither art come and gone!
Chorus—How exquisite! How refined! How really quite too far more than most awfully delicious!

—The following exquisite lines from the song of the "Amateur Farmer," are going the rounds:

I dreamed of a beautiful time,
When the world shall happy be;
When elephants and hyenas
Shall blossom on every tree.
When tamarinds and potatoes
Shall cease their dreadful roar,
When turnip trees shall blossom
In the garden forever more.
Oh! sweet were the vanished hours
When I wandered adown the glen,
And wreathed my brow with tomatoes,
Or plucked the ripened hen,
While the donkey twined up the trellis,
And the cucumber chirped in the grass,
And the sweet potato whistled
To its mate in the mountain pass.

—The Royal Archaeological Society of England has recently come upon this inscription in the old abbey at Taunton:—

Consecrated to the Blessed Memory of Robert Grays, Esq., and Founder.

Taunton bore him, London bred him,
Piety trained him, Virtue led him,
Earth enriched him, heaven carest him,
Taunton blessed him, London blessed him,
This town thankful, that mindful city,
Share his piety, and his pity.
What he gave and how he gave it,
Ask the poor and you shall have it,
Gentle reader, heaven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like,
Now thine eyes have read this story,
Give him the praise and heaven the glory.
Ætatis suæ 63, Anno Dom. [illegible]

BALLAD OF JIMMIE AND JACK.

FIRST STANZA.

Little Jimmie and little Jack
Went out to play on the railroad track,
And as they played at their playful play
A freight train happened along that way.

SECOND STANZA.

JIMMIE, Age, 5 Yrs. R.I.P. & JACK, Age, 7 Yrs. R.I.P.

—At the celebrated Eastern Circus Co'y, recently performing at Perth, the attendant was started from sleep by the elephants rising to their feet and trumpeting in a shrill tone, significant of great mental agitation. Looking around in the dark to see if some stray dog or cat had got admittance, he discovered a stranger with a dark lantern attempting to enter the property room adjoining. Without a moment's hesitation, he loosed the biggest of the three elephants, who marched solemnly on upon the would-be burglar, seized him by one arm with his potent trunk, and held him fast until the police, whom the attendant had promptly fetched from a neighboring station, came up and took the elephant's prisoner, who had in the meantime groaned with fright, into custody. Having consigned him to the authorities, [illegible]

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$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 27st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPT. 25, 1879.

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.

The late revolt and massacre of the British Embassy in Afghanistan may possibly bring about more serious consequences than was at first anticipated. It now appears that Russia was the prime instigator of the plot, and if this is really so England will at once have to take decisive measures for checking her ambition and intrigue or retire humiliated from the whole business. The Montreal *Witness* presents the situation clearly:

When England picked a quarrel with the late Ameer of Afghanistan and invaded his dominions, Russia astutely declined to interfere, but said she would have something to say at the final adjustment of the question. This was the way in which England had just acted with regard to Russia's own campaign in Turkey, and nothing was more reasonable than that Russia should give England a similar opportunity of fighting herself tired, and then step in and claim her share—that is, if she was able. But the war was closed, the Treaty of Gundamuk was negotiated and signed, and still no word of interference from Russia which seemed altogether too perplexed with internal trouble to entangle herself with England, and England quietly settled down to rule over the Afghan highlanders by means of an unprotected resident, who was single-handed not only to control the wild beasts of which he was the keeper, but to defy the Russians at the same time. It is not proved that the revolt which has already assumed the most alarming proportions was the work of Russian intigue, but Russia's reputation and the circumstances of the case both point so strongly that way that the world seems inclined to take this conclusion for granted. Whether or not Russia had to do with the murder of Sir Pierre Cavagnari and the general revolt of the Afghan nation, no one can doubt that the only limit to the use she will make of these untoward events will be that of her own power. She certainly fights at a great disadvantage at such a distance overland from her centre, but she has accomplished prodigies already in the way of over-running the plains of Asia. It is a kind of war that she understands. She had an army on the march when this revolt broke out, and she can always accomplish more by intrigue than by actual fighting. Her love of extended dominion is such a ruling instinct with her that it is hard to imagine her not summoning all her energy to take advantage of the present opportunity. Now that the pacific Czar is growing weak, and the warlike Czarewich growing stronger, this is all the more likely. It seems, therefore, possible that the alternative to be presented to England will be war with Russia or the peaceful partition of Afghanistan between two powers, Russia claiming Herat and all the best of the land, and England entrenching herself behind her scientific boundary. As such a division would probably be reached at the conclusion of a war, there seems no reason why the two countries should fight over it. The result which seems most probable is that Asia, east of Persia, will be divided between Russia, China and England, England gaining nothing but a few defensive passes. The coming struggle with the Afghans themselves is now beyond the reach of diplomacy, and it bids fair to assume proportions more terrible, and to be fought with more serious danger to our forces than that of last year.

THE Dominion Exhibition, now being held in Ottawa, is proving a very successful one, both in attendance and the number of exhibits.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD arrived back from England this week. He was accompanied by Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. J. B. Robinson, and five English delegates, practical farmers, invited by the Canadian Government to visit and report on our unsettled lands.

THE Quebec crisis is yet the reigning topic in the political arena. Hon. Mr. Joly, after holding a series of political meetings, has announced that unless the Supplies are granted when the House meets on the 28th of October next, an immediate dissolution will follow. We are of opinion that an appeal to the country will yet be the inevitable result.

The Grand Lodge of Canada A.F. & A.M.

The following are the officers elect of the Grand Masonic Lodge for the current year:

Grand Master—M. W. Bro. Dr. Henderson, Q. C., Kingston.
Deputy Grand Master—R. W. Bro. Colonel Moffat, London.
Grand Senior Warden—R. W. Bro. David McLellan, Hamilton.
Grand Junior Warden—R. W. Bro. John Walsh, Ottawa.
Grand Chaplain—R. W. Bro. John Gallagher, Pittsburg.
Grand Treasurer—R. W. Bro. F. Mitchell, Hamilton.
Grand Secretary—R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason.
Grand Registrar—R. W. Bro. James Greenfield, jr., Kingston.
Grand Tyler—Bro. George Smith, Guelph.
R. W. Bro. Dr. T. K. Ross, D. D. G. M., Prince Edward District.

MAYNOOTH ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The weather for the past week has been very unfavorable for harvesting, but appears to be "looking up" to-day, which will be gladly hailed by the farmers.

Appearances for lumbering are brightening. Several "jobbers" are looking up "outs" at the present, and it is confidently hoped that their most sanguine expectations will be realized.

Good prices for farm produce for a couple of seasons would greatly aid the people, and assist many of them to get out of debt. The main question now is, what is the price of "stuff" going to be this winter?

The road westward of here is about completed, and is considered a good job; but a number of critics think a good deal more work could be done for the money. But what of it? The road was badly wanting, and the greater portion of the traffic will evidently go westward.

The season for hunting being now open, some excellent deer have been got, but fish are not so plentiful as they are usually.

Royalty at Belleville.

Reception of the Vice-Regal Party.

Nearly two hundred persons took advantage of the cheap excursion from this village to Belleville on Saturday last, eager and anxious to catch a glimpse of nobility and royalty. The train was composed of thirteen cars, four passenger coaches, one baggage and one freight car, and seven cars of iron ore, probably the heaviest and largest train that has yet gone over the North Hastings road. An extra engine was sent up by the Grand Trunk, which connected at Lake's station, to assist in taking the train through, and as a consequence good time was made, and Belleville was reached after about an hour and a half's run.

In the city of course the absorbing topic was the approaching vice-regal visit. The train conveying the Governor General and the Princess Louise was announced to arrive at the Grand Trunk station at 2.35, and long before that hour the crowd which lined the streets had commenced to surge thither until it was estimated fully 10,000 people occupied the grounds around the station. Guards of honor were furnished by the 49th and 15th Battalions, commanded respectively by Lieut.-Col. Brown, M. P., and Lieut.-Col. Lazier, and accompanied by their fine bands. The decorations, although not elaborate, were tasteful and suitable, comprising an arch of evergreens from which was suspended a crown and wreath of natural flowers. On the summit of the arch on one side appeared the work "Welcome," and on the other "God Save the Queen." The pillars of the arch were adorned with the words "Lorne," "Louise," and "come again," all neatly worked with natural flowers. A carpeted walk extended from the arch to the platform on which the ceremonies were to take place. A liberal display of flags and bunting was also noticed. The vice-regal train arrived shortly before 3 o'clock, and drew up in front of the arch. His Excellency and the Princess were conducted by His Worship the Mayor to the platform amidst the strains of the National Anthem and the cheers of the vast crowd assembled. On the platform among others were the Mayor and Aldermen of the city; the resident clergymen; Hon. Senator Read; Dr. Boulter, M. P. P., for North Hastings; T. P. Pearce, Warden of the County; Mr. W. A. Shepard, chairman of the Board of Education; Judges Sherwood and Lazier; Lieut.-Col.'s Brown, Lazier, and Hulme. Mayor Robertson read and presented the following address, which was enclosed in a blue velvet case and handsomely illuminated:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—The citizens of Belleville, through their Mayor and Aldermen, gladly embrace the opportunity now graciously afforded them by Your Excellency in this official recognition of their city to express the great satisfaction felt by them, as well as by the whole Dominion, when Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen was pleased to appoint you to the high position you now hold. They have great pleasure in meeting Your Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and they trust that at no distant day they will be honored with a longer visit, during which they may be permitted to tender in a more satisfactory manner the expressions of their attachment and loyalty. In common with all Canadians, they have been gratified at the deep interest manifested by Your Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise in matters affecting the material interests of the Dominion, and the social and intellectual refinement of its people. Whilst no section of the country can claim over others an excess of loyalty, the citizens of Belleville feel a pardonable pride in the fact that many of them are the descendants of United Empire Loyalists who many years ago settled in large numbers on the shores of the Bay of Quinte. The same loyal spirit which animated those patriotic men has been continued and cherished in their descendants, and they with their fellow-countrymen throughout Canada are at all times prepared cheerfully to accept their share of the responsibilities attaching to their connection with the British Empire. The citizens of Belleville wish for Your Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, the greatest prosperity and happiness, and trust that when in the course of events you return to the Motherland you will carry with you the most pleasant remembrances of Canada and Canadians.

(Signed) ALEX. ROBERTSON,
Mayor.

His Excellency replied as follows:—

MR. MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND GENTLEMEN,—Your address, expressing as it does that loyalty to the Queen, which is, I think, one of the most valued heritages of the Canadian people, contains, also, assurances that you and the inhabitants of this Dominion at large cheerfully accept your share of the responsibilities attaching to your position as part of the British Empire. In the meeting which is now taking place at Ottawa, where the best marksmen in your army of defence are competing for prizes, we see a proof of the results to which the determination you have expressed has led the citizens. With no wish for aggression, but, on the contrary, with a hearty hatred of it, your people have seen fit to organize and arm a force which is now formidable, by reason of the spirit with which it is animated, and from the quality and character of the manhood composing it. More training and greater tactical and economical internal organizations are alone necessary to make it a perfectly self-reliant army. And while you have the consciousness that this force is the creation of only a few years, and that its desire and power to co-operate with the forces of the Empire are reciprocated by the full in England, and that your home army in emergency will never stand alone, we see how practical and independent is that patriotic feeling of which you speak. We have the greatest pleasure in meeting so many of you to-day, and shall always look upon Belleville as a notable example of those cities which, founded in days of trouble, keep alive in more fortunate circumstances those feelings of patriotism and those principles of conduct which led their ancestors to face any ruin rather than yield an inch in following what they deemed to be the path of duty.

Her Royal Highness then returned to the car and the Marquis proceeded to inspect the guards of honor whom he complimented very highly on their soldierly appearance. While standing on the rear platform of the car, just previous to the train moving away, both the Marquis and Princess were kept busy shaking hands with the sturdy yeomen who pressed around. The Princess especially was the object of much attention, and as she bowed, and smiled, and graciously shook the hands extended to her she did more to gladden the hearts of those who were so fortunate and gave them more pleasure than they had experienced for many a day. The train sped away amid enthusiastic cheering, the distinguished pair standing on the platform of the car and bowing their adieus until well out of sight.

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

During the last few days the weather has been very cold, and Jack Frost has left his foot prints on hill and dale, giving the woods those bright autumn tints which add such a fresh charm to the landscape; and like the sunset, summer departs, leaving the woods tinged with golden hues soon to be charmed away by the cold blasts of winter. The wet weather which lasted several days caught a good many farmers with their late grain. In fact, taken as a whole, the harvest was later than usual this year.

Some settlers complain of the potato rot again this year, but at present not much of the crop is "resurrected."

On Monday, the Presbyterian student, Mr. Wm. Sheares, departed for college. This gentleman has worked hard upon the Mission Station here, gaining for himself many friends, and I may say was universally liked amongst the well-wishers of his cause; his jovial face will be missed.

Messrs. Bronson and Weston have two gangs in the woods, commencing their winter's business, and no doubt there will be a number of "jobbers" all through the limit as usual.

I notice in the last issue of your paper a letter from the Hon. Billa Flint regarding the name of Bancroft, and quoting from my last paragraph. As he says the change was wanted, I must say it was *only himself* who desired the change, and notwithstanding the great interest and wishes for the welfare of the place which the old gentleman has at heart, I do not think he can substantiate that the change of name was a convenience or an improvement; and I trust that Mr. Flint will live long enough to see this place the village of York River. No one objects to the post-office (which is half a mile off) being called anything that the "powers which be" in postal matters may choose to dictate.

FIAT LUX.

Sept. 22nd, 1879.

BIRTH.

BULL.—At Madoc, on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., the wife of Henry Bull, Esq., of twins—son and daughter.

MARRIED.

GUNTER—BRADY.—By Rev. T. B. Wilson, on the 18th inst., Mr. Charles Gunter to Miss Lillie Brady, all of Tudor.

CROUTER—WEESE.—By Rev. A. Martin, at the residence of Wm. Conley, Huntingdon, on Thursday, 18th inst., Mr. Anthony Crouter, of Consecon, Prince Edward Co., to Mrs. Ellen Weese, of the City of Belleville.

NICHOLS—PLANE.—By Rev. Jas. Macfarlane, at the parsonage, on the 15th inst., Mr. John Nichols, of Marmora, to Miss Harriet Jane Elizabeth Plane, of Madoc.

PINE—BOND.—On the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. J. Macfarlane, Mr. Richard Pine to Miss Earla Bond, both of Madoc township.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 00 to $1 05
Barley,	0 40 to 0 55
Rye,	0 55 to 0 00
Oats,	0 31 to 0 32
Peas,	0 55 to 0 00
Butter,	0 15 to 0 20
Eggs,	0 11 to 0 12
Potatoes, per bush	0 40 to 0 50
Flour, per bbl	4 75 to 5 25
Sheepskins,	0 40 to 0 00
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUND!

ON the road between Bannockburn and Millbridge, about the 9th or 10th of July last, a large Woollen Shawl. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. Apply to

JOHN McLURE,
near townline between Madoc and Tudor.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

BOY WANTED!

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted to learn the printing business. One able to read manuscript, and good scholar preferred. Inquire at

REVIEW OFFICE.
Madoc.

GRAIN! GRAIN!!

THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for

RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,

Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.

J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

CLOVER! CLOVER!

THE undersigned have pleasure in announcing to the Farmers of North Hastings that they have purchased a new Clover Mill, and will be prepared after next month to do threshing on short notice.

T. A. DUNN,
T. H. TUMELTY.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127-3

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the

North Hastings Grain Warehouse.

At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

WANTED!

50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,

For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

HAS REMOVED

TO O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

CENTRE STORE.

SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10th DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the works to be done, can be seen at this office and the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27th DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of $2000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of *five per cent.* on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 22nd August, 1879.

N. D. PETERS

HAS

REMOVED!

TO

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

O'Flynn & O'Hara

Beg to advise the trade that their FALL STOCK is now complete in every Department, and invite inspection of the same. We are now in a position to show a stock which for variety, extent, and cheapness,

IS UNSURPASSED IN THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

We are showing a special line of Winceys, Black and Colored Stuff Goods, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, a special line of Linen Handkerchiefs, a large assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Corsets, etc. In the

STAPLE DEPARTMENT,

Blankets, Flannels, Prints, Ducks, Denims, Wincey and Cotton Shirtings, Cotton Yarn, Warps, Bags, and Linen Goods, all of which will be sold at very close prices. In the

Mantle Department

We have full ranges in Fancy Wool Goods, Clouds, Mantles, Shawls, Silks, Velvets, Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Frillings, and Embroideries. In the

WOOLLEN DEPARTMENT!

Full ranges of Canadian Tweeds, Etoffes, &c.; Scotch Tweeds, Coatings, Overcoatings etc. In

Gents' Furnishing Department!

All the latest novelties, too numerous to mention. In

Boots & Shoes, and Ready-Made Clothing Departments

we have a very large variety. Also a large stock of groceries, etc.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Sept. 9, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

New Dry Goods House!

FOSTER & REID, of Belleville,

Beg to announce to the citizens of Madoc and vicinity that they have opened a Branch of their Belleville Establishment in Madoc, where they will show the largest and most attractive stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ever shown in this place.

New and Attractive Dress Goods, Black and Colored Cashmeres, a large stock of

Black and Colored Silks. An immense stock of Winceys, very cheap. Good value in Black and Colored Kid Gloves, at 30c., 50c., and $1.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' JACKETS EVER SHOWN IN MADOC, RANGING FROM $2.50 TO $18.00.

NEW PATTERNS IN PRINTS. OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS IMMENSE.

MILLINERY.---We will open our Millinery Department on the 30th, in charge of a first-class Milliner, when we will show all the latest New York and London Patterns. Remember the place---in Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's old stand.

FOSTER & REID, Madoc and Belleville.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

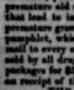
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

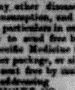
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence TRADE MARK.



Before Taking.



After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P. O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 3 2. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE. M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O. JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, October 2nd,

at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Sept. 29th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

REMOVAL.—Dean's Drug Store is removed from the old corner store to the "O'Flynn Block."

The Madoc Grain Market.

The following are the prices for grain in this village:—Fall Wheat, $1; best Spring Wheat, $1; Barley, 50 to 55 cents; Peas, 50 cts.; Rye, 50 cts.; Oats, 30 cts.

Nuisance Removed.

The nuisance referred to in our last issue was found by the Inspector to be a dead hog lying in the vacant field adjoining the Town Hall. Mr. Sills promptly caused the owner to have it removed and buried.

Credit Sale.

On Tuesday, Oct. 7th, the farm stock and implements of Mr. Robert Delaney, lot 14, con. 4, Madoc. Terms,—$5 and under, cash; over that, 12 months' credit on approved notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Sale at 1 o'clock.

Fine Fruit.

Mr. Hugh Ketcheson a few days ago presented us with a mammoth pear, measuring 10¼ by 11¼ inches. It is a beauty. We are also indebted to Mr James O'Hara, Jr., for a fine sample of blue plums, grown by himself. Thanks, gentlemen; call again.

Large Yield.

We have in our office a sample of oats grown by Mr. Peter Sandford, lot 11, 3rd con. of Madoc, three grains of which have yielded between forty and forty-five stools each. The grain is known as the "Express Oats," and is supposed to yield 100 bushels to the acre.

Grain Shipped.

On Wednesday, 24th inst., Mr. Wood made the first shipment of grain from this point over the road this year. It consisted of a car load of rye for the Oswego market. The facilities for receiving and shipping grain at the N. H. Warehouse are of such a character as to make the transfer of grain very easy. We trust the enterprise of the proprietors will meet with the reward it deserves.

Tea-Meeting.

A tea-meeting will be held at Zion Church, York River, on Thursday, Oct. 2nd, commencing at 5.30 p. m. Addresses will be given by Revs. T. B. Wilson, of Bannockburn; W. E. Smith, of Flinton; John Amos, of Monmouth; and Andrew Wilson, of Combermere. The proceeds are in aid of the Methodist Missionary at that place. Vocal and instrumental music by the York River choir. Admission, 25 cents; children under 15 years, 15 cents.

MADDER AND INDIGO.—New crop Madder and pure Indigo, cheaper than ever, at Dean's Drug Store.

Tea-Meeting.

A tea-meeting will be held in the Bible Christian Church, 6th con. of Huntingdon, (Calevrt's neighborhood,) on Friday next., Sept. 26th, commencing at 6.30 p. m. Admission, 30 cents. Addresses by several rev. gentlemen, music,—vocal and instrumental, etc., will enliven the proceedings. All are invited.

Sabbath School Tea-Meeting.

The annual tea-meeting in connection with the Methodist Sabbath School at Hazzard's Corners, will be held on Friday, Oct. 3rd, at 6.30 o'clock. The programme will consist of music by the choir, recitations by the scholars, and addresses by several gentlemen, clerical and lay. Admission 25 cents; children under 12, 10 cents.

Lively Times.

A correspondent at Millbridge informed us last week that times are lively around there in the matrimonial line. Three weddings took place last week, another was announced for Monday last, and several more are expected in the course of a few weeks. Rev. Mr. Wilson must be kept pretty busy, but we suppose he enjoys this "labor of love."

Magistrates' Court.

On Saturday last John Godfrey was interrupted by Constable Sills while testing the speed of his horses on the main street of this village. The constable actually had the audacity to request him not to drive so fast, a request which John regarded as exceedingly cheeky considering that he was driving his own horses, and he called the Knight of the Baton a number of names which the latter had no recollection of ever being christened. He was brought into the awful presence of the Law (A. F. Wood, J.P.,) on Monday, who pointed out to him that he could not be allowed to practice horse-racing on the streets and also that our "Chief" must not be insulted. Justice was appeased on payment of $1 fine and $3.95 costs.

Narrow Escape.

On Thursday evening last as the Rev. M. G. Poole and wife were returning home in a buggy from Queensboro', where they had been visiting, they met with a very narrow escape from serious if not fatal injury. Shortly after dark on arriving at the foot of the long, curving, and steep hill near Thomas Bouck's farm, they heard the rumbling of a wagon ahead and horses coming down the hill at full speed. Mr. Poole drove as far as possible to the side of the road, out of the way, and they also called to the approaching team, but the response only sounded like laughter, and the speed of the team coming down the hill if anything seemed to be increased. The wagon struck the buggy with such force that the clergyman was thrown out, and lay unconscious for several seconds on the road. The startled horse then galloped away, Mrs. Poole, with great presence of mind, throwing herself from the back of the vehicle. Although neither were seriously injured, they might have been, and they are thankful they had not their children with them. The men in the wagon, if they could be discovered, ought to be severely punished for such conduct. The buggy was badly shattered.

Lovell's Intermediate Geography.

This book, a copy of which has kindly been sent to us by the publisher, John Lovell, Montreal, is intended to take the place of the old "Easy Lessons in Geography." In its plan and general arrangement it is similar to its predecessor—the matter being put in the form of question and answer. It is in reality a catechism of geography, with maps and illustrations. Where teachers are inexperienced and inefficient such an arrangement is the best. No good teacher, however, desires to have ready made questions and answers in the text book. Such a plan is apt to make the teacher a mere hearer of recitations, and is likely to develop, in the pupil, memory rather than intelligence. Even in Ladies' Colleges, into which the daylight of educational reform and progress is slow to enter, catechisms on history, grammar, &c., have been all but abandoned. We are sorry that Mr. Lovell has, in the Intermediate Geography, retained a plan which will not commend itself to intelligent teachers. In its paper, printing, illustrations, and binding the book is in advance of any Canadian Geography. So far as engraving and coloring are concerned, the maps are good. Some of them have, however, the same fault that the maps in all our Geographies have—they contain too many names. An Atlas intended for reference cannot have too many places shown on its maps, so long as their clearness and distinctness are not seriously injured, but the maps in an elementary School Geography should show only the names of the most important physical features, political divisions, cities and towns. This principle has been recognized in the publication of the best British and American Geographies. Against many of the maps in the Intermediate this charge cannot, however, be made. Then, as to accuracy, we fear the maps will not all stand close inspection. In the map of Ontario the boundaries of the Counties of Hastings and Renfrew are not given correctly. The village of Campbellford occupies the site of Stirling, which has been omitted entirely. The B. & N. H. Railway (which is completed) is not marked, while the Grand Junction, which is only completed to Hastings, would appear, from the map, to be finished to Lindsay. Again, the names of places of comparative importance do not appear, and unimportant villages are shown—Mill Point is not recognized, and Blairton is quite prominent. We might multiply instances of such blunders had we more time and space at our command; we have, however, said enough. We are sorry that a text book in the publication of which so much enterprise has been shown should be marred by the faults we have referred to. To us the authorization of school books has always been a mystery too difficult for comprehension. On whose advice does the Minister of Education act in this matter? If the public are to retain confidence in the authorized text books, the work of prior examination must be performed more carefully and intelligently.

Madoc Schools.

The following is the amount required to be levied on each of the several School Sections in this township, for their expenses for the current year:—S.S. No. 2, $225; No. 3, $200; No. 4, $177; No. 5, $225; No. 6, $518; No. 7, $228.90; No. 8, $200; No. 9, $193; No. 12, $138; No. 13, $238.51; No. 14, $225; No. 16, $229.76; No. 17. $58; No. 19, $50.

SPICES, SPICES.—All kinds just received at Dean's Drug Store.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—The passing stranger through the Allen Settlement, Madoc, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, could not fail to discover that an event of more than ordinary moment was about to take place, perchance a picnic, a funeral, or a wedding. Although the day was anything but favorable for a picnic, yet carriages, single and double, covered and uncovered, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, were seen hurrying through the fitful sunshine and shower, as if by common consent, to one point. The joyous smiles and cheerful countenances of the ladies, precluded the idea of a funeral. The objective point proved to be the residence of Mr. Wm. Bond, whose youngest sister, Miss Earla Bond, was about to launch out on the tranquil sea of matrimony. A very large company of guests graced the occasion. The fortunate gentleman was Mr. Richard Pine. Miss Bond was elegantly attired in a white princess dress of costly material, and was ably supported through the trying ordeal by her sister, similarly dressed. During the impressive marriage ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, an embarrassing delay was caused by a refactory glove obstinately refusing to quit its hold on Mr. Pine's hand. His right-hand man was, however, equal to the occasion, and after the momentary delay the two were pronounced one.

Many and sincere were the congratulations offered to the happy couple. A large company sat down to the bountiful repast. The tables were artistically arranged in the form of the letter U in the dining room, at which there were over forty, and in an adjoining room was another capable of accommodating about 25 persons. The bridal party occupied the centre of the cross table, and to their right were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Roblin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Peter Vankleek, Esq., Reeve of Madoc, and Mrs. Vankleek, and J. Caskey, Deputy Reeve, and Mrs. Caskey; to their left were Mrs. Bond, the mother of the bride, Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Pine, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, &c., &c. The company comprised the *elite* of the vicinity, and several from Madoc village, as Mr. and Mrs. Dale, Miss Elliott, and others, in all between eighty and ninety.

The bride's cake was a three story structure very richly coated in pure white, and surmounted by a lofty canopy and ornaments. The presents were numerous and various, comprising the useful and the ornamental. The day, so inauspicious in the morning, cleared up toward noon, so that croquet parties enjoyed themselves in the afternoon in this favorite pastime.

May the new bride prove a *bond* indeed, and may many and *early* and vigorous be the branches that will twine around the spreading branches of the goodly *pines*.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Sept. 18th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with interest and surprise the letter of Mr. A. F. Wood in your impression of August 20th, with reference to the low average of the yield of wheat in Canada. Surely there is room for improvement, when we learn that Canada only produces 10½ bushels per acre, whereas England produces 29. Have your readers carefully read the words: "So low an average can only be attributed to ignorance of the elementary principles of a sound and profitable agriculture." Mr. Wood pertinently asks, "why should not the soil of Canada be as productive as the soil of England, Prussia, Belgium, or Holland?" The soil is lifting up its voice. Have we attended to its cry, and supplied it with the necessary food? To feed the land is to fill our pockets, to starve it is to get a cent where we might get a dollar! In looking over the London *Times* the other day my eye fell upon a letter from the celebrated model farmer, J. J. Mechi, of Tip-tree hall, Essex. Your readers are well aware that the times are bad for the farmers in the old country; yet Mr. Mechi comes forth with a word of good cheer, and give a letter from a neighboring farmer as to how he does his work. I copy an extract or two: "I hope you will not think me presumptuous if I give you a brief sketch of my practice. I never make what would be called an orthodox fallow, consequently my growth of roots is not large, the only portion of land devoted to roots being such as has given me a crop of rye, grass and trefolium, either fed off by sheep or mown for the stack. Such land I plough but once, five inches in depth, taking care to have very strong skim coulters in use, so as to get hold of two inches of surface soil. I then apply 3 cwt. of salt, roll and harrow, harrow and roll until I get a depth of three inches of fine but solid mould. Then drill, even as late as the end of June, the tankard or intermediate mangold 6 lbs. per acre, the seed being soaked for a week or ten days previously, which plan gives me a good start. When July sets in I still keep on ploughing up (in the same way as for mangolds) for swedes, so that, you see, I get my roots by catch-cropping. I keep my land quite clean by this means, and although farming to many is not the high road to fortune, I make it pay. I have a covered homestead, which enables me to make first-rate dung. In addition to the sheep, I keep three beasts to every ten acres. I should add that I farm a free-working soil of mixed loam and sand inclining to light. I use but little artificial manure, confining myself principally to dissolved bones and nitrate of soda, preferring to make my own mixture rather than to have it done for me. Of common salt I use largely, always sowing 3 cwt. per acre on the land ploughed for wheat, and also for mangolds and swedes. Poppies and salt do not agree."

Now, Mr. Editor, our farmers may not be able to follow the hints of this letter line by line, but there's something in it, and that something is salt.

A few years ago I enjoyed a pleasant ride over Tip-tree heath, hard by the farm of the famous J. J. Mechi. When he bought the place it was a low, scrubby, run-down farm, and he has raised it to the highest pitch of productiveness by two things, salt and soot.

Will any of your readers inform me how many tons of salt have been used in Madoc during the past year, or the past century? Now that we have the iron horse to pull it up from the front, may we not hope that this valuable fertilizer will be extensively used. As the cars go freighted with wheat from the depot, let them not come back again empty—let them bring the same weight in salt for manure, and next year there will be more wheat to carry to market.

Your enterprising Mr. Wood may be able to tell us what agricultural salt may be had for in Madoc.

Yours, &c.,

LOOKER-ON.

Hastings Road, Sept. 19, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark; namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

This Space Will be Occupied

BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to

A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,

or to the undersigned proprietor,

JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.

Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to,

GODFREY GEBAL,

101 York River P. O.

TIES! TIES!!

50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,

27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers.

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

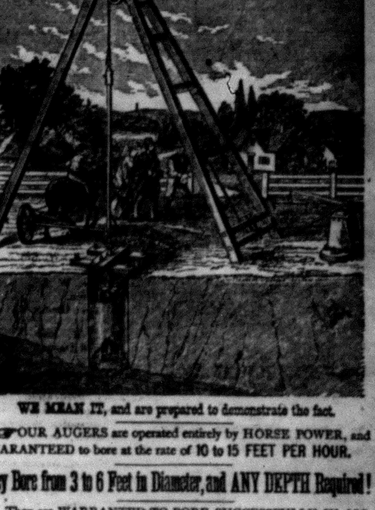
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE, BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Black Knot on Plum Trees. This disease is well known to be contagious. It is not caused by insects, but is found to be the work of a fungus called Sporia morbosa, which is propagated by spores of seeds, and spreads in the young wood by its thread-like roots. These cause warty excrescences several inches long on the sides of the branches, and are greenish and soft during the early part of summer, but afterwards cracks the cuticle to deposit its spores therein, especially when stone fruit is scarce. Other trees have also at times been found in these green knots, and this gave rise to the opinion heretofore held that insects were the cause of the mischief. It is found, however, that the disease originates under the bark, where insects can have no access. The spores of this fungus are said to ripen on the diseased knots during winter. Should the black knot be observed at any time, even in the bearing season, the knot should be at once applied and the knot burned.

The Cut-Worm Fall Plowing. We find strewing phosphate about a poor soil, which, living without manure, is exhausted, must be treated carefully; furthermore the article is not without considerable merit, namely, the writer claims the subject to have been justly treated; from that point he proposes to differ and attempt to show the reasoning to be very vague. The writer, apparently quite an observer, has however elaborated a theory, but made the signal mistake of not being observing enough. He tells us that he collected cut-worms in great numbers early in the spring; and, placing them in a glass jar, watched them until they fastened themselves in their cocoons of earth, interwoven with silk. Now this operation is but one of the many ways they have to make up the history of this and many other pests; notwithstanding which this writer, while confessing that he knows nothing of the disposition of the eggs, concludes that they to be deposited in the fall, and builds his theories accordingly. It is foundation to weak the building topples, and as the assumption is radically erong, the theory falls to ground.

By further observation this writer would have learned that these worms which inclosed themselves in the earth, as described, would either come out in June, have produced, during the months of June and July, moths hobnobing (not to the Linnean genus Platonus, but to either of the genera *Argotis*, or *Hadena*. He would have found that these moths deposit eggs soon after emerging from the ground, and that the eggs soon hatch under the influence of a July sun and in the fall become almost worm-eaten, where they grown; that these burrow into the ground, and there hibernate, and that the following spring, with their appetites sharpened by their long fast, they play havoc with the first spring vegetation; thus neither early nor late fall, nor early or late spring plowing will have any effect on cut-worm eggs, since they are deposited during summer, though very late fall plowing will kill some of the matured worms.

Pay Rent Out of It. We have often heard the saying applied to a bungling talker that he "never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it," but the instance of this being made due literally are few indeed. Here is a case in point, however. At Lancaster, O., a few days since, a great rooter was heard in the Bivey stables of Mr. O. W. Zeiner. Mr. Zeiner and some of his men ran to ascertain what was the matter, and were not a little astonished to find one of the horses belonging to the Adams Express Company lying down with its hind foot wedged in its mouth. It required his best endeavors to extract the foot, using levers, to pry the horse's mouth open wide enough to get his foot out, and before they succeeded in doing it two of the horse's teeth were knocked out. The poor brute would have strangled to death had he not been promptly relieved; and it is mostly owing to his kicking, he could rise to his feet. It is supposed that the horse threw his foot forward in striking at the flies, and at the same time threw his head backward biting at them, thus "putting his foot in it." The entire hoof was in the horse's mouth, the teeth being sunk into the flesh above the hoof, almost, if not altogether, to the bone.

A Good Word for the Pig. The pig has found a defender in the person of Dr. Ballard, who, in a report made some time ago to an English Government Board on the "effect of sanitary regulations in connection with the keeping of animals," said:—

When the pig wallows in mire he merely follows an instinct implanted in him in common with some other domestic animals, the object of which is cutaneous cleansing. The mud stands to him in the relation to his skin that a human bath does; but instead of washing it off with water he allows it to dry and dry upon the skin, and then rubs it all off, mud and cutaneous debris together, upon the ground tolerably rough surface. Loose hair and cutaneous scurf irritate him, and he takes his own way of cleansing his skin from them. Cleanse his skin for him and he will rest in discontented, without offending the eyes of his superiors betters, who have less scrupulous in this matter than he is, by his wallowings, wrestlings and scrubbings. It has long been known that a pig thus cleansed with soap and water not only becomes less irritable, but grows fat more speedily than if left to clean himself in his own way. Similarly as Queen Bee tells us, honey bee is not the food the pig selects by preference. It is fed to the pig when has been fed for any time upon sweet food will turn away from sour and disgusting food. If left to pick up his living where he can find it, he will eat any thing he can find that is eatable, but even then will eat acorns, fallen fruit, or roots, in preference to garbage; and he brings to a similar conclusion, will not precisely in the same way. It is more economical, and perhaps even desirable, to convert into pork matters which can in no other way, or in no way more convenient, be made subservient to the subsistence of mankind, and the pig is perhaps properly utilized in this manner. Our only desire is to vindicate his character as a cleanly feeder, if only he has the chance of cleanly feeding vouchsafed him.—*The Factory and Farm.*

Increasing Thickness for the Table. The three prime rules to be observed are, sound and various food, warmth and quietness. There is nothing that a fatting fowl grows so fastidious about as his water. If water may ever feel hot and offend him, he will not drink it, but sulk with his food and pine and pot all the while wondering the reason why. Keep them separate, allowing to each fowl as much room as you can spare; spread the ground with sharp, fine gravel, and feed into cars that they are not disturbed. In addition to their regular diet of good corn, give them a mess of ground oats or barley, brown sugar, milk and mutton suet. Let the oats lie till it is stale, then crumble it, and give each bird a gill-measureful morning and evening. No stinted grain. Fowls grow fat on feeds during the time they are fattened, indeed, the secret of success lies in supplying them with the nutritious food without stint, and in such a form that their digestive mills shall find no difficulty in grinding it.

About Milk. Prof. Cameron, of Edinburgh, Scotland, says that while the milk of individual cows varies very much in composition, yet the milk of a herd of cows keeps quite constant in composition. The solid matters in such milk rarely sink under 12 per cent. The milk of fifteen cows was daily tested for a month during the whole year, at the suggestion of the Royal Society of Sweden, from which it was found that the milk never sink to 11.6 per cent, and only on four occasions, though very late fall plowing will kill some of the matured worms.

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